

The Musical quarterly



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O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

O. G. SONNECK, *Editor*

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. V

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NO. 1

ORIGINALITY

By HENRY F. GILBERT

I

IN discussing a recently composed piece of music with a friend not long ago, he said: "Of course this thing is lacking in originality but otherwise it is a good composition, well made, melodious, and full of fine points." I was immediately reminded of the young man of whom it was said that he possessed every conceivable qualification to insure his success *except ability*. For a composition to be lacking in originality is only another way of saying that it has nothing to say on its own account but that all its virtues are borrowed plumes. That a piece of music should have its own message is to me such a primal consideration, that if it lacks this distinctive quality of intrinsic and original character all other qualities which it may possess seem to me negligible.

As we glance over the world's library of music we cannot fail to observe that those compositions which have survived the ravenous tooth of time, and which still continue to be played are just those in which the quality of originality is apparent; those which have made a new contribution, an addition, to the domain of musical beauty; those from which we derive a particular æsthetic thrill which we can obtain from no other source. No matter how well made, melodious, and full of "fine points" many another composition may have been, these virtues have availed not to keep it alive, for lacking originality it lacked indeed the *vital spark* which any work of art must have in order to be of lasting interest or significance. So a contemporaneous musical composition of which it can be said that "it lacks originality" is thereby condemned, to my mind, and particularly specified as being

artistically valueless and non-significant, no matter how cleverly it may be wrought technically, or how perfectly performed it may be.

It is of course true that a composer's accomplishment is limited by his technical proficiency; yet he may have all the technique in the world and if he have not something else beside this, his work counts for naught. Technique alone is powerless to save.

II.

A discussion of originality in music must necessarily—even to a large portion of so-called music lovers—be lacking in meaning, point or significance. For, strange as it may seem, to a very large number of our musical public the music itself is a secondary consideration. The quality of its performance is, to these good people, the point of vital interest. To many of them, in fact, it may be said to be the only point of interest. Indeed, this matter of quality of performance affects persons of an undoubted interest in music for its own sake, to an unsuspected degree.

"Which had you rather hear: a fine piece of music poorly performed, or a poor piece of music finely performed?" This has, for some time, been a favorite question of mine which I have put to those who assumed an interest in music, on many occasions. According to the answer, was I enabled to classify them as persons who had a real interest in *music*, or persons whose real interest was in the *performance* of music. For it is easily apparent that even though a fine piece of music is performed poorly we shall receive, even from the poor performance, a touch of the great beauty which lies in the music itself: whereas, if a poor piece of music is performed ever so finely, we cannot receive a touch of any greater beauty than that which lies in the music itself, and as this is poor in comparison with the fine piece of music, the original question becomes a well-nigh infallible test of the way a person's real interest lies.

But a piece of music ultimately lives or dies in nearly exact accord with its intrinsic musical worth, or the lack of it. Fine performance cannot keep a really poor piece of music alive for very long; nor can poor performance permanently hinder the recognition of a really fine piece of music. This is undoubtedly a fact and tends to prove that a real love and true valuation of music for its own sake does exist in the majority of so-called musical people and that the fascination and apparent preference for fine performance above all else is but a superficial feeling due to

the sparkle and glitter of perfect accomplishment,—the mesmerism of the moment which must be allowed time to subside before their deeper feelings come into play.

That which is imitative, or borrows its character from something else, cannot be as strong or have such a sure and lasting effect on us as that which has an original character of its own. This truism the public ultimately react to, although it takes time and their judgment is at first confused by all sorts of concurrent circumstances.

III.

In common parlance, or colloquial phrase, for a piece of work to possess originality means that it has the quality of being different from other pieces of work of the same general class. This quality of being "different" is held in such an exaggerated respect, and given such an inordinate amount of importance by the popular mind that it has come to be looked upon, although erroneously, as the determining factor in the appraisal of the value of any new artistic contribution. There are, however, two species of this quality of being "different." The mere quality itself is a superficial characteristic, and may or may not possess significance. A true and significant work of art has the source of its inspiration in the deepest part of the nature of the creative artist. It springs from the depths of his being. The work of art itself is but the ultimate flowering of an inner impulse toward beauty. It is the expression of a secret love of the beautiful and an earnest striving to embody this feeling in a tangible form. I speak now only of those who are chosen by nature herself to fulfil the sacred calling of creative artist. It is when such as these, (remaining true and faithful to their own individual vision of the beautiful) produce works of art, that works of a true and significant originality are born. For, inasmuch as they have been true to themselves; and inasmuch as we are all intrinsically different from each other, will the work of art produced possess the quality of being "different." But this quality of being "different" will have arisen in consequence of the inception of the work of art having taken place deep in the artist's soul. It will, therefore, be a result, an incident, rather than a fundamental quality. The word originality comes from the word origin. Origin means primal source. And only in those works of art where the quality of originality, or being "different," is the result of the creative artist remaining true to the primal sources of his inspiration is this quality of an authentic or real value.

There are, however, many works of art not at all of the highest quality, which nevertheless possess the characteristic of originality, or differentiation, in appearance at least, from all other works of a similar class. These are the works of those near-artists; those career makers, who have no heaven-born call to express beauty, but whose spur is ambition, whose fundamental desire is to astonish, to excite admiration, and—to make money. They *will* be original at all costs. They *will* be "different" in their works, from all others, recognizing this as a cardinal asset, a good advertisement. So they aim directly at originality. It becomes an end with them to attain it. This quality of being "different" is to them the great desideratum and far from being an incident attendant on their being true to themselves, is *prima facie* evidence of their artificiality, their superficiality, and their insincerity. The original characteristics which appear in the compositions of this class of artists are merely superficial eccentricities which have been arrived at by a purely conscious effort to attain them. They have their source no deeper than in an ambitious cleverness, an itch to be "different," to appear as a marked or distinguished personality. The "true" artist does not strive to be original, but to express himself with as great a degree of faithfulness as possible. As he does this his composition will be original, he need never fear, in just the proportion that his own nature is rich, deep, or distinguished from that of his fellows.

To produce something which shall be merely "different" from other things of the same class is a very easy matter. For instance, in our English alphabet there are but twenty-six letters. In the English language these have been combined (making words) in approximately 125,000 ways. Yet it is comparatively easy to make combinations of them which in all probability have never before been made, and which will certainly differ from all the accepted and usual combinations of them. But most of these new combinations will not necessarily possess either value or interest. They will simply be "different," and this difference will not spring from any cause deeper than the mere desire to attain it.

Or, again, take the few tones which furnish the fundamental material from which melodies are made. With a very little thought it is possible to write a succession of these tones which we ourselves never heard, and which in all probability no one ever did. But as for this eccentric succession of tones giving ourselves or anybody else æsthetic pleasure, as for its being a melody, or giving anyone a distinctly musical impression—all this is not

only extremely doubtful, but highly improbable. If, however, such a thing is put forth with a sufficient degree of seriousness, it will present a fascinating interest to all those persons who jump to the conclusion that anything which they cannot quite "get on to" must be great. But the point is that to produce something which is merely "different" takes very little effort, and the thing produced in this way is, from an art standpoint, inclined to be of very little worth.

The conscious striving for originality of this sort not only leads to the production of many works which are in themselves artistically valueless, but also tends to prevent the artist from arriving at the exercise of true originality. To put it paradoxically: the *struggle* for originality is the enemy of originality. The reason of this is that the effort to attain originality as the quality of "differentness" is confined to the intellect, and no compelling work of art ever sprang wholly from the intellect. The deep feelings of the soul must be the primal source of inspiration. The intellect may dispose and arrange the colors, the tones, or the words but emotion must furnish the driving power, the first impulse. Without the heart there is no art. There must be both thought and feeling in a true work of art. Neither one alone will accomplish it. For this reason, when an artist bases his originality entirely on that which he "thinks up" he ignores one half (at least) of the necessary elements, and that half the most fundamental and precious. So that if all his energy of creation is focused in the intellect, whether his thought be superficial or profound, he has prohibited himself from producing work of any very high or convincing character.

IV.

If we confine our attention to that meaning of originality which implies a being "different" from other things of a similar class, we shall discover that there are as many shades and degrees in this quality as in others. In some works it is very strongly marked; in others scarcely perceptible. When this quality of "difference" is due to the artist remaining faithful to himself it simply means that some creative artists have a strongly individualized character, others not. In fact, in many instances when certain creative artists remain true to themselves they discover that their work has so little of distinctive quality to recommend it that they make haste to turn their backs upon their true source

of inspiration and make a conscious attempt to attain this quality of distinctive "difference" at all costs. It is just by this method of procedure that these poor artists make a fundamental mistake. For it is a truth which should be shouted from the house-tops, that if you are unable to write good and convincing music from your inner inspiration you never will be able to do so by imitating that which is outside of and foreign to your nature.

All art-work which does not spring from the inspiration of one's own soul must be imitative and feeble in character. Its very eccentricities and meretricious ruggedness are good evidence of its worthlessness. Conscious weakness usually assumes strong attitudes in its endeavor to fool others into the belief that it has intrinsic strength. In plain "American," great is the power of bluff, which is a potent force in the world of art, as in other worlds. However discouraging the lack of distinctive quality in an artist's work, arising from his being true to himself, he should persist in it for it is only by this course of procedure that he can ever produce any thing of real or lasting art-value.

We each have in us something which others have not. Each one of us has a touch of individuality which differentiates him in his inmost essence from every one else. In most of us this individual character is very small; so small that it does not count, especially considering the extent to which most men's characters are dominated by conventionalities, and the thoughts and actions of others. Nevertheless it will grow by giving it a chance, as a plant will grow by being tended, watered, etc. Therefore the artist who persists in remaining true to himself will eventually reap his reward of distinction, even though it may take time and a certain degree of heroism to do so.

Considering that each of us has a distinguishing fragment (greater or less) of individuality, it can truthfully be said that every man is a man of genius. But in the great, the immense majority of cases this native genius counts for naught. It is feeble. It lacks self-reliance. It lacks the courage of belief in itself. And the whole world with its age-long traditions, its mighty force of conventionality, its coercive urge in favor of conformity, is against its development. What wonder then that in the most of us this divine spark of individuality is lost, submerged, over-whelmed. Yet this spark is the man himself, and only by remaining true to it in spite of the world's opposition, only by working from its inspiration alone can he make his effect upon the world. For that which we call genius itself is but individuality raised to the th power.

V.

The question which now naturally arises in most of us is: "How shall I tell the difference between true originality and 'fake' originality, how tell the kind which springs from an inner conviction from the kind which is consciously assumed?" The answer as concerns most of us is very simple. Time alone will tell. There are of course a few advanced souls who perceive values instantaneously. To them the sham of an assumed originality is at once apparent. But to most of us insight is but a slow and gradual growth. The fundamental difference between heartfelt originality and the consciously assumed variety lies in the matter of sincerity. There will be a tang of sincerity about the heartfelt kind of originality which the assumed variety will lack. This quality of sincerity will be at once apparent to those super-sensitive and keen souls already specified, and will be ultimately felt and perceived, through repeated hearings, by the general musical public. While the sincere work will gain in the public estimation through repetition, the insincere work will be esteemed less and less as it is repeated. Its sham originality will be felt to be less satisfying as time goes on. The sincere work on the other hand will always touch our hearts by reason of its sincerity. We shall unconsciously come to realize that it springs from an inner conviction on the part of its creator and that its originality far from being a mere mannerism, or an assumed superficial quality, is inherent in the very nature of the work itself. Familiarity with that which is sincere and of authentic origin will breed respect, whereas familiarity with that which is false, superficial or insincere will breed contempt.

Although outwardly the sincere man and the hypocrite may present a very similar appearance it is not very long before we get to know the intrinsic qualities of each and to justly estimate them at their relative values. So it is the quality of sincerity, or its lack, in a work of art, which rightly determines for us the authentic value of its originality. And works of art which are sincere, which have their origin deep in the nature of the creative artist; and those works of art which are insincere, whatever distinguishing characteristics they may possess having been assumed rather than felt: these two kinds will not fail to reveal themselves to us in their relative values as time goes on. It is as difficult to kill the truly vital as to make live that which has no inherent vitality.

VI.

Whether or not there is such a thing as progress in art is at least a question. Much has been said and written on both sides. Some contend that there is only variety, not progress; that a beauty once apprehended and expressed is a perfect work of art in itself and that the only possible point of departure from this is to apprehend some other beauty and express that. Therefore, they argue that inasmuch as progress consists of the improvement of certain definite things progress in art is on the face of it an absurdity.

With this proposition, however, I fundamentally disagree. A work of art undoubtedly consists of the expressed apprehension of a particular ray of beauty by a certain artist. Now as this artist becomes more expert in the practice of his art he naturally perceives with his inward sense more of the beautiful, and perceives with a growing clarity that particular ray of beauty of which he is the chosen interpreter. He also, as time goes on becomes more expert and proficient in the expression of his ideas. His ability to express more completely his apprehension of beauty becomes greater. His command over the technique of his chosen art becomes more perfect. And as his artistic personality grows and expands so does his art. This I should call definite progress in the individual artist, and also definite progress in his art. Should we compare some of his earlier works with those which he puts forth at the maturity of his powers we could not fail to be impressed with the definite progress which he had made, both in the apprehension of beauty and its expression.

Now what is true of the individual artist and his art is, I believe, true as applied to art in general and the great class of creative artists. As time goes on and man becomes more refined and civilized his perception of beauty becomes keener. His æsthetic sense becomes not only more delicate, but he is sensitive to more shades and kinds of beauty than when he was less developed. Also, in regard to his general power in the expression of this beauty, it would seem foolish to deny to him an ever increasing mastery.

In the art of music for instance, who will deny that a Beethoven Symphony is an advance, both in the beauty and nobility of the feeling expressed and in the perfection of its expression over a Corelli Sonata. Yet each were undoubtedly geniuses—high points—in their respective ages. Or who would

deny that the works of Wagner both in quality and degree of beauty and the mastery of its expression are superior to the works of Monteverdi?

To discover new beauties, and to express them with an increasing degree of mastery, this is progress in art. Originality is the fundamentally necessary condition for the unfoldment of new beauty. Through originality is the world's treasure of beauty made larger. Through increasing mastery of the material of its expression does it become more potent. But this mastery of material alone—technical proficiency—is a dead thing. If it does not serve to express and clothe the vital spark of an original beauty it is like a body without a spirit. Talent can create new works in an already accepted style but genius creates a new style in which to express its originality. For in its last analysis true originality and genius are one. There are differences of degree but not of intrinsic quality. Originality is genius: and the characteristic of genius is that it gives us something new, original. And this vital spark can only have its origin deep in the heart of the creative artist. From thence it flowers as a new and original work of art: a real contribution to our fund of beauty, our treasure-house of joy.

REMINISCENCES OF ANTON RUBINSTEIN

By VICTOR WALTER

TWENTY years have passed since the death of Anton Rubinstein,¹ but the memory of this master musician and his playing is as vivid in the minds of those who had ever heard him as if he had died but yesterday. In the course of these twenty years I have heard the greatest artists of our time, but none of the strongest musical impressions could dim the recollection of the playing of Anton Rubinstein. The one thing in his playing that stands out in my memory with especial clearness and positiveness is the transcendental quality of the music, the very essence of interpretative art which distinguishes music from every other art save that of acting. In the case of painting, sculpture, or poetry we have before us something which is a finished product. The artist or author who has created the particular thing has disappeared, and the effect of his picture or novel takes place quite frequently after its creator has ceased to be. To be sure, to everyone who considers a work of art as something having a life of its own, the presence in it of the soul of its departed creator is a fact not open to question. But such an embodiment of a creator's soul in his production differs infinitely from the part played in its effect produced upon us by the performing actor or musician at the time of its actual performance. At that moment our attitude, our mood, is entirely in the hands of the particular musician or actor. This mood, the whole gamut of our spiritual experiences, attaining sometimes extraordinary intensity, is the result of this very process of re-creation which goes on just at the time of performance.

But there is an exceedingly important difference, at that, between the recreative art of the musician and that of the actor. In the actor's case the meaning of the words he utters, the varying voice inflections, and all his gestures combine with his actions to make one whole; and the strength of our impression depends upon the degree in which the actor succeeds in creating this artistic whole, the meaning of which is quite comprehensible to the spectator.

¹These reminiscences, commemorating the twentieth anniversary of Rubinstein's death, were written 1914 and published in *Vissnie Yevropy*, a leading Russian monthly—*Trans.*

Something entirely different occurs when we listen to the playing of a musician. Before us sits a person who (assuming him to be a pianist) executes a multiplicity of movements on the keyboard, the meaning of which is utterly unintelligible to us, but which fill the air with such sounds as grip our souls with a direct force unknown to any other art. And it is noteworthy, too, that this power over us the musician attains, not in accordance with the movements he executes before us—movements which have no meaning for us—but, as it were, in spite of these movements. The power of music over us is such that it masters us despite our visual impressions.¹

It is given to but very few artists, artists whose performance makes us forget that they are playing upon an instrument, to cast such a spell over us. To such rare geniuses belonged Anton Rubinstein. When he played the piano the auditor would forget that skill and special technique are necessary in order to play this instrument. To speak of Rubinstein's "technique" were the grossest sacrilege to those who had ever heard him.² In his playing one heard the joys and the sorrows of the human heart—felt the tempest of rage and the tenderest caresses, the pious admiration induced by a clear sky and the mystic horror we are overcome by the sight of an open grave. This artist, leaning over the keyboard with his characteristic head and lion's *chevelure*, made one go through every spiritual human experience. In the outward appearance of Rubinstein there was something that impressed everyone, without exception, in an unusual degree. Especially striking was his resemblance to Beethoven, in consequence of which Liszt fondly called him "Van the Second."

I had the good fortune not only to hear Rubinstein, but to play in an orchestra under his leadership for three and a half years while studying at the Petrograd Conservatory. This was more than twenty-five years ago, and I have since heard and played under conductors much greater than Rubinstein. But I can still repeat that it was happiness itself to play under his baton—a great joy, coupled with much fear and trembling, both of which we experienced when before us stood the severe but revered Anton Grigorievitch.³ In 1887 Rubinstein, after twenty

¹Substantiation of this statement may be found in the comical impression produced upon us by one who plays with spirit on a silent piano.

²In his posthumous book, *Gedankenkerb*, Rubinstein wrote: "Playing on the piano consists in moving the fingers, but performing on the piano ("Klaviersvortrag") consists in moving hearts. Nowadays one most commonly witnesses the former."

³Rubinstein's patronymic. Russians commonly use patronymics to express intimacy, admiration, or respect.—Translator.

years' wandering over Western Europe, again headed the Petrograd Conservatory. He was its director and conducted, besides, (without remuneration, as usual) classes in pianoforte, ensemble, and orchestra. It was in these classes that I had the opportunity to observe and delight in the striking spiritual and artistic beauty of this great man.

When Rubinstein undertook anything he always applied himself to it with all the energy and enthusiasm his strength permitted—and of that, despite his advanced years, he had much more than the average run of men. And he expected just such an attitude toward the particular business in hand from everyone who participated in it. Moreover, in his ardor for the task, he would sometimes fail to notice that his co-workers were completely exhausted and that his demands were altogether beyond their powers. When we studied the program of a particular concert or were preparing an opera, Rubinstein could rehearse for six or more hours at a stretch, and still retained a lot of reserve energy when all the rest of us were completely fagged out.

To trip up at such rehearsals was a terrible thing indeed, for Rubinstein very quickly became infuriated, and it was dangerous at such times to get in his way. I shall cite but two instances.

Once, at a rehearsal, the first of the second violins—a certain Mr. Fidelman—chatted and joked with his neighbor without noticing the angry glances of Rubinstein, standing at the conductor's desk. The finale of this violinist's merriment was a sad one. With a stroke of the baton, the conductor almost knocked the violin out of Fidelman's hands, and the terrified pupil only saved himself from Rubinstein's wrath by precipitate flight. The other instance occurred during a rehearsal of a Mozart opera. A certain procession on the stage would not turn out well. Rubinstein shouted, raged, and finally demanded that Professor Samusa, who was acting as a prompter, tell him how many bars there were in the first part of the march. The latter crawled out from the prompter's booth and, sitting down by it, began to count. "Nine bars, Anton Grigorievitch," he replied. (He had included both the *prima* and the *secunda volta*). "Impossible," answered Rubinstein with amazement. "One, two, three—why, there are but eight bars here! Hand me the score." Samusa handed him an unbound music book, which came flying at the head of the professor, who barely had time to dive into his booth again.

Rubinstein's quick temper really made him a terror at work, but none took any offense even at his rudest acts, so sincerely and unreservedly did everyone worship him. Everyone knew

that Rubinstein was always controlled by a single feeling—the love of music, to which he devoted his whole life—and that he was always ready to make all possible amends for whatever offence he might have given.

As a conductor Rubinstein had serious shortcomings, which prevented his taking among the wielders of the baton the high rank he held as a pianist.¹ The chief of these shortcomings was the lack of the indispensable psychological bond between Rubinstein and every member of the orchestra. For him performing music was such a natural thing, that he could hardly realize that there may be tasks beyond the powers of a given player. Even if he did bear such "trifles" in mind during rehearsals and try to put himself in the musicians' place, he would become too much wrought up at concert-time to think of any ill-starred violinist or flautist. The absence of such a psychological bond between conductor and orchestra sometimes proved really disastrous—as happened, for instance, at a performance of the opera *The Merchant Kalashnikov*, given under Rubinstein's direction, when the chorus and the orchestra strayed so far apart that the performance had to be stopped.²

Nevertheless, I will say again that under Rubinstein's baton we played with truly artistic expressiveness. Never again in all my life did I experience such a performance of Schumann's fourth Symphony as we gave under Rubinstein. Before us stood an artistic genius who loved music more than anything else in the world and who taught us, too, to love it with all our heart and soul.

The musical artist is one who creates under the eyes of the public and who experiences the results of his creative art during the process of creation. Creative art, in general, is a form of activity which brings to an artist the highest kind of satisfaction known to man.

But in order to experience it, the poet or the painter must sometimes wait all his life (frequently dying without having experienced it), because it takes time for the people to appreciate

¹Next to Liszt, Rubinstein was unquestionably the greatest pianist, and he knew it. But to Liszt he always gave the palm of priority. In 1886, at a banquet at Pressburg, following a concert given by Rubinstein for the benefit of the Hummel monument fund, the toastmaster said "Pressburg has seen some great days when Liszt played for the benefit of the Hummel fund, but to-day it harbors within its walls both of the greatest masters of pianoforte playing." To this Rubinstein replied "I must beg leave to differ. I and the like of me are but ordinary soldiers beside that field-marshal, Franz Liszt."

²This catastrophe occurred at the Maryinsky Theatre, where Rubinstein conducted his own operas on various occasions.

his works. The musical artist is quite differently situated. To him this experience comes during the very act of creation, and therefore there is no happier lot than that of the musical artist.

The power exercised by a music-master over an audience is one of the most wonderful phenomena in the world. A large crowd of people, composed of all sorts and conditions of men, all in diverse moods, have gathered together; and a certain individual whom they see for the first time perhaps, makes them all feel as he chooses. "Can we permit," asks Pozdnyshev in *The Kreutzer Sonata*, "anyone who chooses to hypnotize another or others and to do then what he pleases with his subject or subjects?" It is this extraordinary power over people that brings the musical artist a kind of happiness that is beyond the reach of other men. Just such an artist was Anton Rubinstein, who was, besides, also a rare idealist.

Two great failings most commonly mar the artist's ideal: the lust for money and vanity. With such a power over crowds as was just alluded to, the music-master's opportunity to reap huge pecuniary harvests for the pleasure he gives his audiences, comes as a matter of course. But it lies in the very nature of money to make us crave for more and more, and even the most famous artists are unable to resist such a temptation. Becoming abject slaves to this lust for lucre, they commence to commercialize their art.

This failing Anton Rubinstein never had in the slightest degree. His first concert, as a boy of ten, he gave for the benefit of the poor, and his last (in 1893, when he was already a man of sixty-four) was given for the benefit of the blind. Between these two concerts, Rubinstein played innumerable times for charity and the proceeds from these performances exceeded many times the sum he earned for himself. "Giving is to me a greater satisfaction than having," he would say, "and if I still strive for the latter, it is only in order to have the pleasure of doing the former. . . . I should like to have just enough money to satisfy my own normal needs. For a surplus I have no stomach at all; and amassing a fortune, even with the view of leaving it to one's heirs, I consider ignoble." These words of Rubinstein, quoted from his book *Thoughts and Aphorisms*, we can believe implicitly, for I know of no other great man who spoke so truthfully about himself.

The other failing of artists is vanity, and as a result of this petty passion, common to even the greatest geniuses, come jealousy

of one's rivals and self-adulation. If the public but knew to what means musical artists resort, especially the older ones, in order to uphold their reputations and to obscure those of their younger rivals, happy in their very youth; if the public but knew how these artists humiliate themselves before their critics, whom they despise as judges of art, -then such artists would lose much of their prestige with the public.

From such vanity Rubinstein's character was as free as from the lust for money. As an artist and community worker—it was he who created our conservatories—Rubinstein had many enemies, and among them were persons who played a prominent rôle in the musical world—such as Serov and the circle of Balakirev. But no one who knew Rubinstein and the musical life of his times would ever think of attributing to Anton Rubinstein the slightest act calculated to raise his artistic prestige [by illegitimate means]. It is true that as a pianist Rubinstein had no rivals, and Serov's attacks on his playing could not disturb him. But as a conductor, and especially as a composer, Rubinstein was very vulnerable to [adverse] criticism, and Wagner, Brahms, and our own Tchaikovsky might easily have aroused the envy of Rubinstein the composer.

Did Rubinstein know this feeling of envy that so degrades artists?

As a composer, Rubinstein had from his youth (his first composition, the piano piece "Undina," was published in 1843, when he was but fourteen) been most fortunately situated. The publishers not only published all his compositions, but paid him for them, which was a rare distinction in those days. His compositions were eagerly performed in public, and Rubinstein was the first Russian composer whose compositions took a permanent place in the concert-halls and the operatic repertoires of Germany and Austria. With the musicians, Rubinstein enjoyed a very high reputation as a composer, while with the public a few of his compositions (*The Demon*, his piano pieces, and his songs) became exceedingly popular. With all that, Rubinstein's creative work was the source of his keenest spiritual suffering, because he realized that in this field he had not triumphed; and this realization became clearer and clearer toward the end of his life.

Wagner's unmistakable triumph evoked only a good-natured smile on Rubinstein's face. Brought up on the German classics and being extremely conservative by nature, Rubinstein viewed the innovators (Liszt, Wagner, and our own Balakirev circle) with undisguised derision. While recognizing their talents and

the sincerity of their aims, he had absolutely no faith in their future. For Wagner personally—as a man and as an artist—Rubinstein felt a positive antipathy; and their personalities were indeed totally different.

Much nearer to Rubinstein by his tendency as a composer was Brahms. Of him Rubinstein wrote in his *Thoughts and Aphorisms*: "I regard Brahms as the successor of Schumann, and myself as the successor of Schubert and Chopin—we two conclude the third epoch of musical art." "With the death of Schumann and Chopin, *finis musica!*"—(*A. Rubinstein's Music and Its Representatives*).

Now as to Tchaikovsky, whose popularity in Russia has certainly eclipsed Rubinstein's. The latter's relations with Tchaikovsky, his foremost pupil in composition, were quite puzzling. For Tchaikovsky's music he had a dislike, bordering on abhorrence—which is the more strange because Tchaikovsky did not belong to the innovators at all and enjoyed, as a man, the friendly regard of his teacher. Nevertheless, owing to his straightforwardness, Rubinstein could not conceal his attitude toward Tchaikovsky's music; and the latter suffered from it inexpressibly. Tchaikovsky in 1892 (six months before his death) wrote to Rubinstein's biographer, E. Tsabel:

In my younger days I very impatiently blazed my way—tried to acquire a name and fame as a composer—and hoped that Rubinstein, who then already occupied a prominent place in the musical world, would help me in my quest for laurels. But I must confess with grief that Anton Rubinstein did nothing, *absolutely nothing*, to further my desires and projects. He never, to be sure, did me any harm—he is too high-minded and good-hearted ever to harm a colleague—but his bearing toward me always remained reserved and benevolently indifferent. The most plausible explanation for this humiliating condescension is a *dislike for my music and an antipathy for my musical personality*. I now see him at times, and always with pleasure, for this extraordinary man has but to hold out his hand and talk to you with a smile to make you ready to fall at his feet.

In commenting on this letter of Tchaikovsky, the composer's biographer says:

The legend about Anton Grigorievitch's jealousy, which was entirely unconfirmed by any act or deed, perturbed and angered Peter Ilyitch. . . . It was simply a feeling, entertained also by the latter toward the compositions of Chopin and Brahms, of unreasoning and

¹In 1883 Rubinstein was asked to write a cantata for the coronation of Alexander III. He declined because he had other work in hand and the time was too short, but suggested Tchaikovsky, who composed "The Coronation Cantata."

irrepressible antipathy. (Modest Tchaikovsky: *The Life of Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky*)

The ideal traits of Rubinstein's character were fully reflected also in his educational activities. He was twice director and professor of the Petrograd Conservatory—the first time on its establishment, which was largely the result of his own efforts and in which he was greatly aided by the Grand Duchess Yeliena Pavlovna. "A most excellent woman she was, the like of whom, in her sphere of life, I have never met before or since," says Rubinstein in his *Autobiographical Reminiscences*.

It was at the court of this Grand Duchess in 1859 that these music classes were instituted which resulted in the Petrograd Conservatory three years later. Recalling those days, Rubinstein wrote:

The present times are, of course, better in many ways (I am speaking of the musical world) than those of 1859-1860. Art has become quite wide-spread in society, it has illumined and drawn within its sphere a multitude of people. But of such a passionate love as we were inspired by, there is none, alas! The best musical forces of those days, residing at Petrograd, gave their time and labor almost for nothing, only to lay a foundation for the excellent work. . . . I appointed myself director of the budding conservatory.

Five years (1862-1867) Rubinstein labored over his foundation, devoting to it all his time and energy. He was director, conductor, professor of piano and composition, and represented the ideal embodiment of a musical artist, all in one. This impression of Rubinstein's entire personality was so enchanting that such a man as Tchaikovsky, a person of much egotism and pride, and one who never knew of subordination, was ready, thirty years after studying at the conservatory under Rubinstein's direction, to fall at the feet of this great music-master.

With good-natured irony does Anton Rubinstein write about the enemies created by his conservatory:

Ultimately, when we had come to understand the underlying cause of their attacks, we began to create rôles for the antagonizers of our undertaking. We formed various committees within the Russian Musical Society, and invited the fault-finders to become their members. We thus gradually appeased their longings and personal vanities.

It was probably such personal vanities in Rubinstein's co-workers that caused his withdrawal from the conservatory in 1867. He himself says:

In September, of 1867, I left the conservatory, as I differed with certain professors in my views upon the very essence and aim of [musical] instruction. Besides, I am really a man of a fiery temperament

and stern besides; I take everything much to heart because I passionately love the work itself. (*Autobiography*).

The final clash came over the final examinations of the conservatory's second graduating class, which the professors had made too inexacting. "To avoid the multiplication of mediocrities in [musical] art, diplomas should be awarded only to those of exceptional talent. In all other cases, certificates should be substituted."

Twenty years later Rubinstein again assumed the duties of director at the conservatory, and served in this capacity three years and a half (from January of 1887 to the summer of 1890). This time the great artist endured the struggle against petty vanities even a shorter period than in the sixties. His view that a conservatory should turn out only exceptional musicians met with little favor among the teaching staff.

Rubinstein's Jubilee, celebrated in 1889 with unprecedented solemnity, showed how sincerely and infinitely this genius was loved and adored by the tens of thousands who had heard him play.

One would think that the life of such a master musician must have been a continuous hymn of joy. But this is what Rubinstein wrote to his Berlin publisher, Senff, in 1889 (this letter became public only in 1912):

I confess to you frankly and honestly that complete disappointment is the sum total of all my artistic activity!

That to which I have attached special importance all my life, and to which I have devoted all my knowledge and built all my hopes upon—my work as a composer—has met with failure. Neither the musicians (on whom my hopes always rested) nor the public (whom I gladly forgive) would recognize me as a composer. Still, there is enough human weakness left in me to be confident that neither the former nor the latter are right and that I am myself to blame for my failures, because I always kept aloof from any partisanship, because I always expressed myself frankly as to what pleased me or displeased me in music, and especially because as a composer I wearied the people so little. One must tell the people that he is a God, you know. Some will be crucified for this, but, ultimately, someone will be taken at his word.

Mohammed had to tell people that he was a prophet; Wagner, that he was the savior of art, etc. But my philosophic turn of mind or a sense of irony always restrained me from such a course, to no good purpose, as I now see. At the Devil's behest, I still do not go to the mountain when the mountain would not come to me. My whole life is but a mockery!

My present activity, too, is but an absurdity; for I, who am convinced that musical art is absolutely dead, that not even eight measures are composed nowadays which are worth anything, and that the singing and instrumental playing, of whatever kind, heard these days cannot

even be compared with the state of these arts in former times,—I am devoting all my time to the preparation of young composers and performers, well aware that these efforts are absolutely wasted. After all this, you can imagine how much irony I shall have to endure during the approaching so-called Jubilee celebration planned in my honor

What a tragic confession! And we must trust the sincerity of it unequivocally, for of all the great men, Anton Rubinstein was the most veracious. How much the bitterness of this confession would be intensified now, when the name of Rubinstein the composer has suffered ever so much more (and justly, alas!) in the eyes of the public and, especially, of the musicians. And yet, this tragic confession does not call forth in us even a bit of pity for its author. Excellent and happy was the life of this man. Let his personality serve us as the ideal of an artist who devoted all his life to the greatest of the arts—music!

(Translated by D. A. Modell from Viatnic Yevropy.)

THE THEORY OF HUNGARIAN MUSIC

By EDWARD KILENYI

IN connection with the Irish Rebellion of 1916 Shaw said that a rebellion every couple of weeks would be a good thing for any country. Similarly one might say that in the realm of art a bomb exploded every now and then under complacently accepted theories has a generally salutary effect—if only as a stimulant. One would not easily picture a university professor as a bomb-thrower, nor does the scholarly, painstaking method of Dr. Molnár Géza, Professor of Music at the Hungarian Royal State University, precisely suggest explosiveness. Nevertheless in his recent learned work on the theory of Hungarian music Dr. Molnár blows many popular notions on the subject as violently to smithereens as if he were one of our most rampant iconoclasts.

This is all the more refreshing, because we have never before had a really authentic work on the nature and origin of Hungarian music. The old Hungarian theoreticians contented themselves with pointing out what they considered good Hungarian music or bad Hungarian music, without venturing far into the reasons for their faith. Some of them decided that Hungarian music took its forms and rhythms from Hungarian prosody; others, among them Liszt, tried to identify Hungarian music with gypsy music. The latter theory has been generally accepted; perhaps because it is plausible and picturesque.

But Dr. Molnár takes these notions and throws them out of the window. To begin with, he scouts the identity of gypsy and Hungarian music. All the national characteristics of the latter, he points out, were established long before the gypsies immigrated into Hungary. That the gypsy is not possessed of creative talent was thoroughly proved in a discussion before the Folk-lore Congress in London in 1891. Gypsies have always learned the music of the countries in which they have sojourned. Hence there are various kinds of gypsy music, differing according to the countries in which these wandering people have dwelt. Indeed, for the same reason, gypsy music is different in different parts of Hungary. However, the gypsies have done a great service to Hungarian music by playing from generation to generation, and so preserving, the music created by the Hungarian people themselves.

Dr. Molnár is no more friendly to the favorite theory that Hungarian music took its typical rhythms from Hungarian poetry. In this he is supported by Négyessy László, who, in his book "*A magyar vers*" (1887) points out that the rhythms in poetry and music are not always identical. The difference becomes obvious when one compares Hungarian prosodic formulas with Hungarian musical phrases. The most characteristic Hungarian music, in fact, consists of phrases to which no prosodic parallel can be found in Hungarian poetry of the past.

Hungarian prosody actually took its forms from the classical Greek and Latin. For example, in the poetry of the Hungarian Erdőssy Silvester János (1504-1560) we find the familiar hexameters and pentameters of the Roman poets. Similarly, Dr. Molnár says, the *Hungarian music of the 16th century borrowed its forms from the prevailing fashion, in other words from contemporary sacred music and from the contrapuntists*. And these forms, he says, contain the distinctive characteristics which we have been accustomed to associate with Hungarian music. One is disposed to wonder just why the Hungarian national genius appropriated and absorbed these characteristics. Dr. Molnár attributes the fact to political, social and linguistic conditions. But although he does not pretend to be positive about the cause of this fact he adduces quite positive and convincing proofs of the fact itself.

The relation between the Hungarian scale and the old church modes can be seen clearly from an analysis of Hungarian songs. The Dorian scale, for instance, with a major sixth and a \sharp minor seventh, is to be found in the following song:



The song begins with the fourth scale step of the Dorian scale. The Hypoæolian scale is to be found in the following song, often sung to-day:



In this notation of Horváth Ádám the last four bars modulate into "d" minor. But it is likely that in olden times also the last four bars were sung in the original Hypoæolian mode. At any rate, the characteristic minor sevenths in the Dorian, Hypophrygian, and Hypoæolian scales are very frequent in Hungarian music, even when they cannot be found as often as the augmented fourths. The use of these different scales in Hungarian music marks another similarity between Hungarian music and the contrapuntal writing of Bach and Händel. In Hungarian melodies the harmonic minor scale is often combined with the melodic minor, and in minor scales the sixth and seventh scale-steps sometimes are raised, sometimes not (without cross relation, of course) as in the music of Bach and Händel. This use may be the origin of the mixtures of intervals of the minor scale with those of the major. Harmonies or chords that will again prove the relation of Hungarian music with the music of the masters just mentioned may be seen in the frequent use of the augmented sixth chords in both. The augmented sixth and augmented \sharp chords (French sixth chords) are more frequent in Bach's music than in the works of the later classic masters.

The subject of national melody is indeed a much misunderstood one. A melody alone can hardly express national character. For example, we meet with the same melody from three different nations:



Each of these melodies is based on the Ionian tetrachord:



But there are nationally characteristic ways of handling a melody, which reveal themselves to careful examination. A minute analysis of Hungarian melodic characteristics was made by Szénfy Gustáv (in the *Zenészeti lapok* 1862, p. 298. and 1863,

p. 10). He came to the conclusion that Hungarian melodies tend to proceed in leaps and that melodies proceeding diatonically have a tendency to descend. Szénfy made the fundamental mistake of examining melodies in the limit of one single measure, ignoring measures where the melodies were of sixteenth or thirty-second notes. Dr. Molnár, on the other hand, examined whole phrases instead of single measures. He considered not only the length of the phrases but also the accents of the notes; he tried to put every phrase harmonically into a major or minor triad. In his researches he found interesting examples that again and again justify his statements concerning the origin of Hungarian music. Here is one of his most convincing examples, an old church song (from the collection of Szelepcsényi)



This song is sung by the Hungarian people in the following way:

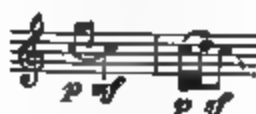


The melodic embellishments so common in Hungarian music became characteristic melodic motives through frequent use. An analysis of old tunes shows clearly that melodic embellishments are but actual transcriptions or embellishments of single long tones. These coloratura-like ornaments lend themselves to a typical Hungarian effect. Another is obtained through *portamento* (gradual fine chromatic sliding from one tone to another), much favored in Hungarian music. A lot depends upon the proper playing of such "embellishments." In general, embellishments should not be played dynamically weaker than the figure to which they belong. It is the *shortness* of the notes that is important. Here are in detail the qualities of embellishments as they appear, in Hungarian music: 1) The inverted mordent (*Vorschlag*) is accented. Sometimes an embellishment has another embellishment. For instance:



Here the short grace notes are not heavy. 2) The leaplike grace note is not heavy. 3) The "Pralltrill" and mordent are somewhat

heavy, but dynamically not strong. 4) The following mordent is not strong:



5) The afternote (Nachschlag) has some accent. The following is not Hungarian:



6) Embellishments consisting of more tones are sometimes crescendo, sometimes diminuendo, according to the dynamic quality of the melody itself.

The following is characteristic:



Here the arpeggio chord (triad) is the embellishment.

This is also very characteristic:



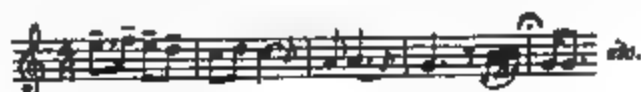
Embellishments are often found before the motive:



Sometimes they are sforzato:



An embellishment sometimes does not appear earlier than in the fourth bar, and is followed by the opening of a new phrase and a fermata:



An embellishment may lead to a new key:



Before the staccato the leaplike "Vorschlag" is much used:



An embellishment is used before a dotted note as follows:

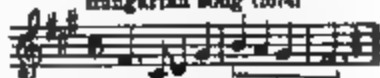


Longer embellishments and trills—not runs—are crescendo. The following examples show the relation between embellished Hungarian melodies and the music of Bach and Händel:

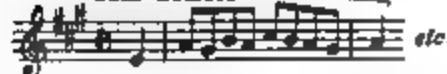
Bach: Gigue



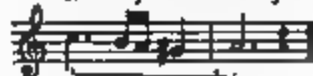
Hungarian song (1674)



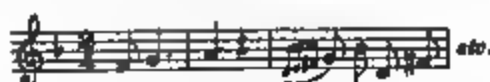
Bach: Bourrée



Rákóczy Ferenc's Prayer



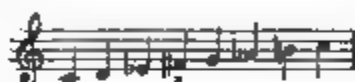
Of the numerous harmonic characteristics in Hungarian music the following are the most frequent. The raised tonic as the leading tone of the new key:



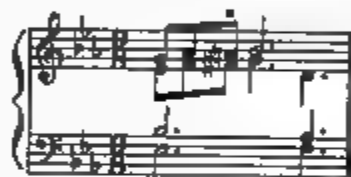
The minor seventh or the lowered leading tone used immediately after a major key gives a good Hungarian effect. The diminished seventh chord (another product of the polyphonic period) was

often used with good Hungarian effect by Liszt. Its Hungarian character, however, is lost if it does not modulate into a new key.

"What is classified as Hungarian harmony, according to the standard laws of harmony, is real dissonance," remarks Dr. Molnár, for *good* Hungarian harmonies may be obtained through 1) passing tones, 2) suspensions, 3) anticipations, 4) changing tones, 5) and organ points. These "dissonances" give "good" Hungarian harmonies, especially if they are on accented beats, and they can be regulated also dynamically. It is not advisable, however, to use strong dissonances excessively." We may illustrate by the following examples. Here is the Hungarian scale:



The most characteristic tone is the augmented fourth, which, if used as an unaccented passing tone, will be of no effect:



The effect is more Hungarian if the augmented fourth is accented:



In using organ points, too, the effect is stronger on accented than on unaccented beats. Of especial importance in Hungarian harmony are those non-harmonic (passing) tones at the end of a phrase, that modulate into another key. Such tones are unaccented beginnings of the motives or phrases beginning over the next bar line:



Such use of unaccented notes for modulating is older in Hungarian music than in music of the great masters. Before

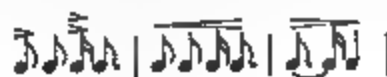
Schumann and Brahms it was a prevailing principle of modulation that the changes of harmonies were more effective on accented beats than on unaccented beats.

The augmented fourth, as we can see from Tinódy's songs (1554), is used in Hungarian music as 1) a tone that leads over to the key of the dominant, 2) a tone that, when going to the key of the parallel minor, becomes the (major) third of the subdominant or the raised sixth scale-step of the ascending melodic minor scale, 3) as the leading tone of the minor scale beginning with the dominant. Thus:



This analysis of the augmented fourth has been made from the old songs. Therefore it is more practical than theoretical, and the augmented fourth should not be considered as a bizarre or illogical element of Hungarian music. It is a modulation, and so it is a comprehensive scheme toward certain modulations. Consequently the Hungarian scale should not be considered as an independent scale as contrasted with the major and minor scales. It is neither the source nor the result of Hungarian music.

The rhythmic element in national music is always of most significance and Dr. Molnár's examination of Hungarian rhythms is, perhaps, the most enlightening part of his work. The trouble with all previous analysis of Hungarian rhythms has been that dynamics and accentuation have not been considered at all. A rhythmic figure in itself can hardly show national characteristics, because identical rhythmic figures can be found in music of different nations. To have an exact knowledge of Hungarian rhythm we must know where certain rhythmic figures in Hungarian music differ in accents and dynamics from the same figures in the music of other nations. In Hungarian music the crescendo (or a combination of crescendo with diminuendo) is generally more prominent than the diminuendo and has more national character:

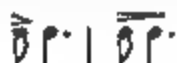


Contrast this with the following:



The dynamics and accents in rhythm, pregnant with new colors and emotions, lent a richness and power to the Hungarian music of the 16th and 17th centuries which modern Hungarian composers, by neglecting these characteristics, have failed to obtain. This neglect resulted from the teaching of the old academic theoreticians, who utterly ignored these values.

The question naturally arises as to what is the minimum rhythmic figure that we can recognise as characteristically racial. A rhythmic figure may be so short that, no matter how commonly it is used, it does not of itself contain any particular racial or national flavor. For example, the most characteristic Hungarian rhythmic motive



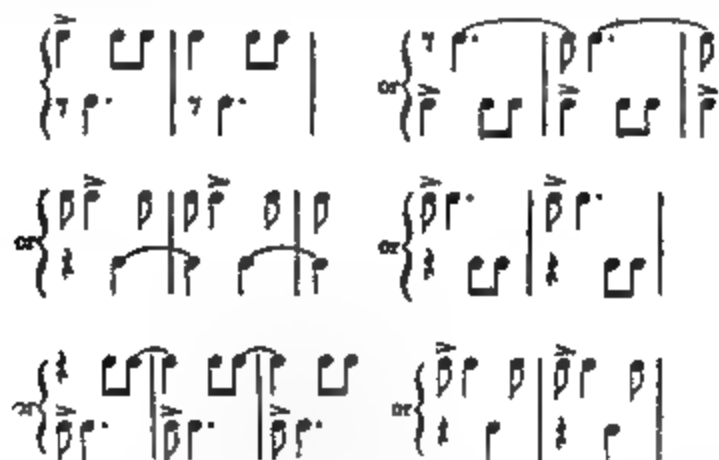
is often found in Irish, Bohemian and Neapolitan folk-songs, as well as in the works of Weber, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven. A longer rhythmic motive—at least a whole measure in length—may be more strongly indicative of national character, though even one of the most characteristic Hungarian motives



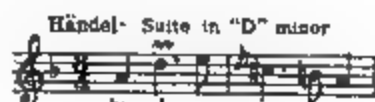
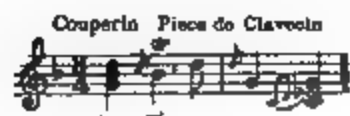
can be found in the "Swanee River"; proving that while a motive standing alone may easily be recognizable as purely Hungarian, it takes its color from its context. The true quality of a Hungarian motive also depends on whether it is properly played. A motive of Hungarian rhythm should be written down exactly as it is to be played, and the performer should not be allowed to take liberties with it. This is a serious warning, because Hungarian music has already the bad reputation of not following the regular laws concerning tempo, rhythm, and accents. The habitually false and arbitrary rendering of Hungarian music made an early æsthetician (Versegby Ferencz, 1791) assert that he "did not like music where there were no regular bars and no regular rhythms played in strict time, or where they were made irregular by willful and capricious performances."

To find true Hungarian rhythmic formulas, scholars should not restrict themselves to examining them only from bar-line to bar-line, as the old Hungarian academicians did, because a characteristic motive may begin and end in the middle of a bar, and because in a longer phrase or period the national character is intensified.

It is interesting to note the effect of counterpoint on the development of Hungarian rhythm. Dr. Molnár shows us very clearly that the characteristic short motive $\text{♩} \text{♩}'$, already mentioned—which according to Dr. Riemann's erroneous statement is but a mere repetition of notes (repercussio)—originated from a striving for contrapuntal variety in rhythm and from the complementary nature of the two contrapuntal parts. The following polyrhythms bear out this contention:



Further proof is contained in the different dances of the same period, where we find the rhythm of an accented short note followed by an unaccented long note:



Especially in the Sarabande we find frequently this same characteristic Hungarian motive. Furthermore, it may be remarked that Passacaglias and Sarabandes are mostly in minor keys, just as Hungarian music shows a strong preference for minor keys. The slow tempo of the same dances and their four or eight bar themes also became assimilated with Hungarian music. While in the Loure, Gigue, and Gaillarde the accented beat is dotted, its

identity with the Hungarian short motive is quite clear. The fundamental rhythm of the *Loure*



shows this dotted accented beat just as we find it in the up-beats in the following examples from Bach's Fifth French Suite:



The assertion that this characteristic short motive originated in the polyphonic period is sufficiently proved by the total absence of it from music previous to that time. Hence we do not find this motive in the following dance by Horváth Ádám (1813) in which he tried to imitate the music of the time of Hunyady János (1387 (?)–1456).



The same formula is missing also from a song of Tinódy Sebestyén. (1510 (?)–1577). This characteristic short motive was at first simply borrowed by the Hungarians; then it became assimilated and grew more and more melodious, rhythmically sharper, and altogether more individual.

It is a generally accepted rule that Hungarian music should not have an unaccented beginning, because in the Hungarian language the accent falls on the first syllable. Now, to apply this "rule," that is, to forbid rhythmic formulas with unaccented beginnings, would indeed deprive Hungarian music of rich means. The falseness of this rule was proved through the laws of the Hungarian language by Arany László, (1844–1895 (?)) one of the best Hungarian scholars and poets. The unaccented beginning (up-beat) is found in the following old Hungarian "Verbunkos" by Czinka Panna (1735).



Erkel, too, employed up-beats in his opera "Hunyady László":



The accented beginning is not a tradition; and even if it were, why should Hungarians stick to it if almost every nation has modified and changed its national dances?

Here we should distinguish the unaccented up-beat from the unaccented embellishment, which also can be written in a separate measure:



A Passamezzo Ongaro from the 16th century also begins with an up-beat:



This Passamezzo, by the way, may upset the theory that old Hungarian music consisted chiefly of music in slow time. That this theory is without substance can be proven from the existence of numerous "saltarellos" and from the fact that in the old mensural music ("mezzo") was identical with "alla breve." Consequently "passo a mezzo" must have been a dance of a lively tempo. A musical phrase that does not end at the last beat of the bar, suggests an up-beat. Inasmuch as in Hungarian music the cæsura often falls after the second or the third tone of the bar, the unaccented beginning is obviously not against its true nature.

In $\frac{3}{4}$ or in $\frac{2}{4}$ time we generally meet with the following formulas:



Examples a) and d) are rarely found in old Greek poetry; c) was not used by the Romans either; b) and c) can be found in the hexameter; in Bach's time a) and b) were used oftenest. Hungarian music, therefore, where the cæsura falls after the second and third tone of the bar, has some relation to the music of the time of Bach. So, argues Dr. Molnár, *the manner of accenting is a heritage from Bach's time*. One is all the more inclined to this conclusion by the fact that Hungarian music even to-day has a strong tendency toward $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$ measures.

Older Hungarian theoreticians also argued wrongly against uneven measures. Neither is this "rule" in accordance with the

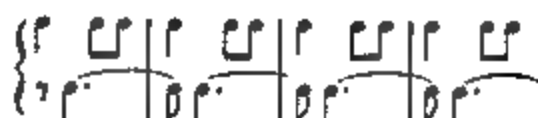
Polyrhythm, too, can produce Hungarian effect through syncopation:



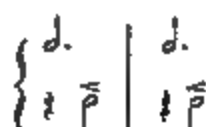
through rests:



and through:



and through the fact that this formula



is absorbed by the ear as $\text{d.} \text{ } \text{p.} \text{ } \text{d.} \text{ } \text{p.}$ And so from this



comes:



and from



comes:



and from



comes:

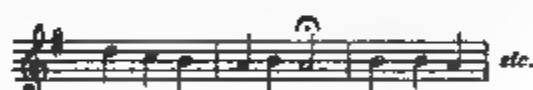


Thus the Hungarian composer may attain a fine effect by making one part play while the other is resting, or by sustaining a tone.

Old Hungarian theoreticians were almost ludicrously stubborn. There were old Hungarian sacred songs in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, as we see from the following example:



(from a collection by Tárkányi, Eger, 1855). Yet, though the theoreticians admitted that these songs represented good Hungarian music, they claimed that the songs were written down wrongly. Mosonyi Mihály, one of the best old Hungarian theoreticians, while admitting the Hungarian quality of the song quoted above, still insisted that it should be written down as follows:



But why did he want to put the tune in $\frac{3}{4}$ time if its Hungarian quality was clear in $\frac{3}{4}$ time?

Some of these hide-bound musicians took strange liberties in following their arbitrary rule. For example, a song printed in $\frac{3}{4}$ time in a collection by Bozóky Mihály in 1797, was reprinted in $\frac{4}{4}$ time in the collection of Kovács Márk in 1842. That the Hungarian people themselves had a preference for $\frac{3}{4}$ time is evidenced by the fact that many old Latin songs in $\frac{4}{4}$ time were taken over by the Hungarian people, changed into $\frac{3}{4}$ time in Hungarian rhythm and set to Hungarian texts: (for instance, a Stabat Mater text from the 8th century).



Al - la a ko-sor - ves A - zya,

If the Hungarian people transformed songs from $\frac{4}{4}$ into $\frac{3}{4}$ time, why should theoreticians object to it?

To find rich varieties of true Hungarian rhythms, composers are advised to follow the nature of Hungarian declamation (long, short, accented, unaccented syllables) as it may be found in the works of the best Hungarian poets. These rhythms may also be used in pure instrumental music.

The prevalence of the fermata, too, serves to show that Hungarian music has more in common with old church music than with gypsy music, because the free rhythmical prolonging at the ends of the phrases in old sacred chorals—a habit that probably was exaggerated later by church-singers and organists—is identical with the fermatas at the ends of the phrases in Hungarian folk-songs.

The transcriptions of $\frac{3}{4}$ songs into $\frac{4}{4}$ may suggest other arbitrary transcriptions and there is little doubt that adulterated Hungarian theory was due to the false noting down of early Hungarian music. The habit of noting down Hungarian music with more precision is one that might be cultivated with advantage by Hungarian musicians even of to-day. For instance, we have a song by a contemporary Hungarian, Kún László, who defines the length of a fermata as follows:



Figures of 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9 notes in triplets, quintolas, sextolas, etc., and inverted mordents, prallers, turns, etc., or runs of 9–11 tones as scales, are of genuine Hungarian character, as we see from the music of the 18th century. Yet in Hungarian vocal music, for various reasons, the coloratura was used infrequently, if at all.

Hungarian national music always prefers legato, tenuto, portamento, to staccato. The Scherzo and Capriccio, which are characterized by staccato, are not common in old Hungarian music, because early Hungarian music with but few exceptions is of an emotional and serious character. Hungarian music, therefore, does not on the whole contain motives of repeated equal staccato notes. However, a few staccato notes can be found in the works of different composers and in the original of the old Rákóczy-song motive:



Examining the effects of rests in Hungarian music, we find that the rest can stand on both heavy and light beats, and on the strongest or the weakest point of a dynamic formula. Furthermore, a longer rest standing after a short note is Hungarian in character. Either of the following figures is good:



In trying to create Hungarian effect the composer should not forget that a rest falling into a diminuendo has not the effect of a rest at all; it gives rather the impression of a prolongation of the previous note. Making a pause simply in the place of a dot is not Hungarian. Motives, containing rests that suggest syncopated effects, are Hungarian. For instance,




is good because it suggests




This, too, is good Hungarian:



There are more motives beginning with rests in Hungarian music than in the music of other nations. A rest that falls on an accented (heavy) beat or on a dynamic climax of a figure is related to Beethoven's sudden piano effect, where we get a "piano" in the place of the expected "forte." But this, too, originated in

Bach's time. For then, instead of the following  this was

used: ; that is, the heavy beat was made soft and the light

beat strong. This method became assimilated in Hungarian music.

A short comparative study of some characteristics of other nations will confirm more clearly the essentials that have been already discussed. For instance, the fact that even the most characteristic Hungarian motive could lose its national character

GOUNOD'S LETTERS

By JULIEN TIERSOT

LIKE the majority of modern musicians, who have received a general education superior to that of their predecessors, Gounod did not confine himself to composing music; he also made numerous literary excursions, several of which found their way into print during his lifetime. Before the Académie he read various papers of special interest: "On the Artist in Modern Society," "Nature and Art," etc. He devoted a lengthy article to "Mozart's *Don Giovanni*," seizing the opportunity to give free rein to his admiration for the master who was his exemplar throughout his career. Besides this, he wrote essays on topics of current interest—for example, one on the works of his colleague and worthy continuator, Camille Saint-Saëns;—and prefaces for works of other authors (a volume of letters by Berlioz, for instance), or for works of his own (*Rédemption*, etc.). Finally, he left us his *Mémoires*, which were published immediately after his decease; not to speak of a certain compilation of divers articles which, under the somewhat inexact title of "Autobiography," appeared at London at an epoch which is not the most attractive one of his life.

Naturally, he revealed himself most frankly in his letters, of which he despatched a flood in every direction. Up to the present time several series of them have been published; the volume beginning with his "*Mémoires d'un Artiste*" already contained quite a number. Others are scattered through various biographies; there are many more still unprinted.

The selection we have made from such letters affords, in our opinion, a sufficiently faithful characterization of the composer's walk of life. Each was chosen with a view to illuminate some important event in his career, and throw it into strong relief.

Not a single letter of Gounod's childhood or early youth is now extant—unless we choose to consider as a letter the written declaration which he, at the age of thirteen, addressed to his mother to inform her of his resolution to adopt the career of a musician. M. Camille Bellaigue has given us the text of this letter—at least, the greater part of it—in his work on Gounod,



Charles Gould (about 1870)

published in the collection of "Maitres de la Musique"; we ourselves reproduced a few lines of it in our essay (*Musical Quarterly*, July, 1918) written for the centenary of the author of *Faust*. We also mentioned the fact that the letters he wrote to his family from Italy, after winning the Prix de Rome, have disappeared; a regrettable lacuna, covering as it does a momentous period in Gounod's life, a time when he was first subjected to those influences which inspired him to devote himself almost exclusively to religious observances, to the temporary abandonment of his art.

Our sole source of information concerning this first evolution of Gounod's mentality is found in certain letters written to a few friends or comrades; and it is to lay bare the secret of this evolution that we shall begin by reproducing two letters addressed by him to Besozzi, one of his companions in the Villa Médicis. In one of these we shall see what plans he already cherished, when he was only twenty-three years of age, for the restoration of Christian art; in the other we find him immersed yet more deeply in religious practices, for this second letter was penned at the Carmelite monastery whither he had retired to prosecute the studies which he imagined were to lead him to the priesthood.

The next letters will reveal him restored to family life, to an artistic and secular career. In one he expresses his grief at the death of his mother, who had been his first confidante; in another he greets the arrival in the world of a child destined to become a distinguished writer. Now we catch sight of him in the fire of composition, and again in the excitements of the theatre or the school. At a solemn and painful epoch in the history of the nation he gives voice to his sorrow and discloses his patriotic anxieties. At the close, ever faithful both to his convictions and his friends, we shall find him always ready to defend the causes that he has at heart. As he was in life, so shall we meet him in this swift summary, set down in his own words.

JULIEN TIERSOT.

GOUNOD'S LETTERS. SOURCES.—The letters numbered II (to the Comte de Reynouard), IV (to Eugène Tournoux), V (to A. Simon), VI (to Mme. E. Tournoux), VII (to Jules Rachonnet), XIII (addressee unknown), XIV (to Mme. Lolo), XV and XVI (to A. Vincent), XVII (to Ernest Reyer), XVIII (to "My dear little Helen"), and XIX (to M. Denis Cochin), have not been published. Numbers I and III (to Besozzi) are copied from the Paris paper "*Le Temps*," where they appeared in an article by Jules Claretie ("Candida") on Gounod's "*Mémoires d'un Artiste*." Number VIII (to Mistral) was taken from the Provençal paper "*l'Aioli*," numbers IX and X (to Mistral and Ilse, respectively) from an article by Abbé Delacroix, "Gounod au pays de Mirailles," which appeared in the "*Revue de Midi*" after having been the subject of a lecture at the Academy of Nîmes; Number XVIII (to "My dear little Helen") was printed in a recent number of the "*Annales*." Finally, Number XX (to M. Saint-Basile) was found in the necrology penned by him (in "*Le Journal*").

I

To Besozzi²

Rome, February 25, 1842.

My dear Besozzi:

I take advantage of a letter from Bousquet to send you a few lines in token of remembrance, and to thank you for having kept me in mind in your letter to Bonnaissieux.¹ You ask, what is becoming of me, what am I doing? I fancy that I am becoming what pretty much everybody becomes, I am continually seeking, and it always seems to take me a long while to find. I heard that you have written an overture that is something big, according to what little Bousquet told me about it, I thought it might possibly be a kind of symphony in one movement; I was rejoiced at the birth of this serious composition, for I wanted to have it taken up by our Society; but I stifled my delight on learning that, on account of its length, it had been shamefully mutilated for you (or, perforce, by you), that is still the fashion in Paris, where it would seem to be impossible for them to listen to a conception of any loftiness and, for just that reason, of some length. For, to my mind, when a height is attained, increase of breadth follows naturally.

Bousquet informed me of something which I had feared, and which has come to pass—namely, that the *Roman Puget*, in a word, the Musical Album, has reached the culmination of its brutalizing influence. As you may imagine, this gives me little pleasure, though such epidemics do not succeed in killing art, they nevertheless kill a far too great number of ears which might otherwise be destined to hear the true message. What a pity that one cannot prevent the poison-weed from sprouting!

After all, patience is the only cure for a fit of the spleen, and one really ought not to let oneself get so wrought up—As for myself, my dear Besozzi, I am at present engaged on a work which you will most likely hear on my return to France, it is a symphony with choruses, in four movements—the persecution of Christ, his death, a prophecy against Jerusalem, and the resurrection.

I want you to know what I am doing, but I beg you very earnestly not to tell anybody else. You see what confidence I repose in you, by informing you without circumlocution, and I have no doubt that you will exercise the discretion I ask of you in the matter.

Adieu, my dear Besozzi, save a modest corner for me in your kind remembrance; I set great store by it, and you may rest assured that I, for my own part, shall be very glad to meet you and be with you again.

Adieu! I press your hand, and remain your wholly devoted

CL. GOUNOD.

The following letter is another of the earliest ones of Gounod's now extant. He wrote it the day after his departure from Rome, at Vienna, where the rule of the Académie prescribed a stay for a certain time before returning to France. In it he evokes memories of his sojourn in Rome, writing to a compatriot whose acquaintance he had made during the months which he had just passed in

¹A composer (*poir de Rome*), a comrade of Gounod's at the Villa Médicis.

²Bousquet (composer), Bonnaissieux (sculptor), comrades of Gounod at Rome.

the Eternal City, at the same time informing him concerning the prosecution of his musical activities.

II

To the Comte de Rayneval.¹

VIENNA, Sunday, July 17, 1846.

Dear Sir.

You will readily understand that I cannot allow the time of my visit to Germany to elapse without addressing you a few lines in very sincere and very cordial remembrance, as I can assure you, it is highly probable that when you receive this letter you would never guess that it was from me, considering that you have many other matters to think about, and that you doubtless frequently get far more interesting ones. However that may be, I hope you will accord it the same kindly reception with which you have always welcomed its author, and that in the midst of your manifold occupations it may be an acceptable diversion for a few moments. I have thought of you many a time since my departure; oftentimes I have said to myself, "To-day you ought to have written, you have not done so." You know, besides, that on a journey there is much to see, and it is not always convenient to write letters, for various reasons. But while the traveller who has much to see finds his time very short, there is one who might find it much shorter still, namely, one who has much to do, and this latter is your servant—and for this reason.

Here I have made the acquaintance of an artist who has shown himself extremely obliging toward me, he has presented me to several of his friends, has made me acquainted with all—or nearly all—the artists in the orchestra of the Opera, of which he himself is a member, and his manoeuvres have been of such utility to me that I am now on the point of bringing out, with full orchestra, the mass which I composed at Rome for the church of St. Philippe and which was performed at St. Louis—a mass that you will no doubt remember all the better because, for the sake of hearing it, you made so graceful a sacrifice in postponing for a week your trip to Sicily, which you must have been very eager to take—and that was a proof of interest that I never shall forget, unless it should be drowned in a deep draught from the Lethe—Moreover, I am engaged in writing a quintet in the form of a symphony for the five foremost wind-instrument players in Vienna (flute, hautboy, clarinet, horn and bassoon), said quintet to be performed at a public concert. Furthermore, an overture for full orchestra, which will be played in public at the Theatre of the Opera. Besides, I have written in score the first number of a Requiem² for full orchestra, and the first period of the *Dies ire*—which comprises the first six versets down to the *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus*. What a sublime text!—So, now I have told you all my troubles. At that, I might almost address you with the celebrated "*Vous l'avez voulu*,"

¹Secretary of the French Embassy at Rome, and a distinguished musical amateur, he corresponded with various masters.

²First mention of this Requiem, which is again spoken of in a letter to Lafont of Aug. 21, 1846 and which was executed for the first time in the church of St. Charles at Vienna, on All Souls Day (Hallowmas). It is said that Gounod used some fragments from this youthful work for the church-organ in Foul.

"*Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin*," from *Molière*.

for you promised me in so cordial a manner to interest yourself in my future, that I desire to conduct myself toward you like a man who sincerely believes in this kind and friendly interest. You know that I promised to inform you, from Paris, concerning the outcome of my symphony with choruses;¹ I shall keep my promise, you may depend upon it.

My mother had the honour in Paris of meeting Madame de Maubourg, who received her in a charming fashion and had the kindness to speak to her about me in the most amiable terms. I am really most grateful for the kind welcome that I have received in this excellent family; please have the goodness to say so to Monsieur de Maubourg, with the assurance of my respectful regard.—

Would you also be so kind as to remember me to M. and Mme. Odier whenever you may see them, I greatly desire not to be forgotten by these excellent people, who have likewise shown me the most flattering attentions.

Adieu, my dear Sir, excuse my verbiage, my scrawl, everything in fact except my intentions, for which I do not ask your pardon; and believe me, with all my heart, your most sincerely and wholly devoted

CH. GOUNOD.

Will you please be so kind as to convey to the ladies of your family my most humble respects, and to remember me politely to your brothers.

III

Sunday evening, November 7, 1847.

To Besozzi.

My dear Besozzi:

You doubtless had not the remotest idea, when you wrote me, that I had been installed for a month in the establishment of the Carmelites, where I am doubtless going to pass the three years of study and retirement required to prepare me for the priesthood. Believe me, I am most profoundly distressed that I shall not be able to attend holy mass with you on your wedding-day—and this for two reasons: first, that I cannot do you the little favor you requested of me; secondly, because I am deprived of the pleasure of joining my felicitations to all those of which you will be the object on that day.

I leave the Carmelites but once a week, only Wednesdays in the afternoon, because on those days our afternoon courses are omitted. You will see that my answer implies an absolute impossibility, since I have now surrendered my will to the rule of a religious community; otherwise, as you know, my dear, good friend, I should have found no difficulty in crossing Paris, or twice Paris, at such a decisive hour of your life, and one of such interest to every one who is genuinely attached to you. I think that you consider me as belonging to this last-named class.

¹He doubtless refers to the symphony with choruses, in four movements, on Christ: His persecution, His death, a prophecy against Jerusalem, and the Resurrection, a projected work of which Gounod spoke in a letter to Besozzi that same year (Rome, Feb. 25, 1842), and which he did not bring out—at least not immediately and in this form.

I shall pray God for you on Tuesday next with all my heart. Believe me ever, in all sincerity, your devoted and affectionate

CH. GOUNOD.

Aux Carmes, rue de Vaugirard.

P. S. If the professorial wind should ever urge you toward my den between half after eleven and half after twelve, noon, it would be charming of you to walk in (*literally*, "give me a kick") and call me down to the parlor.

N. B. You should kick me before calling me down.—G.

IV

To Eugène Tourneux.¹

Sunday, July 14, 1849.

My good Friend:

This morning we received your cheery message that congratulations are in order, and you cannot doubt that we sympathize as fully with your new joy as we did, only a short time ago, with your anxieties and your hopes. So we, my mother and myself, send our heartiest good wishes to you all, including the *little new chick*.

You are aware, my dear Eugène, of the reason that I am the only one to express the joy we feel at this good news, but you likewise know all that my dear mother would write about it in her affectionate and intelligent way to you and your dear wife, if she were in a condition to use a pen; and so she regrets very keenly that she is forced to keep silence on an occasion when her faithful heart would have so gladly and fittingly responded to your rejoicing.

There are some others here who desire me to congratulate you most sincerely; these are my brother and sister, who are so fortunate as to have experienced the joys of family life. So it is only I, my dear friend, who am unable to felicitate you *Ex Condigno*, as theology expresses it, I shall therefore do so *Ex Congruo*, as the same science has it, but that does not prevent it from being from the bottom of my heart, as the tenderly affectionate friend of you and yours.

CH. GOUNOD.

P. S. And to-morrow (Sunday) at the High Mass of Sceaux, when I am to play the organ, I shall devote an improvisation quite especially to the dear little cherub, as you would have had me do at Paris; we have overcome distance, dear old boy!

When Gounod, after renouncing his intention of taking holy orders, resolved to write operas, he first of all composed *Sapho*, of which Mme. Viardot-Garcia, the illustrious cantatrice, was the first interpreter and, truth to tell, the inspiration. The drama

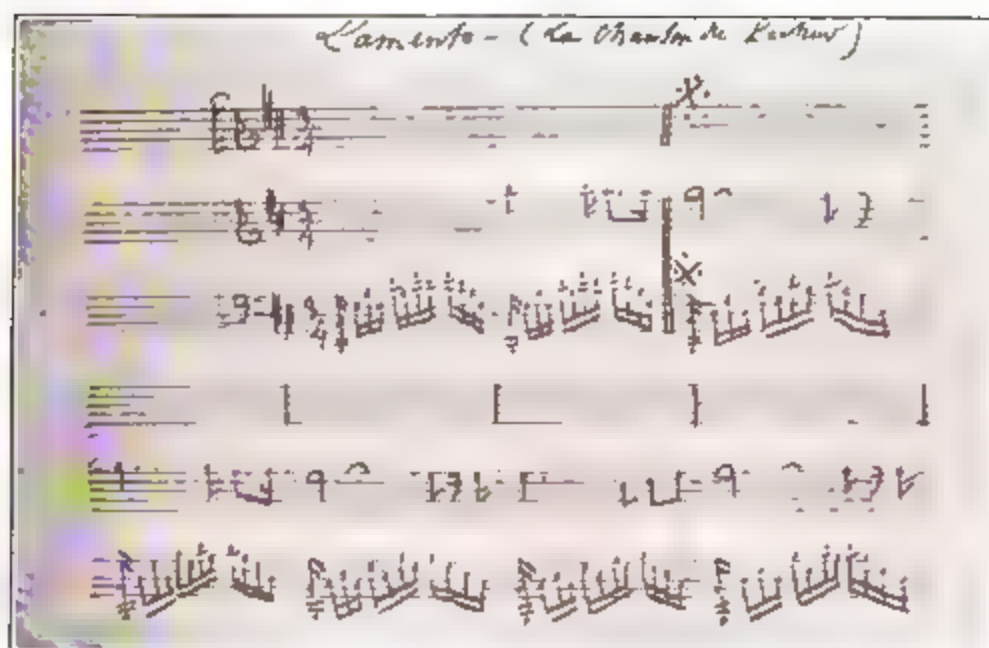
¹Father of the historian and critic Maurice Tourneux, whose birth this letter hails; it is he who is meant by the phrase, "the little new chick." Gounod had renounced the idea of taking holy orders rather more than a year prior to this date.

was to terminate with a song which the antique poetess, about to meet death by throwing herself from the height of a precipice into the sea, would deliver as a supreme effort of her genius, to her own accompaniment on the lyre. Gounod's first attempts to rise to the height of this thrilling situation had not been happy; he found nothing that was worthy of serving as a crown to such a noble tragedy. Nevertheless he had proved, by melodies formerly composed in Italy under the influence of the Mediterranean skies, that he was capable of attaining the requisite elevation of style. More particularly, he had set to music the beautiful verses of Théophile Gautier: *Ma belle amie est morte... Que mon sort est amer! Ah! sans amour s'en aller sur la mer!...* which are themselves almost literally translated from a popular song of the Venetian lagoon:

Ah! senza amare
Andare del mare
Non può consolare.

This composition, whose amplitude of vocal style considerably surpassed the trivialities of the *romance à la mode* towards 1850, had naturally found no publisher, and had never been printed. But Madame Viardot knew it well. She had sung it for the author, and had admired its lofty beauty. She suggested to Gounod the idea of placing it, with fitly adapted words, at the close of his work; thus it was that the "Stances de Sapho" took form—one of the most finished numbers that shed lustre on the art of Gounod.

Such is the tradition woven around this work; we have it from Madame Viardot herself. And now a document has turned up to confirm the truth of it in the most categorical manner. The Library of the Paris Conservatoire has possessed for several years an album of notes which Gounod took in his youth in order to fix his fugitive inspirations, principally in the course of his visit to Italy in 1841-42. Now, this album contains, written wholly in Gounod's hand, the music and the words of *La Chanson du Pêcheur*, a Lamento by Théophile Gautier—the same music which later became that to the *Stances de Sapho*. Can we do better than insert, in the midst of this collection of documents, the complete autograph of this number, which, while displaying a specimen of Gounod's writing in his youthful period, is chiefly of interest as showing us, and published here for the first time, the primitive form of a justly celebrated song?



Handwritten musical score for "Lamento, 'La Chanson du Pêcheur,' by Charles Gounod". The score is written on six staves. The first staff is a single melodic line with the lyrics "Sur moi la nuit m'en-". The second staff contains rhythmic notation, possibly for a drum or a simplified harmonic accompaniment. The third and fourth staves are complex, featuring dense, overlapping notes and rests, suggesting a multi-measure rest or a very fast, dense texture. The fifth staff is a single melodic line with the lyrics "ma belle a me - velle". The sixth staff is a complex, dense texture, possibly a multi-measure rest or a very fast, dense texture. The notation is in a historical style, with many notes and rests.

Lamento, "La Chanson du Pêcheur," by Charles Gounod
(1841 or '42 Unpublished)

Reduced facsimile

-ceul ze chan - - te ma ro -
 -joues soue la tom - - bide on -
 man - - ce que le cel entend
 por - - te mon a - - met mes

J'arl ah comend' m'et
 - mouat J'arl le culjan' m'et
 et comen' j'ai m'et
 ten - die elle s'en rebur na
 Je hui m'et ja
 l'ange qui l'enne -

maud une femme au tant qu'il est - le .
 - de he s'oulet peigne peigne - de qui s'oulet est a -

mer ah son a - meur s'm el -

- de son a - meur s'm el -

mer ah son a - meur s'm el -

V

To A. Simon.¹

PARIS, Saturday, January 3, 1857.

My dear Simon:

The following memoranda that you request of me are herewith supplied in an entirely confidential form, which you will oblige me by communicating to no one else. As I have no reason for concealing my grounds for desiring your silence in this matter, I shall give them (for your private information) below.

M. Hubert, who is at present² Inspector of Singing in our schools, cannot bear me, or pardon me for being Director of this same branch and of the Orphéons; he has done, and still does, whatever he can to demolish me; I am in possession of facts which you would think shameful, were I to tell you them. Now, M. Hubert is doing nothing just now for the instruction in singing but give out monthly bulletins of the presences and absences of teachers at their lessons, he castigates the teachers officially, while officiously criticizing the Director, thus he consoles himself in his disgrace. As you see, a character of much nobility and delicacy.

Having made this clear, I proceed to give you the list of details that you requested

(1) In July, 1852, I was appointed Director of Instruction in Singing and of the Orphéons.

(2) M. Hubert was retained, but with the simple title of Inspector

(3) For the previous four years there had been no more public sessions, owing to the wretched condition of the Orphéons, whose members were deserting on every side to join newly formed choral societies; since 1852 I have been reorganizing them. From that year we have had regularly two grand annual meetings, excepting in the first year, when at our (one) session a solemn mass composed by myself for the Orphéons was performed by 400 orphéonistes in the choir of St.-Germain l'Auxerrois on June 12th, 1853. In the years following we have had, either in the *cirque* of the Champs Elysées or in that of the Boulevard du Temple, two grand meetings at a fortnight's interval; in 1855 we had no less than three, the third of which was held in the presence of the Emperor and Empress.

In this same year of 1855, our headquarters in the Halle aux Draps having been destroyed by fire, we lost one of our chief resources in the form of a meeting-place, since then, by dint of continued vigilance, I have maintained as best I might an orphéonic society which this misfortune threatened with extermination, and last year I had a meeting attended by 1,060 singers.

In December of this same year of 1855 we organized the festival in the Palais d'Industrie—a hazardous experiment which might have cost us our life, and which resulted in only a partial failure, thanks to

¹The manager of an Orphéon periodical. This letter furnishes hitherto unpublished details concerning Gounod's activities during the years when he performed the functions of director of musical instruction, and of the Orphéons, in the schools of the Ville de Paris.

²More than thirty years earlier, the Orphéons had been established by Wilhem, who chose for his assistant this same Hubert of whom Gounod speaks in this letter. The friction between the two men is sufficiently explained by Hubert's resentment at seeing come one, other than himself, appointed as the successor of his old chief.

the success of certain numbers, in spite of the discomfiture brought about by the improvidence of the organizer of the festival.

(4) As to the duties of M. Hubert, they are defined on the first page of this letter.

(5) My compositions for the Orphéons are fairly numerous: *a.* The mass mentioned above, *b.* A collection for schools, entitled *La Prière et l'Étude* (17 pieces), *c.* Detached motets, *d.* Eight or ten pieces for the award of the prizes. I don't recall them, but Lebeau senior (4 rue Ste.-Anne) can give you a list of them, *e.* *La Cigale et la Fourmi* (took first prize at the competition at Blois under M. Selyou's direction); *f.* Numerous arrangements for the grand meetings of the Orphéons; *g.* A great double-chorus, *Tout l'univers est plein de sa magnificence*, in the style of an oratorio; *h.* The national chorus *Vive l'Empereur*.

(6) Modifications effected in the department of singing:

a. I have had appointed three assistants, supplementary to the corps of regular professors.

b. I have assumed the personal direction of the grand course for adults, which includes, every Thursday evening, a meeting of all the choruses.

c. The salaries of the regular professors for six schools have been established on a fixed basis of 1,200 francs, of the assistants, 600 francs.

d. The general monthly meetings of the Orphéons have been doubled; they now take place twice every month, on the first and third Sundays, under my personal direction.

e. For the future, I demand with might and main a hall to replace the much to be regretted and invaluable *Halle aux Draps*, which would accommodate up to 900.

This, my dear friend, is a succinct statement corresponding, I think, to what you desired of me; Selyou can complete it, should I have omitted anything; I authorize you to show him this letter in confidence—but him only. For the rest, he knows what we have to expect of M. Hubert, and can tell you whether I am deceiving you or myself.

With thanks for your kind remembrance, and wholly yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

VI

To Mme. Eugène Tournoux.

Saturday evening, January 23, 1858.¹

Dear Friend:

This letter cannot tell you, as I could wish to tell you myself, how touched I was by your tender sympathy for the many conflicting emotions which have torn me during the past few days. Yes, your heart is fine and great enough to feel and to speak worthily with regard to the venerable and venerated mother whom I no longer possess, here below, but whose life so replete with virtues and excellences I cherish in memory, and whose present happiness I hope for with the firmest and sweetest assurance that my soul has ever known. At the bottom

¹Gounod's mother had died on Jan. 16, 1858, the day following the first representation of *Le Médecin malgré lui* at the Théâtre-Lyrique.

of this immeasurable grief there is, nevertheless, a peace and tranquillity equally beyond all measure. I know that I could send you a long discourse upon this dual emotion, and that you, understanding it so well, would not be wearied by it. I feel a need of conversing about my mother, and through such conversation to continue in some sort the tribute of love and respect that I would fain have paid yet longer to herself.

You speak to me of my labors, of my last work!—Ah! why could I not have arrived in time to bring her this delight that she awaited so patiently and so courageously! All my life she sowed, only to depart before the harvest!

Assuredly, God is now bestowing on her quite other delights, and it is not she who is poor—it is I who am bereft of all that I could not give her.

Dear friend! you have done me much good in speaking of her to me, and you will always do so. I want to see you, and I certainly shall see you soon.

Till then receive, with your dear Eugène, my friend, the renewed assurance of my heartfelt and inalterable affection.

CH. GOUNOD.

Anna¹ sends dearest love, and longs to see you.

VII

To Jules Richomme.²

Théâtre Impérial de d'Opéra
Administration générale.

PARIS, [February 25, 1859.]

(Date of the postmark.)

Dear Jules.

If what you requested had been possible, I should not have allowed you the time to ask it of me, and I should have invited you to come to hear my work at the full rehearsal; but Carvalho has been very strict in this particular, and certainly had every reason to be so. Our rehearsal was DEPLORABLE, my tenor, *being ill*, could not give [word illegible] of his part; and in a well-constructed stage-piece a rôle is the piece—especially a rôle like that of Faust. I had to find another tenor, who is at present studying the rôle; so we are set back by a fortnight. I do not know whether we shall have another full rehearsal with orchestra, but I doubt if Carvalho will authorize me to do this.

Concerning the seat which you ask for M. Sennezon, I have not even been able to obtain seats BY PAYING FOR THEM. The box-office will be closed, and the auditorium given up on that day to the ministers, the censors, the press, and God knows who. I shall not be able to obtain admission for my whole family at one time, and I feel that I shall call down upon my head the thunderbolts of my absent friends; but rest

¹Mme. Charles Gounod, *née* Anna Zimmermann.

²A painter, a friend of Gounod's youth, to whom he wrote, while he was studying with a view to taking holy orders, a series of letters published by the *Revue hebdomadaire* in 1908-09. The chief interest of the present (unpublished) letter lies in its revelation of Gounod's principal solicitudes before the première of *Faust*, the day after a full rehearsal whose difficulties it recounts.

assured that in case good fortune places at my disposition any tickets wherewith to remember my friends, you shall be among the first.¹

Best regards from us both for you and your dear wife, kiss Camille for us.

Ever yours,

CL. GOUNOD.

VIII

To Frédéric Mistral.

PADA, Tuesday, February 17, 1903.

Monsieur

First of all I must thank you for your approval of my project for an adaptation of your adorable book *Mirno* as a lyric composition. Many a time before this, the reading of your poem has inspired in me a desire to enter into communication with you and to tell you all the pleasure that its perusal has afforded me. I am delighted at the opportunity that offers to-day, and hasten to inform you of what we have already done in the matter. This is, in brief, as follows:

Act I, two tableaux (1) The cabin of Vanner, (2) the yard of the Muriers, with the songs of the Maguanarelles and the first love-scene between Mireille and Vincent.

Act II The Arenas of Nîmes, farandole, the Chanson de Magali; Ourrias asks the hand of Mireille in marriage, refusal of Mireille; arrival of the father, his indignation, grief of Mireille, finale of the act.

Act III 1st tableau the Val d'Enfer, a narrow defile, Ourrias comes on with his friends, he remains alone, Vincent passes by, provocation, Vincent is wounded, Ourrias flees, Taven comes out of his cavern. Change of scene, 2d tableau The Rhone, a broken arch of the Bridge of Trinquetaille; Ourrias pursued by remorse, the grand fantastic scene of the Trêves and the boat, the engulfing of Ourrias, act-close.

Act IV 1st tableau The chamber of Mireille, her resolution to depart on a pilgrimage to the Church of the Saints 2d tableau La Crau (gravel plain on the Rhone), the vision of Mireille, she arrives at the Church, Vincent meets her there, death of Mireille; mystical ending; finale of Act IV and of the work.¹

It is unnecessary for me to explain to you that, in order to treat all the tempting and ravishing episodes to be found in *Mirno*, one would have to construct three or four operas. Dramatic exigency, and the limitations of possible reproduction, impose a harrowing task of elimination, and in what one retains, one has to provide for variety of scene and effect—another and imperious law of the stage.

The most scrupulous respect and the most conscientious fidelity have guided our labors. In our opera there is nothing that is not of Mistral; and while we regret our failure to display the entire sheaf, in all its glory, to the gaze of the public, at least no alien grain has in-

¹The premiere of *Faust* at the Théâtre-Lyrique took place on March 10, 1900. The leading rôle was interpreted by the tenor Barbot, replacing the young artist who had previously studied and rehearsed it: Guardi (whose real name was Grays), a friend of Binet's and the pupil of his father, whose début in the full rehearsal of *Faust* also marked the end of his lyric career.

²This plan was not strictly followed in the finished work, more especially in the first and fourth acts.

truded itself among that which we have gleaned, and we have sought to select the most golden of all. I repeat, my dear Sir, that I am grateful to you for this work conceived with such depth of feeling, and for the emotions it has awakened within me. May it be my fortune to return them in part through an interpretation which, though it be lacking in other merit, will have at least that of sincere conviction and warm sympathy.

You offer to place at my disposition information concerning the sources whence I might draw melodic types which would lend my score a color more in conformity with the subject and the locality; I accept your offer with the greatest pleasure. At the same time I have to tell you, with regard to the song of Magali, that it is already composed, and that I have fashioned it into a sort of brief romance symbolical of love, under whose cover Mireille and Vincent declare to each other their true sentiments. Thus it is, under the pseudonym of a *chanson à demi-voix*, a veritable little love-duo. For the rest I shall seek, in the airs of your province, suggestions for local color; such suggestions would be, more particularly for the Festival of the Arenas (where the farandole takes its course), a powerful aid of which I should not fail to avail myself. Therefore, could you send me on some farandoles? several. -I shall pick my way through them all and, without copying, I shall assimilate the color and character of the melodies. This was the course so happily adopted by our illustrious Auber for his tarentelle in *La Muette de Portici*.¹

A long-winded screed, this, my dear Sir! Yet it is not the hundredth part of what I might and what I should like to say to you. Of course, every right of collaboration is open to you and herewith offered you, and your wishes shall be considered throughout -I need not enlarge on that point.

I shall always be delighted to receive any communications you may be so kind as to send me; they will be extremely agreeable, as well as useful and valuable. I am happy to be the contemporary of a poet who has said such charming things in such a charming way, and who kindly permits me to attempt to sing them.

Receive, Monsieur, the assurance of my most sympathetic attachment and of my entire devotion.

CH. GOUNOD.

¹These lines are interesting in that they acquaint us with Gounod's ideas concerning "local color" in music, and the means for producing it. However, the score of *Mireille* would seem to prove that he made no extended usage of Provençal themes. Perhaps only the chorus in the church of the *Saintes-Maries de la Mer*, in the last act, borrows its theme from a popular chant. But the farandole in the second act has neither the flavor nor even the rhythm of the farandole of Southern France. As for the duo fashioned from the song of Magali, we know from this letter that Gounod had composed it before going to Provence. Mistral has related how he became acquainted with, and was led to utilize for his poem, the melody of the Provençal song "*Beau roussinol sauvage*"; he heard it sung at harvest time by a peasant whom he did not know and never saw again. It was on the flowing and sonorous rhythm of this song, so characteristic of Provençal genius, that he moulded his verses, which were themselves imitated from a popular poetic form familiar throughout France. Gounod's melody, replete with charm and expression, is assuredly one of its author's finest inspirations, yet it cannot be denied that the song of Provence, more modest in guise, is finer in savor and smacks more of the soil.

IX

To Frédéric Mistral.¹

My dear good Frédéric:

Was I fated to be the slave of the thousand details which are the bane of existence, to prevent me from writing you even once since that blissful time when we dwelt in affectionate intimacy? Why am I no longer there, in that paradise of Provence which was a real heaven for me? a heaven wherein you, my great and well-beloved poet, were the most beautiful and brilliant star! Only with your own divine pen could I write you, were I to write as I could wish! With the language of a lover I should mingle the language of a friend! In giving *Mireille* to the world of men, you have given me, for my own, one of the beings whom I shall love most tenderly and most profoundly and most passionately! Ah! how far and how swiftly the heart flies when it encounters no obstacles on its way! I love to think that you have felt how deeply my heart entered into your own, and I hope that their union gave you as great happiness as it imparted to me.

I do not know whether—as you said to me in your charming toast (*brinds*)—the valley of Saint-Clergue misses me a little, and whether, in this soul of Nature which I seek and which you possess, there may be something that bears me in mind; but I do know that I send thitherward sighs long and deep, and that I left behind me there some of the sweetest hours and most exquisite emotions of my life. *Mireille* led me thither and spoke to me with that voice which one never forgets after one has read you, and with that gaze which one knows when one has seen you. She is still the theme of my daily discourse, and I endeavor to make her, as far as possible, the author of the music which is to bear our united names. Oh, my Frédéric! watch over your Provence, that it remain a safeguard for your genius and your soul! The soul of cities is not worthy of their intelligence—'tis the story of Lucifer. There is something of sorrowful loveliness that shines with a sinister radiance from the brows of great capitals!—something of divine tranquillity and purity lightens your peaceful solitude beneath your enchanting sky! Preserve it all! We have nothing to give you in exchange.

I must tell you that those who already know my *Mireille* are pleased with it. As for the Carvalhos, they are *extremely* pleased. God grant that the charm endure.

My dear wife joins me in sending you our kindest regards. Write me soon and tell us that you love us—although we are fairly certain that you do love us more than a little. Remember us affectionately to your good mother and your dear brother, also to his wife and Théophile.

Ever yours, Cx. GOUNOD.

X

To the organist Iltis.²

July 21, 1863.

My dear good Iltis.

Here I am at last at the end of my peregrinations, and I hasten to send you a proof of my affectionate remembrance. We all love you

¹An undated letter written subsequent to Gounod's sojourn in Provence from March to May, 1863.

²Gounod's companion during his sojourn in Provence, while he was composing the score of *Mireille*.

dearly, first and foremost myself, then my wife and my son; we talk about you very frequently, and are unanimous in praise of your kindness and cordiality, your open-heartedness and loveliness. For me, my dear friend, you have been a veritable guardian angel, caring for me at all times with most solicitous attention. How happy the memory of all this makes me! I should have to write you a volume to make sure of forgetting none of the delightful memories which are the *nest* of my faithful friendship for you. Not one of them has been forgotten—not one, be sure of that! for they are all in my heart, and there nothing dies. I bear within me, when I think of you and of Saint-Rémy and of my life there, so full of happiness—I bear within me, so to speak, a living photograph of an enchanting paradise. Do you remember our café, after breakfast? You rascal! you always insisted that it was your turn! Do you remember those delicious hours of idling, during which one seems to be doing nothing, and nevertheless does so many things—the first of which is being so happy! Do you remember all those hours of blissful repose and unconstraint, and our day in the valley of Gros, our repast on the grass hard by the spring, with your little cakes and the two bottles of beer! And our hunt for the hawthorn, on the eve of my wife's arrival! What a heavenly morning! Ah, my dear friend, what memories! That was assuredly one of the times in my career when life was at its fullest, and I recollect few that were so sweet and so charming.

Give my kindest regards to all the kindly people whom I knew down there—to your high-minded and admirable curate. My best love to the organ, and more especially to the organist.

Ever faithfully yours,

CH. GOUNOD.

XI

To the Zimmermann family in Paris.

VARANGEVILLE, Sunday, September 4, 1870.¹

My dear children:

Your dear grandmother² is, as may well be understood, quite undecided as to what she ought to do. The reports in circulation this morning, if they are correct, tell us of disasters. As you know, our good Luisa Brown has made grandmother repeated and insistent offers of shelter under her roof at Blackheat,³ until she can find a permanent abode, and that these offers especially include both yourself and us.

As matters are at present, I feel a very heavy responsibility. To advise or to dissuade seems to me equally serious; I wish that our dear Pigny⁴ would let me know his opinion in the premises.

As for mine, here it is: Should ill fortune decree the triumph of Prussia (which has never seemed so easy to me as that), and should

¹This letter was written on the day when the news of the defeat at Sedan was known in the departments and when the Republic was proclaimed at Paris. Varangeville is a village in Normandy, whither Gounod first fled with his family to escape the German invasion.

²Mme. Zimmermann, Gounod's mother-in-law.

³Blackheath in England, near Greenwich.

⁴Gounod's brother-in-law, the husband of another *demoiselle* Zimmermann, who had stayed in Paris.

France be humiliated by foreign conquest, I admit that I cannot summon up courage to live under the hostile flag. Now, if the taking prisoner of the Emperor, the defeat of MacMahon, and the loss of eighty thousand men, are positive facts, I think that France is, at this moment, in such danger that it would be my duty to escort our mother, my wife, and my two children, provisionally to London. Speak, my Piguy! I am listening with both ears!

Ca. GOUNOD.

XII

To his brother-in-law Piguy.

8 Morden Road, Blackheath, near London
(End of September, 1870.)

Yes, my friend, you are right; it is a shameful thing, these proposals for peace imagined by Prussia! But, thank God, the shame of these proposals lies altogether with him who has made them, the glory is for him who rejects them.

As for me, I feel myself, I will not say humiliated, but my very soul is wrung by the horrible fate which has now befallen our unhappy, beloved France. It has got so far that I ask myself every hour of the day whether the duty of those who have the honor and the happiness of defending her is not easier to perform than that which you and I have undertaken for ourselves—a duty that none of us would care to fulfill if he had to blush for the doing. Alas, my poor friend! Were it only on this one page of her history, France has shed her generous blood too valiantly to allow the shame of those whose only thought is to seek safety for themselves to fall on any one else. But this time the glory of victory (perhaps for the first time in history) belongs rather to machines than to men, and the disasters of defeat are to be weighed in the same balance. Prussia has not been braver than we, it is we whose misfortune has been the greater!

You know, and I tell you once more, that if you decide to reënter Paris through any gate, I shall not let you go in alone; one's family is not merely a gathering around the dinner-table!

So here we are, my dear friend, in our new habitation, after eighteen days' enjoyment of a sincere and generous hospitality. There are English folk who, for Frenchmen, are not England, the sympathy of our worthy and excellent Browns for our distresses sufficiently proves it.

In any event, the exterior tranquillity which we sought here is far from giving us peace within. The more this frightful, sanguinary war of arrogance and extermination is prolonged, the more I feel my being consumed with anguish for my hapless country, and whatever distracts my sorrowful and incessant contemplation of my France, irritates me as if it were an injury rather than a kindness.

'Unhappy land' wretched dwellingplace of mankind, where barbarism has not yet ceased to exist, but even glorifies itself, and shuts out the pure and beneficent rays of the sole true glory, the rays of love, of science, of genius! A race of men still allured to the deformities of chaos and the monstrosities of the Age of Iron, and who, instead of thrusting

¹Conformably to the plan formulated in the preceding letter, Gounod had gone over to England, arriving there on Sept. 12.

the iron into the soil for the benefit of humanity, thrust it into the hearts of men to gain possession of the soil' Barbarians! Barbarians!—

Ah! dear friend, I shall end, for of my grief there is no end. The welfare of those with me, whom we love, is assured; why could we not hide them in a less distant spot?—in Paris!—

CH. GOUNOD.

XIII

Addressee unknown.¹

LONDON, July 31, '71 (11 P. M.).

My dear Friend:

If I have delayed in replying to the hearty cordiality and affection of your amiable letter, it was for a reason of which you, I feel sure, will approve. I wanted to tell you about our production of *Galla*,² and I can assure you that you would have rejoiced in the success gained by our little friend and myself. We are just home after the concert, and my first care before going to bed is to send you this good news.

You can count on a twofold effect at the Conservatoire—that I will answer for, this evening the thunder fairly rocked the house.

It is still my intention to leave here on the 31st and arrive in Trouville the 1st of August. I can't say at what hour, but the time-tables will inform you on that head. Or I might send you a message before my departure—or you yourself might let me know.

So it is settled that our little friend is to open the Conservatoire in the last fortnight in October, appearing in the first two concerts, that is to say, on two consecutive Sundays.³ Mr. Egerton was so delighted with her this evening that he immediately arranged to repeat *Galla* in August and September.

Now we shall have to confer about "O that we two were maying,"⁴ with regard to its proposed orchestration for the Conservatoire, but I must confess that the prospect of not directing its performance in person would materially modify my inclinations in the matter, the piece being full of delicate suggestions which require a certain number of rehearsals for any one but the author himself.

In hopes of seeing you soon, dear friend, I send my heartiest regards, and my dear friend (evidently Mrs. Weldon) joins me in pressing

¹The addressee was doubtless the friend to whose home at Trouville Gounod went to spend a few days in the month of August, 1871.—A letter from him is extant, dated Trouville our mer (Calvados), August 10, rue Formerville No. 4.—In July Gounod had been in London, and this period was that of the beginning of his relations with Mrs. Georgina Weldon, it is she who is meant, in this letter, by the words "our little friend." The letterhead of the paper on which he wrote bears a map of that district in London where the house was situated in which he dwelt for more than three years with the Weldon couple, namely, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, a house formerly occupied by Dickens.

²*Galla*, given for the first time for the inauguration of the International Exhibition at London on May 1, 1871, in the Albert Hall, had a second performance in the same hall on July 31, the date of the present letter. Mrs. Weldon took the leading part in it. Another letter from Gounod (to his wife), dated July 23, says, "My dear little Georgina sang like an angel, and was tremendously applauded."

³*Galla* was, in point of fact, performed for the first time in France at the Conservatoire concerts of October 29th and November 4th, 1871. This "lament" was afterwards brought out with a variety and costumes on the stage of the Opéra-Comique, Mrs. Weldon again taking the leading part.

⁴"Song, the poetry by the Rev. Charles Kegan Paul, the music with all its accompaniment for harmonium and violin. London, Duff & Stewart (1871).

your hand and sending our love to your dear and charming little wife, whom she always calls *délicieuse*. Harry also sends you his best respects.

Ever yours,
CH. GOUNOD.

The next letter, written during the same period, shows us how Gounod manifested his interest in favor of one of the worthiest among his French colleagues, Edouard Lalo, who later won fame with *Le Roi d'Ys*, but who was still little known by the public in 1872. The work whose production he sought to obtain during a visit to Brussels, was *Fiesque*, Lalo's initial attempt in dramatic music. It has never been performed.

XIV.

To Madame Edouard Lalo.

BRUSSELS, Hotel du Parc, Oct. 7, 1872.

My dear Friend:

In spite of all the matters that I have in hand at the present moment, and in spite of the volleying of the débuts and the repertory in which Avrillon¹ finds himself at this time of year, I have succeeded in speaking with him about the affair which interests you and which, in consequence, enlurs my friendship for you and for your children. Avrillon declared at once and decidedly that it was impossible for him to consider it for this year. It was in vain that I brought to bear my revolver of good and solid arguments (the highly favourable opinion of Gevaert, my own, my affection for the author, my conviction with respect to his genuine and commanding talent, etc.), he remained inflexible. Alas, my dear friend! When a man is director of a theatre, he is inexorably condemned to take the evidence of his interests as a guide for his decisions. A theatre-director is, in a way, constrained to "play safe"; instead of demonstrating his belief to the public, it is from the public that he expects it and derives it; I mean that now it is not the pilot who directs the vessel, but the vessel that steers the pilot. The entire world revolves in a congeries of vicious circles of this sort. Fortunately there remain here and there a few crevices through which the truth infiltrates, from time to time, its thunderbolts in the guise of a Galilei, a Fulton, a Beethoven, and one of which may some day be called E. Lalo. Avrillon told me that he is overwhelmed by a deluge of obligations, promises, requests, urgent demands, influences. —Oh! these influences! (*pressions*) one syllable is wanting to give them their true name—*oppressions*!

Rest assured, dear friend (and I think you are sure of it), it is no fault of my pleading that the cause which you have at heart has not yet won the day. Perhaps some advantage for the morrow is hidden beneath the trials of to-day. Who knows what might happen to the interpreters? Would any be found?

I press your hand, and send all three of you my best regards.

Sincerely yours,
CH. GOUNOD.

¹Director of the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels for the single season of 1872-3.

The two letters now following were still written in London, and under the vigilant eye of Mrs. Weldon; they have reference to *Jeanne d'Arc*, Gounod having composed the incidental music to the drama by Jules Barbier, represented at the Théâtre de la Galté on Nov. the 8th, 1873.

XV

To A. Vizentini.¹

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE, June 24, 1873.

My dear Vizentini:

Your cordial and warm-hearted letter was not handed me until yesterday in the country, from which I had absented myself Friday evening in order to appear Saturday morning before a tribunal which has judged and condemned me without a hearing.—One more annoyance in the midst of the hail of cares and vexations of every description that leave me no rest!—

I thank you for all the devotion of which your letter gives me assurance. I am easy in mind concerning the fate of "*Jeanne d'Arc*" in the hands that have written such a letter, and I shall await here, with no fears for the intelligent and valourous part which you will take in the battle, the Verdict—favourable or not—to be pronounced on my work.

Numbers 5, 7 and 10 will be handed you in a very few days by one of my friends who leaves for Paris to-morrow morning.

Just one more word in closing: You are aware that I am publishing, in *Le Ménestrel*, certain letters on "*Les Compositeurs Chefs-d'Orchestre*" [Conductor-Composers]; in them I express certain opinions which are all the less to be suspected of personality for the reason that I shall not profit by the reforms I propose, my return to France being rendered less and less possible by the persistence and continuance of causes which prevent my return to my native land. I do not doubt that the theme of my argument will be approved by every orchestral conductor of intelligence and conscientiousness in his vocation; and I repeat, my dear friend, that the sentiments which you have expressed to me form a most solid guaranty for the confidence I repose in you, and a security in my absence.

Receive, my dear friend, the most sincere assurance of my highest regard.

Ever yours,
CH. GOUNOD

XVI

To Vizentini.

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, TAVISTOCK SQUARE,
London, Nov. 11,² 1873.

My dear little Vizentini

I feel very badly, dreadfully, about the pain my letter caused you, and it is enough that I take it all back. As my excuse I beg you to consider only one point—this one:

¹Director of the Théâtre de la Galté at Paris.

²Second day following the first representation of *Jeanne d'Arc* at Paris.

Put yourself in the place of an author who is far from his offspring, and at whom, twenty-four hours before the first representation, there is thrown full in his face the sentence which I have transcribed for you

Now imagine: not having been told of anything, what could I do except make a rush— even headlong, as I did? One word of explanation from you about the modifications considered desirable or necessary, would have explained everything, justified everything, and would have found me entirely willing; you know very well that I am always ready to listen to reason. And so do pardon me for having been not myself, and what I should not wish to be; consider that I had been taken by the throat, and that that may be an extenuating circumstance of which I pray your friendship to grant me the benefit. Our dear little friend, who has now returned,¹ has scolded me sadly for hurting your feelings, and you are well aware that she appreciates you in every way. Justice is a good defender; but do me the honour to think that, where I am involved, you need no other advocate than yourself. It seems to me that you have been able to gain sufficient insight into my reliability both as a friend and an artist.

I make you an unreserved and sincere apology for whatever I said that could hurt your feelings; I beg you to forget it. Accept my gratitude, for yourself and all my interpreters, and believe me ever your affectionate
CH. GOUNOD.

The following addendum is written in another hand—that of Mrs. Weldon.

The dear good old man² is as penitent as possible. He had an idea that because of *your air of mystery* there was something doubtful afoot.— I am very glad I came back. I found him quite ill, unhappy and dispirited without his little father and his little mother. Send me all the newspapers you can lay hands on. Please hand these few words to Léa Félix, who is adorable.
G. W.

Gounod definitively broke off his relations with England towards the middle of the year 1876. There still remained to him nearly twenty years of life. Such letters of this latter period as we are in a position to offer, are nothing but isolated specimens.

XVII

To Ernest Reyer.³

SAINT-CLOUD, 39, Route Nationale,
Tuesday evening, Oct. 17, 1876.

My dear Reyer:

Am I wrong? It seemed to me, in your answer to my letter of yesterday, that there was a resentful tone that made me fancy I had hurt your

¹While Gounod remained in London, Mrs. Weldon proceeded to Paris to follow the rehearsals of *Jeanne d'Arc* as the author's representative

²Certain letters from Mrs. Weldon, known to us, inform us that the term "old man" was a sobriquet by which she familiarly designated her friend, aged fifty-five.

³The author of *Sigurd* was elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in 1876, in succession to Félicien David. This letter has reference to his election.

feelings. But in what? To my mind, I have been merely loyal, and nothing else. You had given me to understand that some one had caused you to feel mistrust towards me; I felt it my duty to dissipate it by letting you know what I may have thought or said with regard to other artists, without its having in the least any sinister bearing on my feelings for yourself or on those I expect from you.

To-day I still feel the shadow of your mistrust!—so much the worse. I regret it, and can discover no plausible reason for it. Could you have thought that my pronouncement on this species of politeness and deference was aimed at you (and at the visits that you, like all the rest of us, make)? I still regret it, for my opinion, which I think correct as touching this custom (and which has not changed), in no way impugns the resignation wherewith one bows to its necessity; and I fail to see how you could find any hint to irritate your susceptibilities which, from the tone of your letter, strike me as rather too keen. I have acted in all candor, with the spontaneous impulse of a good comrade, in attempting to spare you a visit to Saint-Cloud among your host of visits; and it appears that that, too, causes you some irritation, for you find it necessary to declare to me with dignity that you *do not solicit ANYBODY'S role!* Well, now—for whom this wrath? Oh, my dear friend, do be natural, and a good fellow, at least with those who are so with you; otherwise one will finally be at a loss how to treat you. Come, drop this sulky-solemn air; see people as they are, and do not inflict upon their real sentiments the unmerited cross of a peevish and perverse interpretation.

I squeeze your hand as an old friend—now look pleasant, please, right away!

CH. GOUNOD.

Of the next letter we know neither date nor destination; but we see that it was addressed to a young girl who imagined herself fitted to follow the career of an artist. The advice which it contains is the more worthy of consideration for its own sake on account of the general character which it assumes by reason of our ignorance concerning the person to whom it was addressed. How many young girls fancy themselves predestined to some vocation for which nothing distinguishes them! This letter of Gounod's might be pondered to advantage by more than one such; however friendly and temperate in form, it still contains one terrible sentence: "The finest faculties of the artist suffice, at most, to counterbalance his trials; I have not found you to possess these faculties."

XVIII

My dear little Helen:

Friendship is ever joined with care, and mine for you is all the less free from it since the inexpressible loss you have suffered of one who

THE CO-ORDINATION OF MUSICAL STUDIES

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

IN all study, whether that of the scholar who is already a master of his subject and is pursuing his studies further for the fuller knowledge and benefit of mankind, or of that of the elementary pupil of a teacher who is himself a mere pedestrian practitioner, there are certain principles and certain methods which are necessary to success. They are of the very essence of successful study, because without them we cannot really be said to study at all. It is the very universality of this fact that causes me to lay before the readers of *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY*, all of whom it may be assumed are students and many of whom are also teachers, the following notes on one of these principles; that of co-ordination.

The word co-ordination is one that is frequently misunderstood; almost as much as is the thing itself. It does not mean either comparison or combination, though both of them will from time to time be employed in it. Neither is the thing itself, or it ought not to be, though it is often wrested so as to become so,—the antithesis of specialisation. The specialist is in need of co-ordination in his studies or his teaching as much as is the general student or practitioner; possibly more so. Co-ordination is the placing side by side of various matters, facts, ideas, views, in such a way that each will help the other. Two travellers over a stony pathway will help each other along; they will co-ordinate. But if they link their arms to combine their energy they may get in the way of each other, while if they are constantly comparing the progress of each with each, such progress will be slow. They will co-ordinate their separate powers by each giving a helping hand or a warning word to the other as occasion arises. And this is what co-ordination in music study must be; it must not necessarily be the uniting of several subjects or methods of study, but the adapting of each for the assistance of the other.

The study of music may be made from four main standpoints. These are (i) the purely æsthetic; (ii) the mechanical; (iii) the formal; and (iv) the historical. Of these the first is the most advanced and calls from the student for a considerable technical

knowledge of music itself, for a wide knowledge of and sympathy with art in general, a wide outlook on life, and some knowledge and appreciation of the main principles of psychology. "In its higher branches grammar touches psychology", says Prof. Gardner. But art, and especially the art of music, does more than touch it; it sinks deeply into and interprets the science.

The study of the mechanics of music, of its production and reproduction, is the most elementary, and includes everything from the simple playing of a single tune to the direction of a large orchestra or the performance of a great art-work. In some degree it is impartible to those least responsive to the higher qualities of the art, and by reason of the opportunities it affords for display it is one which has led to the greatest abuse.

The formal aspect is one which affects chiefly the would-be composer, and for similar reasons it has been abused only in a less degree than that of mechanics just referred to. Like all other sciences of construction, a knowledge of its principles is an aid to complete appreciation.

Last, but widest of all, is the historical aspect, which must of necessity be brought in to aid the others.

When these aspects of study are tabulated in this manner, the various ways in which the study of music may be co-ordinated with other studies, and in which they may be employed to assist in the study of music, appear plainly. But even with the great improvement in the intellectual and educational status of musicians which has taken place during the last half century or so, there is still room for a greater and more intelligent interest on their part in the other arts; and still more is there room for a more complete co-ordination with their own subject of the knowledge they possess of other subjects.

It will save some overlapping and repetition if we treat the subject first from the point of view of the teacher, for the student after all is a teacher for himself, fulfilling the dual rôle, frequently to so marked a degree as to be almost a dual personality. First of all, then, we must look at the subject from the point of view of the professional teacher.

In considering the general work of a teacher of music the first question to be asked is, What is the object which the individual teacher has in view in practising the profession? Of course, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the most obvious and honest reply would be that we practise it with the object of earning a livelihood in the manner for which nature and our circumstances have most fitted us—in other words, along the line of least

resistance. To suggest that the aim, at least in the first instance, was any higher, would be mere professional or social snobbery. It is difficult to imagine anyone who is free from this necessity taking up the profession of a teacher as we usually understand the term, interesting and even fascinating as it is in many of its aspects. I remember a certain examiner of teachers in other subjects than that of music who was very fond of impressing upon his examinees the nobility of their calling, who almost invariably asked what was the object the examinees had in taking up the profession. Naturally it was not very long before he was found out, with the result that there was always some reply ready as to an affection for the dear children, or some philanthropic desire. Suddenly, however, he changed his tactics. Assuming that their intentions were good he mentioned to each one a place where there was difficulty, for monetary reasons, in getting teachers, and asked each if he or she would be willing to go to this most interesting place. "Then they all with one consent began to make excuse".

But, once having chosen the profession for economic reasons, we can set out to see what should be our objects apart from the aspect of its direct personal usefulness to ourselves.

The primary object of teaching, obviously, is to impart knowledge—that of the music teacher to impart a knowledge of how to construct or to interpret or appreciate music. Low as is this aim, it involves, as part of the general education and upbringing of the child, aims of a noble character and tasks which are some of the most difficult in the world. On this subject I may be allowed to quote from a pamphlet on the subject of "The Successful Music Teacher", which I wrote some years ago at the request of a well-known firm of music publishers.

The development of artistic taste and ability may, and usually does, mean the awakening of ideas and aspirations to which the mere worker with no desires except to earn the means for comfort or luxury is an entire stranger. If the tuition given and the influence exerted by the music teacher do not assist this to a considerable degree, they fail in their purpose, and would be better left alone. One reason why there are so many dull pupils and so many disappointed teachers is that so many of the latter forget that their chief business is the encouragement and development of the pupils' artistic instincts, and not the mere imparting of certain rules and methods. They remember too well that they are teachers, and too often forget that they are artists and human beings. They do not 'hitch their wagon to a star' and keep it securely fastened there. Consequently they lose their hold of the higher ideals, and become prosaic and uninterested. Their pupils may pass examinations and perform brilliant feats of technique, but there is not the healthy enthusiasm for their own and other peoples' music, and the bright, clear-minded and

whole-hearted love of life in its fulness that an art should create, or at least, should encourage.

Yet, because it is idealistic, the profession of a music teacher must be more rather than less practical. The study of art should help to bring about a perfect balance of mental and moral conditions. It is a great mistake to assume that the constant exercise of artistic functions brings about a lack of balance in these respects. If it does so, these functions are being exercised wrongly. Genius in any one direction may over-balance ordinary powers in others, with a result that peculiarities appear and rapidly develop into social and physical eccentricities; but the man of genius is an infinitesimally small factor in the community, and even he is frequently less successful in the important things in life—in life itself—because this lack of balance is increased instead of being diminished by the manner of his education.

This therefore stamps the second object of music teaching as the adjustment of the balance between artistic sensibility and practical everyday life.

Still more important is the expansion and development of all the powers of mind and soul possessed by the pupil. Teachers whose aims are merely utilitarian are on a road that leads to soul-destruction in themselves and their pupils; especially when the subject they teach is one of art. Equally so are those who aim at unified and equal success. The standard and nature of the success achieved by different pupils must be as varied as is the nature of those pupils. Some have highly specialised powers which enable them to stir the hearts of multitudes; others will never afford serious pleasure or edification to any except themselves. Yet we may hope and expect that all will do their work in life, however artistic or however inartistic it may be, better and with greater pleasure and benefit to themselves and to others for the way in which we have made them see and feel the powers and responsibilities which lie within them.

Having then these high aims before us, the question resolves itself into that of how we are to attain them; and the answer in brief is, "By making our tuition as intensive and wide an education as possible."

We must, however, first of all apply this to ourselves; for if we succeed in this it will follow as an inevitable consequence that we shall also apply it to our pupils. A well-known teacher of music in England, Dr. Walter Carroll, recently declared that the unfolding of personality is to be the aim of every teacher; that is, the unfolding both of his own personality and that of his pupils. Now there is no personality which is entirely and exclusively musical; even those who have tried their hands and brains at other arts

and other professions and have failed signally are not so narrow as all this. Therefore this eminent teacher suggests that "every opportunity should be taken of hearing good performers in opera and drama, and teachers should make a point of being present whenever a meeting is addressed by a speaker of marked personality. As a direct stimulus lessons in Elocution, combined with Gesture, are of the greatest benefit".

Further than this I would go, and say that every musician, and most of all every teacher of musicians, should study these subjects as thoroughly as possible, applying to them in its fullest degree his critical faculty, and comparing them in principle and in detail with his own subject.

Teaching in general, according to the late Dr. Creighton, "is really a process of introduction; each individual child has to be introduced to knowledge". The object of teaching, he thought, was to establish a vital relationship between knowledge and the pupil, "on an intelligible basis. This can only be done, in the case of the pupil, by appealing to two qualities which are at the bottom of all knowledge, curiosity and observation".

This is a very important point with music teachers, for so many fail to bring about any vital relationship, failing to arouse either curiosity or observation. Co-ordination between music and other studies is one of the most effective methods of arousing these qualities.

Because music in its essence is an emotional art, its relation with the purely intellectual or scientific pursuits which are commonly called 'education' is sometimes remote and difficult of apprehension. Even non-musical educationists, however, admit the useful qualities of music for physical drill and other sensuous purposes. Through some psychological freak the possibilities of the study of music as an aid to other studies seems to have been overlooked by general educationists. Music has been employed in conjunction with words, (usually with verses of a feeble character), to impress on the memories of young children facts which they might otherwise too readily forget; but in its higher and broader aspects, and in its relation to more advanced studies, the utility and effectiveness of the study of music has been too much neglected, often to the extent of being entirely ignored. Unfortunately the blame is not to be borne altogether by the non-musical educationist, for in the past the musician has been very culpable in this matter, and still is so to a certain extent to-day. Too often the music teacher is blissfully unconscious of the psychological problems presented to him by those whom he has to

teach, and of the necessity of knowing each of his pupils as a complete and separate individual with a nature and interests different from all others, and with interests and potentialities outside the mere study of music, yet which have a bearing on his music study. Much has been and is being done, however, to remedy this, while still more seems likely to be done, largely through the efforts and influence of individual teachers. How much we owe and always must owe to the individual teacher, in school or college or engaged in private practice, will probably never be fully recognised.

We are not now concerned so much with the co-ordination of music with other subjects as that of the various branches of music itself. Even this is not altogether an easy matter, particularly for the specialist, who is concerned chiefly with the application of certain detailed principles or the production of definite results. It is one of the dangers and drawbacks of specialisation that this co-ordination frequently becomes almost impracticable, and one cannot help regretting from time to time that so many excellent all-round musicians prefer to act as specialists. I am not condemning the specialist as such, of course, for he has his place, which cannot be filled by the general practitioner, but there is no doubt that too many attempt to become specialists, and thereby cause a great narrowing down of studies. In colleges and schools, where a number of specialists are working together, and with teachers who are not specialists, this co-ordination is not so difficult. Personally I have found it most easy in teaching young children or pupils who are well advanced in their principal subjects.

With regard to the former it is well to remember that song is the basis of all music. It is well in teaching children to combine some tuition in singing with lessons on the pianoforte, for instance; besides, of course, the absolutely necessary instruction in reading music. This has the great advantage of helping the development of the sense of rhythm through two different channels. A child will sing rhythmically where the mechanical difficulties of playing prevent it playing rhythmically. Consequently the combination of singing and playing, and of words and music, will frequently maintain the interest which otherwise would flag, while the method is unexcelled as an aid to the memory.

Interest and memory re-act one on the other to a very large degree. We find an interest in what readily occurs to the memory, and we remember that in which we are most interested. Practically every teacher consciously and purposely makes use of a child's memory in teaching music, but not all do so in the right

way; too often it is used in place of rather than as an aid to the intelligence. The co-ordination of memory and intelligence is the most important of all co-ordination; without it we can do nothing. All other co-ordination depends upon this. We must therefore employ in more or less close conjunction the studies which aid each of these.

The next broad principle is the co-ordination of Interpretation and Appreciation. Here again we must make it a matter of the broadest principle, to be employed in no narrow or individual sense. We must allow our ability at interpreting Chopin's Nocturnes to aid our appreciation of Pachmann's rendering of them; and *vice versa*. But we must go further than this; we must make our appreciation of Pachmann's Chopin playing assist our interpretation of Bach's fugues and Handel's oratorios, and whatever else we have to present. Stewart Macpherson has spoken in some of his lectures of the appreciative aspect of study, but I am not sure that even he makes it clear how necessary real appreciation is to true interpretation. In this new and great wave of enthusiasm for the teaching of musical appreciation there is, I fear, a certain danger. We are apt, in remembering that many of our pupils will always be listeners rather than performers, to forget that after all our first duty is to teach them to play or to sing. We must, of course, use the teaching of interpretation as a road towards true appreciation. Yet, anomalous as it sounds, it is an important principle of all teaching that, while interpretation must lead to appreciation, appreciation, that is the appreciative powers of the pupil, must always be in advance of interpretation.

Those who make a great point in the general teaching of what we conveniently call Appreciation, or who teach it as a more or less independent subject, rely very largely upon the constructive character of music; upon the way in which it is put together. This is not unimportant in any case, and we ought always to insist upon some knowledge of this not only being acquired but also being applied. We ought to be able, as is done by Clarence G. Hamilton in his little book on pianoforte teaching, to remind ourselves that "we are employed to teach a specific subject, and that the limitations of our time do not permit us to plunge into other troubles", and yet go on to compare the works which are set out for study with other great art-works, and to derive some power of interpretation and appreciation from such comparison.

Among teachers and pupils of melodic subjects such as singing and violin playing, "harmony" is neglected even more than is

"form". Yet this is not as it should be. The violinist should know something not only of the formal structure of, say Bach's Chaconne, but of the harmonic structure of that and similar works, and of the accompaniments of works in which he is the soloist and of chamber and orchestral works in which he takes a more or less insignificant part, while without a recognition of the loose union of harmony and rhythm there is necessarily a shortcoming in the appreciation, and consequently in the interpretation.

In my own student days, and since then with a large number of my own pupils, the direct combination of pianoforte and orchestral study has proved very beneficial. To the pupil who is sufficiently advanced to play concerti and other accompanied works in public this will follow as a matter of course. But the pupils to whom I now refer are those of much less advanced technic, whose public appearances will be rare and of a very minor nature; pupils who at the most are playing the more difficult of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words", or works of equal difficulty. A realisation of the orchestral possibilities of a pianoforte piece means a considerably enhanced realisation of its contrapuntal construction, and most important of all, of its tonal possibilities. At the same time the practice of condensing larger scores, and of playing from four or five staves (which is as far as the majority of such pupils will go) will assist in arriving at a unified conception of larger works.

The wide aspect of general history is one which must be brought in and co-ordinated with music in its historical and artistic aspects. It is to be feared that few teachers really teach even the history of music to their pupils unless there is some direct object in view in doing so. When it is a case of preparation for examination, dates and facts, biographical or æsthetic, are crammed into the heads of the candidates, and rarely is more than this attempted. I am not unmindful of the growing custom of giving the years of birth and death of a composer and of the composition of the work in many editions of the classics and in concert programmes. If the teacher draws the attention of his pupils to the characteristics of the period displayed in the individual work, and to the influence of that work, and of others by the same composer or dating from the same period, on those characteristics, this custom may not be without some small value. In itself it is of little or no value, and may be actually harmful, for dates not supplemented by actual musical knowledge easily prove pitfalls even for the wary. If, however, (to give very

rough illustrations), our pupils know that the style which we call Handelian developed from the earlier style of Purcell and Blow combined with contemporary German and Italian styles, that the music of Gluck and Meyerbeer and Weber was the result of a revolt against Italian formalism, and that from them Wagner and his followers down to the beginning of the twentieth century have developed their theories and practice,—if they realise these and similar facts, it matters little what year any of the composers were born or died, these dates being only reminders of such facts.

Those who are pianoforte teachers will perhaps follow a somewhat different line of history, starting from the two great families of Bach and Scarlatti and their English contemporaries and proceeding through Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Field, Chopin, Bennett, Mendelssohn and Brahms to the composers of to-day. Exactly what line of history we follow, however, the principle must always be the same; we must apply it to the work done, making the music itself the history, and the historical method merely a means of learning the fuller significance of the music and the way to overcome its difficulties.

The question of a second subject for a pupil is always a serious one, because of this very question of co-ordination. Some teachers do not regard this question with the seriousness it deserves, but make that of the first study not only paramount but absolutely exclusive of all others. They look upon the question of a second subject rather as one of relief from the difficulties of the first than as one which may have an very important bearing on the whole of the student's artistic life, if not of his livelihood. There are various reasons why a student of music should take up two subjects, two instruments or singing and an instrument, as matters of first-rate importance. Perhaps the most obvious is that in boyhood and girlhood it is scarcely possible to decide at once what is the most suitable means of expression of the individual temperament. It is by no means an uncommon experience for a young artist to find that it is in his second subject he is ultimately best able to do justice to his natural powers and to give the greatest pleasure and edification to others. From the economic point of view, of course, the "double-handed" musician is more likely to gain a livelihood than is the one with only a single instrument to play and a single subject to teach.

But it is for neither of these reasons that I say every student of music, whatever his or her object in becoming so and whatever the degree of proficiency already attained, should have a second

subject, and that not merely what is generally known as "theory". Outlines of harmony should certainly be studied by all who would make any real progress in the art of music, but in addition to this some further practical work should be undertaken. We can never grasp the full significance of the music we ourselves perform, or in which we have a part, unless we have some practical knowledge of other things that are going on, of other possibilities of the art, of other means of expression, than our own. It is by constant co-ordination of these matters that we become or remain artists rather than mere executants.

The essence of teaching, the real instruction and inspiration afforded is, of course, in all cases the same. But the circumstances are different in every individual case. These differences we can and do group and the two main groups relate to those of the amateur and the professional. With the professional pupil it will be, or should be, the most natural thing in the world to co-ordinate the whole of his studies. If he be a pianist his studies in composition will turn in the direction of his instrument, and he will probably "compose" weird and wonderful pieces that his teacher will find difficult to construe, and which will be vastly different in appearance, if not in principle, from the services and voluntaries composed by his organist friend. He will, if both of them are wise, discuss the whole of his work and his hobbies with his teacher, when opportunity arises, and the teacher will make as many of such opportunities as possible consistent with the non-interference with properly regulated tuition. There will be nothing that has not some bearing on his musical studies, and his best friend in all his affairs will be his master.

Such conditions may be complicated by the fact that for different subjects he is under the direction of different masters. This, however, need be little hindrance, for the pupil will form a useful basis of intercourse between the different teachers, who by comparing notes as to his studies and personality will benefit both themselves and their pupil.

This also may obtain to a certain extent with the amateur, though it is to be feared that the majority of teachers have their connections almost entirely among people who can afford or are willing to pay only a single teacher for a single subject. Apart from this, also, the non-professional pupil does not desire to spend either money, time or energy in the serious development of a single art. The question therefore of secondary subjects can usually come in only as ancillary to the principal subject. It is well to insist on some knowledge outside this subject, however, even

though it involve the curtailment of time devoted to the subject originally contracted for.

The manner of proposing this will vary considerably, and generally should be in what may be described as "tactful effrontery", which is the quality most essential after that of technical knowledge, in all businesses. Exactly how it is to be applied is a matter for each individual teacher in each individual case, but it can usually be done insidiously rather than openly. Method, order, system, however, are necessary both with professional and amateur pupil, and in every cases definite, if unwritten, rules must be followed. "Co-ordination", an English journalist has recently said, "is distillation, and the result precipitates a system as inevitably as the distillation of one chemical precipitates another".

A point which must not be overlooked in the selection of exercises, studies and pieces, (and this refers to our own study as well as our teaching,) is the relation these individual works bear one to another. They should be chosen so that full use of this relation may be made for either technical or artistic reasons. Indiscriminate choice is like "browsing" in a library; it serves its purpose at times but must not be overdone. In the majority of cases probably the teacher does not choose them at all, but takes those chosen by some college or board of examiners. If necessity compels serious attention to examinations this is quite right. But even then these questions of co-ordination remain and are further involved by the fact that the teacher must correlate his ideas with those of the examining authorities. This means careful study, on the part of the teacher, of the pieces selected, with a view to seeing why, if any reason exists, these particular sets are made up. In many cases it is difficult to see why certain pieces are grouped, but we have to assume the wisdom of those in authority and act accordingly. Where there is more complete control of choice by the teacher this is easier and may be made much more beneficial. Examinations are of necessity arranged with an assumption of a more or less equalised ability; while many students vary considerably in the different sections of their work. The pianoforte pupil with a brilliant finger technic will often lack a complete sense of rhythm or the ability to apply it. The one with romantic tendencies and expressive ability will possibly lack digital agility. And other similar discrepancies in almost endless variety constantly occur.

To make up these discrepancies is the object of the co-ordination between the study of these various pieces, and it will require only a careful selection and proper arrangement of lessons

and practice to bring about a due balance between artistic perception and technical ability.

As to the co-ordination of our personal studies the great thing to remember is that the whole life of the artist and the teacher is one of unending self-teaching. Co-ordination in this matter is much easier than the co-ordination of the studies of others. So easy is it in its more obvious aspects that all exercise it to some extent. Its deeper and more serious aspects are such, however, that we rarely give it the consideration it deserves; we do not exercise it in such a way as to miss no possible point of contact. This is to be done not merely by allotting a certain portion of each day to practice, to reading, to composition or to definite preparation for our professional work. It is only to be done thoroughly by getting into the habit of sitting down regularly each day and thinking out in broad principle and in detail what relation the different parts of our work bear to one another. It is not an easy thing to do; but of its beneficial results I can speak strongly from personal experience.

It is only by bringing about as complete a co-ordination as possible between all our studies that that "vital relationship" spoken of by Dr. Creighton can be created or made significant. If this is done the rest will be easy.

THE CHEVALIER DE SAINT-GEORGE

VIOLINIST

By LIONEL DE LA LAURENCIE

THIS strange and romantic personage, one who seems made to tempt the pen of a Lenôtre, was born at Basse-Terre (Guadaloupe), December 25, 1745, the son of a comptroller-general, M. de Boulogne, and a negress. He was given the Christian name of Joseph Boulogne Saint-George. Is this the origin of the surname "Saint-George" under which he became famous? No historical document exists which might authenticate the fact; but M. Roger de Beauvoir, who has written a lengthy novel¹ with Saint-George for its hero, one filled with detail which is not altogether inaccurate, furnishes a quite reasonable explanation of the origin of the name. "This name, Saint-George," he writes, "was not given the young mulatto as a mere matter of choice of name, as is so often the case in the colonies. The handsomest vessel in the harbor of Guadaloupe, at the time the child was born, served him in the stead of a godfather."

Brought to France by his father when he was very young, Saint-George soon gave proof of the extraordinary ease with which he learned. Placed in lodgings with the famous fencing-master La Boëssière, he rapidly became a redoubtable fencer, and showed remarkable endowment for all forms of bodily exercise. The little mulatto's petulance, says Angelo, and his extraordinary vivacity greatly entertained M. de Boulogne, who said that instead of a man he had engendered a sparrow.²

Before long La Boëssière's pupil had acquired great superiority, not alone in the handling of the foils, but as a marksman, skater, equestrian and dancer as well. At the same time his rare natural gifts for the arts, and notably for music, were carefully cultivated. Saint-George took lessons from Jean-Marie Leclair, and his talent for the violin soon made itself evident. In 1761 he was numbered among the *gendarmes* of the royal guard; yet his leisure hours made it possible for him to perfect, without interruption, his

¹La Chevalier de Saint-Georges. Roger de Beauvoir Calmann-Lévy, Paris, 1890. The book is well written, and interesting despite the occasional obtrusion of the melodramatic. It gives vivid pictures of life in the French Antilles and Paris during the closing decades of the ancien régime. — *Transl.*

²Henry Angelo: *Angelo's Pic-Nic*, 1805, p. 10.



The Chevalier de Saint-George

cultivation of the arts. And in 1786 Moline had inscribed, below the portrait of Saint-George, the following lines which do homage at one and the same time to the accomplished dancer and the fervent disciple of Euterpe:

Enfant du Goût et du Génie,
Il naquit au sacré Vallon,
Et fut de Terpsichore émule et nourrisson
Rival du Dieu de l'Harmonie,
S'il eût à la musique uni la poésie,
On l'aurait pris pour Apollon.¹

(Offspring of taste and genius, he
Was one the sacred valley bore,
Of Terpsichore nursing and competitor;
And rival of the god of harmony.
Had he to music added poesy,
Apollo's self he'd been mistaken for.)

We may recall the fact that Tartini, too, was something of a fencer; his predilection for the rapier gives him a certain kinship with Saint-George, who thus appears to be the second violinist who cultivated the art of fence.

Established as a man of the world, Saint-George never moved about without a following of admirers. In 1766, he pitted himself against the celebrated Italian fencer Faldoni (in September); and at the same time that he was studying composition with Gossec (who, in 1766, inscribed to him his Op. IX, Six trios for two violins and bass), he led a gay, worldly life. His father had left him an income of from 7,000 to 8,000 *livres*, but the fashionable mulatto spent without count, and thrust himself feverishly into the Parisian social whirlpool, awakening in women a mixture of sympathetic curiosity and haughty reserve. Toward 1770, he devoted himself seriously to his musical studies and, during the winter of 1772-1773, he played at the *Concert des amateurs* two concertos for a principal violin with orchestra, whose merit is vaunted by the *Mercure*, announcing them in December, 1773. These concertos in course of time acquired a decided vogue. Yet they were only our violinist's compositorial first-fruits, since in June, 1773, the *Mercure* announced the issue by the music publisher Sieber, of six string quartets by Saint-George.

This establishes the fact that Gossec and Saint George were the first French musicians who wrote string quartets. This type of composition which was largely cultivated in Paris after the

¹*Mercure de France*, Feb. 1768, p. 13.

beginning of 1765, numbered among its representatives: Toeschi (1765), Cannabich (1766), Boccherini (1767), Talon and Mislivceek (1767), Haydn (1768), Leemans (1769), Gasman (1769), Regel (1769), Aspelmayr (1769), Vanhall (1770), Gossec (1770), Carlo Stamitz (1770), de Machi (1771), and J. Ch. Bach (1772).

Applauded as a virtuoso player and composer at the *Concert des Amateurs*, given at the Hotel Soubise, Saint-George lost no time in assuming the direction of the organization. In 1773, Gossec, the conductor, together with Gaviniés and Leduc, was asked to preside over the destinies of the *Concert spirituel*. In consequence he laid down the baton he had wielded at the Hotel Soubise, and his pupil inherited his charge. Two years later, in June, 1775, the publisher Bailleux brought out a whole series of concertos for violin by Saint-George, the opuses II, III, IV, and V. The gifted mulatto was then in the heyday of his creative activity, and by the end of the year 1775 he had already written a collection of *Symphonies concertantes*, one of which was played, on Christmas Day, at the *Concert Spirituel*.

His standing as a musician was now so firmly established that he was considered for the post of assistant director at the *Opéra*. Yet the candidacy of Saint-George met with a rather frigid reception on the part of the feminine contingent at the Royal Academy of Music. Grimm tells us how the singers and dancers, Mlles. Arnould, Guimard and Rosalie at their head, presented a petition to the queen in order to represent that their honor, and the delicacy of their conscience, would never allow them to take orders from a mulatto.¹ They forgot the engaging Don Juan, and saw him only as a man of color.

The latter, nevertheless, if we are to credit Bachaumont, found few cruel ones among the fair. Most women, attracted by his many and marvelous gifts, sought him out, despite the homeliness of his features. "He loved" says the *Notice* which precedes La Boëssière's work, "and knew to make himself beloved." He was susceptible, a sentimentalist. On February 25, 1777, at the rehearsal of a symphony by the deceased Leduc, which was to be played the day following at the *Concert des Amateurs*, Saint-George, in the middle of the *adagio*, "moved by the expressive quality of the composition, and remembering that his friend was no more, dropped his bow and burst into tears; his emotion communicated itself to all the artists, and the rehearsal had to be adjourned."²

¹*Mémoires of Bachaumont*—Vol. XIV. May 1, 1778.

²*Journal de Paris*, March 17, 1777.

He was drawn to the theatre in the month of July, 1777, he presented a comedy in three acts interspersed with *ariettes* and entitled *Ernestine*, at the *Comédie italienne*. Its wretched libretto was responsible for its failure, although the music was considered excellent. The *Mercur* admitted that the composer showed good qualities of style, and much knowledge, as well as "facility and talent." The score of *Ernestine* has not been preserved; only a few fragments of its music are extant in a collection of Saint-George's melodies, in the possession of the library of the Paris Conservatory. An air like that of *Ernestine*, the heroine, "*Clémengis, lis dans mon âme*," has an absolutely Gluckian aroma. Later, after having performed a second series of quartets, in 1778, he presented a new comedy with *ariettes* at the *Comédie italienne*, *La Chasse* (The Hunt), which drew good-sized audiences. Bachaumont mentions the vaudeville air with which the piece concludes and prophesies that it will soon become popular.

Favored by Mme. de Montesson, wife of the Duke of Orleans, Saint-George was attached to the latter's theatre and soon took charge of the concerts in which Mme. de Montesson played the parts of Mlle. Arnould and of Mlle. Laruelle. Mme. de Montesson even had an office assigned him in the ducal hunting establishment: Angelo says that our musician was given the title of "Lieutenant of the Hunt of Pinci." Thus introduced in the artistic, social and political centres of the Palais-Royal, Saint-George became one of the intimates of the Duke of Orleans. Yet, not content to shine on the boards of his patroness's theatre, he also acted in comedy on the ultra-elegant stage which the Marquise de la Montalembert had installed in her home in the *rue de la Roquette, faubourg Saint Antoine*.¹

The violinist fencer thus ran the gamut of the talents as a victor. In spite of the fact that the career of his preceding comedies à *ariettes* had been that of the shortest, Saint-George had been encouraged by the success scored by his melodies and romances. He continued to write for the stage, and in March, 1780, his *l'Amant anonyme* (The anonymous Lover), the complete manuscript score of which is in the library of the Paris Conservatory, was presented. In the second act we discover one of those dialogue duets which delighted the music-lover of that day.

On the death of the Duke of Orleans, in 1785, Saint-George lost his charge of "Lieutenant of the Hunt of Pinci," a loss

¹H. Vial et G. Capon: *Le Journal d'un Bourgeois de Pagnacourt, avocat au Parlement*, 1903, p. 34.

which affected his purse to such a degree that he was obliged to develop new resources by the practice of his favorite art of the fence.

He went to London, where he engaged in a series of fencing bouts with the most famous English and foreign fencing-masters. It was there that on April 9, 1787, he crossed steel in a sensational match with that celebrated adventuress, the Chevalière d'Eon, in the presence of the Prince of Wales. In the course of the summer he returned to Paris, and once more devoted himself to composition. On August 18, 1787, inspired, it may be, by his bout with the modern Pallas, he presented at the *Comédie italienne*, a two-act piece, prose and ariettes, which he called *La Fille garçon* (The Girl Boy). On this occasion Grimm again adverted to the celebrated mulatto and the "highly distinguished manner" in which he played the violin. The music of *La Fille garçon* was received with great applause, if we may credit the *Journal de Paris*.¹ According to Gerber, Saint-George also had performed, in 1788, at the *Théâtre des Beaujolais*, that is to say the *Palais-Royal*, another comedy entitled *Le Marchand de marrons*.

Some time later our musician was obliged to return to London, toward the end of the year 1789, when he accompanied into exile the new Duke of Orleans, the future Philippe-Égalité; and where, on different occasions, he had the opportunity of proving himself an incomparable virtuoso of the foils. It has been said that the Duke of Orleans made use of him in the conduct of his political intrigues, an assertion which does not seem to lack correctness, if it be examined in the light of the adventure of which he was the hero at Tournai, in June, 1791, when he arrived in the said city to give a concert there. The commandant advised him not to show himself in public, owing to the antipathy with which the French refugees regarded his liberal sentiments.² Was Saint-George using music to cloak a so-called mission? We do not know. But the fact remains that the account given of his escapade at Tournai by his comrade Louise Fusil, contains no hint of any political role played by the mulatto at the request of the Duke of Orleans. She writes that she had entered into an engagement with Saint-George and his faithful friend, the horn-player Lamothe, to give concerts at Lille, in 1791, and that when these concerts had concluded, the mulatto had pushed forward as far as Tournai, where the emigrate nobles had looked on him with disfavor.³

¹*Journal de Paris*, Aug. 19, 1787.

²*Moniteur universel*, No. 172, p. 799.

³*Souvenirs d'une actrice*, Vol. 1, pp. 144, 145.

On the other hand, the documentary evidence of the archives informs us that Saint-George was living in Lille in 1791, and that for two years he was a captain in the National Guard. Thus in the violinist-National Guard captain, the love for music was allied to solid patriotic sentiments.

These sentiments he was soon to affirm in a manner still more striking. Toward the end of 1792 he raised a body of light troops under the name of "Saint-George's Legion," recruited among men of color. This legion was already organized by September 15, 1792; the mulatto at its head with the rank of "Chief of Brigade."¹ It was also known as "The American Hussars," and in 1793 became the 13th regiment of *Chasseurs* (Riflemen).

After various peripaties "Saint-George's Legion" arrived at Lille on February 23, 1793, which it left to march into Belgium, taking a brilliant part in the operations then in progress there. But its Colonel was to experience that mania of suspicion which was a feature of the times. On May 2d, 1793, the Commissioner Dufrenne wrote, "Saint-George is a man who will bear watching." He was accused of having diverted a large amount of funds destined for the use of his regiment to the payment of his personal debts, of maintaining 30 horses in his stables; and of ostentating an insolent luxury.²

Despite these accusations he retained command of his corps for some time;³ then the political agitation began anew, and on September 25, 1793, the Executive Committee dismissed him. In vain Saint-George objects, in vain he places in evidence the proofs of his civic virtues, "those republican sentiments innate in him." In vain he demands a hearing in order to be able to submit his justification. He is arrested and imprisoned; first at Houdainville, then at Clermont-sur-Oise, where he was kept for over a year. His successor Target having written him that his greatest desire was to remit to Saint-George the command from which he had been so unjustly deposed, the latter again took up his pen and addressed a new petition to the Committee of Public Safety. He called attention to the fact that he had been one of the first to make known the treason of Dumouriez; and he adjoined justificatory documents which testified to his perfect civicism.

¹Archives historiques du Ministère de la Guerre. P. Decaen: *Historique du 13^e Rég. de Chasseurs*.

²Archives historiques, *do*.

³That his skill as a fencer was still generally acknowledged at this time is proved by a reference of de Marbot's agent Augereau, at that time colonel d'état-major, as "a great duellist, very brave, and who had made Saint-George, the strongest blade in France, knuckle under." *Mém. du Général Bon de Marbot*, I. p. 19.—*Trans.*

The mayor and municipal officials of Lille state positively that the corps commanded by Saint-George numbered only good patriots in its ranks; they regret that the Republic should have thought it needful to deprive herself of the services of so fine a citizen; and the ex-colonel's comrades pay the liveliest tributes to his bravery and his qualities as a commander.

Saint-George's removal was assuredly nothing less than an arbitrary measure, as unjust as it was unjustified. Hence the Committee of Public Safety, obliged to yield to the evidence, reinstated him in command of "The American Hussars," on the 24th of Floreal, the year III.¹ But the unfortunate Saint-George was not yet at the end of his troubles. During his absence the 13th *Chasseurs* had been twice reorganized. Commanded in the beginning by Target, he was succeeded by a certain Bouquet, Target being carried on the roster as a supernumerary. Hence the restoration of Saint-George gave the regiment a third colonel! The supernumerary colonel Target was eliminated; but the rivalry between Bouquet and Saint-George persisted. Each of the two chiefs in command gave his own orders, with the result that absolute anarchy ensued. The regiment was divided into two clans, *Bouquetistes* and *Saint-Georgistes*. Finally, politics entered in, and in short, Saint-George was dismissed from his command a second time, on the 8th of Brumaire of the year IV. In spite of all his efforts he did not succeed in inducing the Committee of Public Safety to reconsider its decision. In vain, on the 7th of Floreal, of the year V, did he write to Rewbell, that he had "constantly shown his great attachment to the Revolution;" in vain he again demanded that justice be done him. This time his military career had come to a definite end.

He then resumed his errant mode of life and, according to Louise Fusil, went to Santo Domingo with his faithful Lamothe, narrowly escaping being hung there in the course of a revolt. Returning to Paris, he lived in a state bordering on indigence until an ulcer of the bladder carried him off on the 12th of June, 1799.

Thus disappeared one of the most curious and engaging figures of the dying eighteenth century. Saint-George was a remarkably gifted man, full of generosity and delicacy of feeling. Liberal and beneficent, he often deprived himself of the necessities of life in order to aid the unfortunate. His contemporaries use the expression "full and soft" to express his violinistic gifts, and, in truth, it really seems to qualify his manner, in which the dual

¹ *Archives historiques*, 24 Floreal, an III.

trends of his temperament are united, in a mingling of vivacity, brilliancy and dreamy melancholy. Since November 28, 1912, a street in Basse Terre bears his name.

II.

Saint-George left numerous compositions for violin which make it possible for us to appreciate the adaptability and the varied nature of his talent as a composer, while at the same time they testify to his notable gifts as a violinist. He is known to have written: Six Quartets for 2 violins, alto and bass, Op. I (1773); 10 Concertos for a principal violin, violins I and II, alto, bass, oboe, flutes, and 2 horns, *ad libitum*, comprising Op. II, III, IV, V, VII and VIII, which appeared from 1775 on; *Symphonies concertantes* for 2 principal violins, (s. d.); further Three Sonatas for the clavecin or fortepiano, with accompaniment of an obbligato violin (1781); and finally, a posthumous work, preserved in the British Museum, consisting of Three Sonatas for violin, Bk. I (toward 1801). We will consider here: 1) the quartets; 2) the concertos and symphonies concertantes; 3) the sonatas.

1. The six quartets for string instruments by Saint-George known to us are cast with regularity in the mold of the *Allegro-Rondo* which the majority of contemporary eighteenth century composers utilized. Though three of the *Quartetti concertanti* by J. Chr. Bach, published by Sieber, end with a minuet, two of them have a *rondo* for the concluding movement. One even sees minuets, as in the case of Schwindl, for instance (Op. VII), qualified by the indication: *Tempo di rondo*.

As to the form composed of two movements, it occurs in numerous examples about the year 1770. We need but look at the *Dicertimenti* by Boccherini (Op. X, 1773), each of which comprises no more than two movements. And even the quartets of J. Chr. Bach conform to the identical formula. Finally—and this consideration has especial value with regard to Saint-George, since he had worked at composition under the guidance of Gossec,—the six quartets of Op. XV, by this last-named musician (1772) are written in the said binary form.

Saint-George's quartets are written in a clear, flowing, ethereal style. More supple, more singing than that of Gossec, his melodies, notably in the *rondos*, well characterizes the sentimental and melancholy mulatto. Here, for example, is the beginning of the graceful and tender *rondo* of the second quartet.

so delicately enwrapped in the cajoling and swaying sonorities of the accompanying instruments:

Rondeau di Mennetto



Saint-George was at his best in his *Rondeaux*, and his little vaudevillian airs had given him a genuine reputation: all are instinct with movement, with grace, and are remembered with ease. Here is one, for instance, which has a familiar sound; it might well be a favorite of the *faubourgs*.



We should recall that Haydn, too, chose flexible, lively themes for his *finales*. It was one of the musical pleasures of the epoch to rediscover symmetric divisions, to repeat incidental melodic phrases. "The rounding-out, the return of the phrase in music" declares Grétry, "makes up nearly its whole charm."

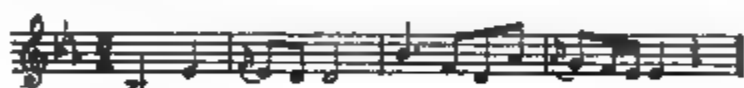
Saint-George's *Allegros*, divided into two parts by repetition signs, are built up in classic style upon two themes, with a

dominant cadence. In the two sections we have the development and re-exposition: syncopated rhythms abound, as well as the successions of *mezzo-staccato* notes separated by the rests of which the compositions of the Mannheim school offer so many examples.

2 Our composer's concertos are well enclosed in the usual three compartment frame-work, with a medial *Adagio* or *Largo*; most of them conclude with a *Rondeau*. In the first movements Saint-George confines himself to a considerably varied distribution of the *tutti* and *sol*i. Usually, after a well-developed introductory *tutti*, there is an extension of three *sol*i, given to the principal violin, after which the *tutti* again intervenes to conclude. The slow movements, whether in the dominant or the sub-dominant key, or in the tonic minor, in most cases have but a single solo. The final *Rondeaux*, on the contrary, present frequent alternations of *tutti* and *sol*i. These pieces clearly announce the *Rondeaux* of Viotti's concertos.

In all Saint-George's works the thematic material shows grace, with a touch of Creole languor. The musician likes to repeat his themes, the second time in the lower octave. Very often, especially in the *Rondeaux*, they present repetitions of notes which give them a decided spruceness and elegance. Saint-George employs the major portion of the thematic artifices of the Mannheim school, such as the use of the grace-note or mordant on the second above, and the *Vorhalt* (suspension), which he utilizes to secure an effect of dolorous insistence or solemnity.

At times his themes, as we have already mentioned in connection with his vocal melodies, recall in their inflections and cadences the motives of Gluck. The beginning of the following *Andante* is of this type:



The slow movements, written in rather an elaborate style, develop plaintive, broken melodies, melodies whose incidental phrases, at the same time dramatic and replete with sobs, were so decidedly the fashion during the last years of the eighteenth century. They are often of the *Romance* type, and end with a *pianissimo* or *morendo*. At times, as in the Second Concerto (Op. III), Saint-George underlines the dreamy character of an *Adagio* by directing that it be played *con sordini*. Finally, in the majority of his *Rondeaux*, he introduced a brilliant variation in major, which he entrusts to the principal violin. We may add that he pays attention to dynamics, as one may easily convince one's self by examining the large number of indications for interpretation which give light or shade to his musical discourse. The only *Symphonie concertante* by Saint-George which has come down to us (in G major) has, according to the rule, two movements, an *Allegro* and a *Rondeau*. It is a species of concerto for 2 principal violins, with accompaniment of orchestra.

3. We know of only 6 Sonatas with violin composed by Saint-George, of which three are posthumous works. The three first are the sonatas for clavecin or piano forte, with violin accompaniment, a genus which was being largely developed in France toward 1775, and to which Méhul, in particular, has contributed some very remarkable examples.

In these sonatas, the violin, far from narrowing itself down to a merely secondary role as an accompanying instrument, collaborates in the thematic exposition and in the development. The modern sonata for violin and piano, without the slightest doubt, springs from compositions of this kind.

Our composer's sonatas are divided into two movements: an initial *Allegro*, followed by a Minuet or *Rondeau*. Only the Second Sonata, in A major, adopts the *Andantino* for its second movement, flanked by an *Allegro* in minor, with a *Da Capo* reversion to the *Andantino*: There we once more discover the symmetrical formula of the Minuet or *Rondeau*.

The three posthumous sonatas are written for 2 violins, the second violin playing an altogether subordinated part. In the sonatas for clavecin and violin the two instruments are placed on a footing of absolute equality; the violin at times announcing a theme which is taken up again by the clavecin an octave higher; at other times paralleling in thirds the melody played by the clavecinist's right hand.

The *Allegros* are built up on two themes, the second theme in the key of the dominant; and according to the development in

which the two instruments work together, there is a recapitulation of the entire thematic material. The composer writes for the clavecin with distinction, elegance and lightness; in the Minuet of the First Sonata the delicate broken-chord figures of the keyboard instrument, enwrapped by the *pizzicati* of the violin are charmingly effective. Many of the *Allegro* themes flow with gracious ease and have an almost Mozartean flavor.

As a technician of the violin Saint-George may be numbered among the most brilliant of French *virtuosi*. Not only does he audaciously strive to reach the utmost limits of finger manipulation: he attains them; and in addition his bowing is vigorous and exact. He often plays chord passages at a rapid tempo; he dashingly sweeps up a ladder of shrill treble notes to drop brusquely back upon a deep sonorous tone.



Or he carries out his broken-chord effects in the highest positions, in octaves and even in tenths. The suppleness of his bowing permits of his playing variegated passages with the most fastidious perfection, and he handles double-stops like a master. He was at once extremely daring and skillful in passages demanding *brio* and brilliancy, and full of sentiment in the slow movements and *Romances* to which he was especially devoted. Together with Gaviniés, Le Duc, Bertheaume and Paisible, the Chevalier de Saint-George worthily represents the French violin school of the second half of the eighteenth century.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

NEGRO MUSIC AT BIRTH

By NATALIE CURTIS BURLIN

IN the South, a white musician stumbles upon experiences that may be counted as among the most awakening of his life, for there the spirit of the Negro is often loosed in music that makes one wonder at the possibilities of the race. Far down in Alabama where the "Black Belt" is broad and the Negroes outnumber the whites, I touched upon something that class-rooms and concert-halls rarely hold,—nothing less than the primitive essence of untaught and unteachable creative art.

It was at the Calhoun Industrial School (whose existence was inspired by the example of Hampton Institute) that a great meeting of colored people was held one year to listen to discussions by Northern white scholars concerning the advancement of their race. Over tawny roads that stretched beneath tall pine trees came the people of the "Black Belt" in wagons and astride of plodding mules; brown mules, black mules, lemon-colored mules—they came with their dusky riders from all directions in an endless stream, and I particularly remember the flash of a red petticoat across a white mule glinting through the green. Such shining good-natured faces,—pure Negroes these with little admixture of white blood, representing different types of the many tribes brought from all parts of Africa by the slave-trade, through which captives from the far interior and from the opposite coasts of the Dark Continent were finally landed in America. Some of the men were tall, and their aquiline noses and pointed beards told of the strain of Arab and other Semitic blood that runs through many a native of Africa's East Coast; others were swart and thickset, with flat noses and heavy lips. Many were so ebony black that the shadows in their smooth skins seemed a soft gray-purple, like deep ripe grapes. No European peasantry could have offered to the painter more striking material than these dark-skinned sinewy people in their blue jeans and bright calicoes amid the deep tones of the pines.

They hitched their animals in the woods and gathered in a cleared space under the trees. These colored folk had come many miles over mountain and valley from their crude log-cabins, and they assembled long before the hour. To them this gathering

had almost the significance of a religious service, a "Camp-meet'n" of the olden time. Seated in rows, reverent and silent, they waited for something to happen. And as they sat, patient in the early warmth of the April sun, suddenly a rhythmic tremor seemed to sway over the group as a sweep of wind stirs grasses; there arose a vibration, an almost inaudible hum—was it from the pine trees or from this mass of humanity?—and then the sound seemed to mold itself into form, rhythmic and melodic, taking shape in the air, and out from this floating embryo of music came the refrain of a song quavered by one voice, instantly caught up by another—till soon the entire gathering was rocking in time to one of the old plantation melodies! Men, women and children sang, and the whole group swung to and fro and from side to side with the rhythm of the song, while many of the older people snapped their fingers in emphasis like the sharp click of an African gourd rattle.

It was spirited singing and it was devout; but the inspirational quality of the group-feeling made this music seem a lambent, living thing, a bit of "divine fire" that descended upon these black people like the gift of tongues. It was as though the song had first hovered in the trees above their swaying forms, intangible, till one of them had reached up and seized it, and then it had spread like flame. And as usual with Negroes, this was extemporaneous part-singing, -women making up alto, men improvising tenor or bass, the music as a whole possessed so completely by them all (or so utterly possessing them!) that they were free to abandon themselves to the inspiration of their own creative instinct.

Often in the South I heard this same strange breathless effect of a song being born among a group simultaneously, descending, as it were, from the air. On a suffocatingly hot July Sunday in Virginia, in a little ramshackle meeting-house that we had approached over a blinding road nearly a foot deep in dust, a number of rural Negroes had gathered from an outlying farm, dressed all in their dust-stained Sunday best for the never-to-be-omitted Sabbath service. Their intense and genuine piety with its almost barbaric wealth of emotion could not but touch a visitor from the cold North. The poverty of the little church was in itself a mute appeal for sympathy. A gaudy and somewhat ragged red table cloth covered the crude pulpit on which rested a huge and very battered Bible, it had probably sustained many vigorous thumps during the high-flown exhortations of the gilt-spectacled preacher. A crazy lamp, tilted side-ways, hung from

the middle of the ceiling. Through the broken window-shutters (powerless to keep out the diamond glare of the morning sun) came slits of light that slanted in syncopated angles over the swarthy people, motes dancing in the beams. No breeze; the sticky heat was motionless; from afar came a faint sound of chickens clucking in the dust. Service had already begun before we came and the congregation, silent and devout, sat in rows on rough backless benches. The preacher now exhorted his flock to prayer and the people with one movement surged forward from the benches and down onto their knees, every black head deep-bowed in an abandonment of devotion. Then the preacher began in a quavering voice a long supplication. Here and there came an uncontrollable cough from some kneeling penitent or the sudden squall of a restless child; and now and again an ejaculation, warm with entreaty, "O Lord!" or a muttered "Amen, Amen"—all against the background of the praying, endless praying.

Minutes passed, long minutes of strange intensity. The mutterings, the ejaculations, grew louder, more dramatic, till suddenly I felt the creative thrill dart through the people like an electric vibration, that same half-audible hum arose, emotion was gathering atmospherically as clouds gather—and then, up from the depths of some "sinner's" remorse and imploring came a pitiful little plea, a real Negro "moan", sobbed in musical cadence. From somewhere in that bowed gathering another voice improvised a response: the plea sounded again, louder this time and more impassioned; then other voices joined in the answer, shaping it into a musical phrase; and so, before our ears, as one might say, from this molten metal of music a new song was smithied out, composed then and there by no one in particular and by everyone in general.

With the Negro, it would seem that the further back one traces the current of musical inspiration that runs through the race, (that is, the more primitive the people and thus the more instinctive the gift,) the nearer does one come to the divine source of song, —intuition, which is in turn the well-spring of all genius. So often does education deaden and even utterly destroy intuitive art in individuals as in races, that one might affirm that the genius is he who can survive the attrition of scholastic training! Certainly no sophisticated part-singing sounds in my memory with the poignant charm of the unconscious music which I heard one day in a big tobacco factory in the South where a group of utterly illiterate and ignorant black laborers were sorting tobacco leaves

in a dusty, barren room. Rough sons and daughters of toil, ragged and unkempt, no one could accuse them of ever having come under the smooth influence of "refined white environment." Crude and primitive they were in looks as in speech. Yet I never heard collective voices that were sweeter or that appealed more immeasurably to the imagination with their penetrating, reed-like beauty of quality. The fields, the hot sun, the open sky sang through them. And the harmonies with which these workers adorned their half barbaric melodies seemed prismatic in their brilliant unmodulated grouping of diatonic chords, their sudden interlocking of unrelated majors and minors, and their unconscious defiance of all man-made laws of "voice progressions." Such rich, colorful music, (and in my memory I cannot separate the sound of it from the picture of the tobacco leaves in the brown hands), it seemed as though these singers painted with their voices that barren room. And I thought "yes,—that is the Negro. So he has done always. With song he has colored his shadowed life, evoking hope, joy, beauty even, from within himself."

Yet in the voices of these toilers lingered an indescribable pathos, a something both child-like and touching. For with all his brawn, his good-humor, and his wide, ready smile, the Negro, when he sings, tells something of that shadow that only song can lighten. Probably no blacks in the country were more backward than these factory-hands, laboring so monotonously in the lazy haze of Southern heat, a heat that puts one's brain to sleep. That they could sing extemporaneously in harmonies that not only approached real art but that touched one's very soul, seemed a proof that though this is still a child-race, the long path of human evolution and advance stretches before it in endless promise. Is it not in the Song of the Negro that we glimpse the spirit of the race reaching forward toward development and eventual unfolding? And when we see that song illumining with an inner light multitudes otherwise darkly inarticulate and groping, we think of Emerson and ponder:

"The Negro 'Over-Soul'—is it Music?"

THE MINUET IN HANDEL'S MESSIAH

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

ALTHOUGH followed by innumerable imitators Handel left no legitimate successor. The giant Saxon founded no school. And this because, in the particular musical forms to which he contributed, his style was so personal, his conception so original, and his development so thorough that, as Sir Hubert Parry remarks, "very little more could be done in the same direction without failing in freshness and character." It is therefore the more remarkable that in the matter of the overture Handel should have shown himself strangely "subservient to precedent," contenting himself, in regard to this form, with a more or less rigid adherence to the plan originated by Lulli (1633-1687), the Italian founder of French opera. Lulli's model overture has been admirably described by the late Mr. W. S. Rockstro, of Torquay, England—at one time a fellow-townsmen of the writer of this paper—as "a dignified Largo, followed by an Allegro in the *fugato* style, with a well-marked subject and many clever points of imitation." "Sometimes," continues Mr. Rockstro, "Lulli added a third movement, in the form of a minuet or other stately dance tune, which never failed to delight the hearer; and so successful was the general effect of the whole, that no long time elapsed before it was imitated by every composer in Europe." To the influence of this model that great Englishman, Henry Purcell (1658-1695), was somewhat susceptible; while in the case of Handel the indebtedness to Lulli's outline was none the less apparent because accompanied with "the utmost development and musical interest attainable." Handel here, as elsewhere, proved himself to be a musical alchemist. Whatever he touched or appropriated of the baser musical metals he at once converted into the purest tonal gold.

This alchemy, however, could not atone for lack of originality in plan or design. Nor could it fully justify the seeming incongruity caused by the employment "to his Italian operas and to his English oratorios" of overtures so "similar in form, style, and development" that, as the late eminent English musical critic, Mr. Henry J. Lincoln, remarked, "any one might be used with almost equal appropriateness for either purpose." At the

same time it must not be forgotten that in Handel's time the line of demarcation between music for the church, the concert room, or the stage, was not drawn with the precision proper to later periods. We should also do well to remember that as the late Professor Prout once put it, "the relation of the overture to the topic and spirit of the work as a whole was (at that time) so slight that overtures were often transferred from work to work, and even from operas to oratorios." Another reason for adherence to a general plan for overture composition is furnished by Sir Hubert Parry, who says, "the conventional opera writers had no very great inducement to make their overtures either finished works of art, or subtly expressive, or in any way interesting, for they felt that little attention was paid to them. They appear to have produced them in a perfunctory manner, to make a sort of introductory clatter while the fashionable operatic audiences were settling into their places." And while Handel could scarcely be accurately or justly described as a "conventional" opera writer, it is morally certain that much of the conventionality of form which we find in so many of his overtures was due to one or more of the causes just mentioned. Another and, perhaps, a more adequate explanation of this concession to customary plan or design may be found in the fact of the tremendous haste with which Handel committed his ideas to paper, and the limited time he allowed himself for their expression. As Sir John Hawkins writes, "his overtures, excellent as they are, were composed as fast as he could write; and the most elaborate of them seldom cost him more than a morning's labour."

Although, to quote his own words, Gluck was one of the first to conceive the idea "that the Sinfonia ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see," there were times and occasions when, and upon which, Handel rose to a sense of what Henry Fielding once called "the rule of right and the eternal fitness of things." In his magnificent overture to *Samson*, with its massive introduction and exhilarating fugue, the conclusion with a minuet—one of the most popular minuets Handel ever wrote—fitly introduces the opening numbers depicting the Philistinian festivities. On the other hand, *Judas*, commencing with the choral plaint of the Jewish people mourning for their lost leader, has no minuet after the fugal portion of its overture. Then we have the case of *Israel in Egypt*, which commences with a recitative followed by a chorus, and has no overture or instrumental prelude whatever. This, however, was due to the fact—not generally known—that

missing. This was evidently the autograph and the deleted pages to which Macfarren referred in the passage previously quoted. Continuing, Cummings demonstrated that there would be just room enough on the missing pages to conclude the overture, but no space for a minuet. There is no trace of a minuet in the autograph score included in the 87 volumes of Handel's original MSS., which were presented to George III by John Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, to whom they had been bequeathed by the composer, and which were preserved in the Musical Library of Buckingham Palace, London, and had been recently removed to "another place" in order to be secure against air-raids.

But Macfarren's pronouncement, partially confirmed by Cummings, that "a graceful Minuet" believed to have been intended for the final movement of the overture—really existed, is absolutely correct. The demonstration of its existence involves, however, the narration of a few biographical details, the setting forth of which we trust our readers will excuse. Thomas Evance Jones (1803-1872), successively chorister, lay clerk, master of the choristers and, from 1831 to his death, organist of Canterbury Cathedral, was a pupil of his predecessor at Canterbury, Highmore Skeats, senior (1760-1831). In his student days Skeats had been a chorister in Exeter Cathedral under Richard Langdon (1729-1803), successively organist of the cathedrals of Exeter, Ely, Bristol, and Armagh. Langdon was intimate with Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis, from whom, according to a statement made by Evance Jones, Langdon received a copy of a Minuet in E with the understanding that it was intended as a final movement for the *Messiah* overture. Langdon copied this minuet into a volume, probably adding certain embellishments of his own in accordance with the fashion of his time. At any rate, in 1781, Skeats, at that time an "articled pupil" to Langdon, made a further copy of the minuet for himself. This further copy we will politely presume was unquestionably "fair," but whether it was faithful we cannot say. It may have been a still wider departure from the simplicity of Smith's original, or it may have been more or less a reversion to the original MS. At any rate Skeats gave his copy to Jones, Jones left it to his successor, Dr. Longhurst (1819-1904) who, prior to his death, presented it to that estimable and venerable musician, Mr. J. A. Matthews, of Cheltenham, England, the *doyen* of West country English musicians. At one time Mr. Matthews contributed to a little monthly magazine called the *Minim*; and in the issue of that work for August, 1895, the minuet appeared, with a foot-note stating

Minuet in E

G F Handel

Andante con moto

The musical score for "Minuet in E" by George Frideric Handel is presented in six systems. Each system consists of a piano (left) and treble (right) staff. The key signature is E major (two sharps) and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Andante con moto".

- System 1:** The piano part begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The treble part features a triplet of eighth notes. A *cresc.* (crescendo) marking is present in the piano part.
- System 2:** The piano part includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The treble part continues with its melodic line.
- System 3:** The piano part has a *cresc.* marking, followed by a *dim.* marking. The treble part features a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 4:** The piano part includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The treble part continues with its melodic line.
- System 5:** The piano part includes a *cresc. e dim.* (crescendo and diminuendo) marking. The treble part features a triplet of eighth notes.
- System 6:** The piano part includes a *f* (forte) dynamic marking. The treble part features a triplet of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a *rit.* (ritardando) marking in the piano part.

that it was "the arrangement by the late Mr. T. E. Jones, of Canterbury Cathedral." It is to that number of the magazine, and to Mr. Matthew's courtesy, that we are indebted for the copy of the Minuet which accompanies this article, although the minuet was first published in the *Musical Standard*, June 17, 1871. The original of this copy must evidently have been quoted by Mr. Lincoln in his article on the Overture in the earlier edition of Grove's Dictionary; as the opening measures, although all that are quoted, agree with the version so kindly supplied us by Mr. Matthews, and are stated to be given "on the authority of the late Mr. Jones, organist of Canterbury Cathedral." Mr. Rockstro states that a copy of the Minuet, said to be an autograph, was at one time in the possession of the Rev. W. Gostling, a minor canon of Canterbury, a son of the Rev. J. Gostling, sometime subdean of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a bass singer of celebrity. Probably this was the copy Dr. Cummings stated he had seen. We are sorry to have been unable to trace it.

Apart from any question of the employment of the Minuet just quoted in connection with any performance of *The Messiah* or of the Overture thereto, the genuineness of the composition as such has been seriously questioned. Mr. Barclay Squire, of the British Museum, London, to whom, in common with Prof. Macdougall, of Wellesley College, Mass., the writer is greatly indebted for information and research, assures us that there is no separate copy of this minuet in the British Museum, that it is not to be found in any known collection of "Handelian odds and ends," nor in any of Walsh's collections of Minuets issued from 1745 to 1756, some of these collections having no mention whatever of Handel as a contributor. Mr. Squire therefore concludes that "there can never have been a concluding Minuet to the *Messiah* Overture," and he further pronounces our Minuet in E to be "spurious." Just here we can only acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Squire for his findings and his courteous replies to the correspondence of a comparative stranger. Why we modestly venture to differ from his conclusions based as they must be upon knowledge and facilities for research at once our envy and despair—we must declare at a later stage of our argument.

Referring to our printed copy of the Minuet most critics, we imagine, will agree that the passage denoted by the two asterisks shows obvious traces of "exterior influence." The embellishments are not Handelian, and pretty much the same may be said of the doublings and disposition of the parts. The latter has a strong likeness to the manner of the old English organists

of a century or so ago. Both features are undoubtedly "from Handel;" but, as our friend, Prof. Macdougall, once remarked, "some distance off"—how far off few would venture to say. Indeed our friend goes so far as to say that he "does not hear Handel in the Minuet in E," and that "there is some padding in it" which "ought to be taken out in order to have the minuet make any appeal." With much of this we cordially agree, but the operation of "taking out" would be almost as dangerous to the musician as an attempt to tie a bell on the cat's tail would be to the poor mouse! Frankly, we do not feel drawn to the performance of this operation. It is a task for the execution of which our fingers are far too clumsy.

With Professor Macdougall the *Musical Standard* of July 15, 1871, is somewhat at variance. The editor there contends that every measure of the Minuet "reminds of Handel," that its key relationships are in accordance with Handelian idiom, that it bears a striking resemblance to other minuets by the same master, and that Skeats must in all probability have heard the minuet played by persons who knew Handel and his works intimately. The *Monthly Musical Record* of August, 1873, asserts that "as the internal evidence of the piece is in its favour there is every reason to believe that it is really what it professes to be." Perhaps, and very probably, in our opinion, the embellishments and many of the part-dispositions and doublings were the arrangements, additions, or "improvements" of Evance Jones or the successive copyists, Langdon and Skeats. Like a repeated story, a musical MS. loses nothing in transmission. Besides, in the days of the Cathedral organists through whose hands the Minuet passed it was the fashion to both introduce and to cultivate ornamentation, now regarded as irrelevant if not irreverent. From this process the passage asterisked has undoubtedly suffered. It is extremely unlikely that a man of Smith's probity and proficiency would tamper with the manuscript of a revered master and departed benefactor and friend.

As a practical exemplification and a personal illustration of the extent to which the old English organists carried their fondness for extraneous ornamentation, the writer of this paper remembers as a boy playing before one of the more highly respected members of this school in a town in the West of England. In accordance with a custom of that school and time the senior musician called upon his very youthful friend for a rendering upon the piano of the concluding choruses from *The Messiah*, a work which most of the old-school men knew almost "inside

out." At this distance of time we cannot remember what sort of a rendition we gave to Handel's immortal strains; but, probably allowing our good intentions to atone for our obvious immaturity, the venerable organist became visibly excited over the final measures of "Worthy is the Lamb," and upon our proceeding to enunciate the subject of the "Amen" chorus, he joined us in the treble register, something after this manner:



Comment is unnecessary unless it be to remark that if this could be perpetrated and considered to be in good taste by an otherwise sound church musician of the old school, and in a fugue subject announced in a single part, what might be proportionately expected in the case of musicians of even lesser experience dealing with a harmonised movement of vastly more secular character?

Historical proof of the prevalence of this practice of melodic ornamentation may be found in the so-called Cornet Voluntaries of many of the later 18th century English organ players and composers. These voluntaries consisted of "runs and twirls for the right hand played in single notes" on the Cornet stop, usually a Mixture stop of from three to five ranks of pipes. This florid work was accompanied by a soft bass or harmony assigned to the left hand and executed on another manual or, in some cases, upon the same manual, the Cornet stop for this purpose being "made to draw in halves at middle C," so that, as Dr E. J. Hopkins remarks, "a solo could be played prominently with the right hand and a soft accompaniment with the left." Numerous examples of these Cornet Voluntaries are to be found in the works of Dr. Charles Burney (1726-1814), the great musical historian; Dr. Dupius (1733-1796), an organist of the Chapel Royal; and William Russell (1777-1813), the once celebrated organist of the Foundling Hospital. These men, it should be noted, were the contemporaries of Langdon and Skeats.

The evidence, therefore, seems to show that Handel did write a Minuet in E, and that the one produced by Evance Jones was substantially the minuet in question. In addition to the inference of Professor Macfarren we have the direct statements of Rockstro, Cummings, and Lincoln; while the cathedral organists we have mentioned were all English gentlemen of recognized position and reputation, men who, in spite of their fondness for

extraneous ornamentation, would not knowingly lend themselves to a forgery, especially to one from the support or promulgation of which they could derive no profit whatever, not even the doubtful benefit of notoriety.

Nor does the omission of the minuet from the autograph scores of *The Messiah* challenge its existence, deny it a place in the overture, or performance in the oratorio, in spite of Dr. Chrysander's assertions that "the condition of the original sources" and "the extent of the gaps" "completely precluded" the assumption "that a minuet should have followed the Fugue of the opening Sinfonia," and that "the later assumption that this Sinfonia was originally closed with a Minuet is utterly groundless;" and also in spite of the fact that Dr. Chrysander after examination of all the extant autographs of *The Messiah*, found in these "nothing to remotely suggest a minuet or that Handel wrote a minuet." For in this case, in our humble opinion, the learned and illustrious editor, like a certain character in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, has his back to the light the existence of which he is denying. And this, we venture to assert, because Handel often wrote supplementary parts and even movements on extra sheets (*e. g.*, the trombone parts to *Saul*), which parts or movements were not always bound up with, or included in, the full score or the conductor's copy. Further, Handel often extemporized movements at the actual performance, writing down the former at some subsequent period. And, although the organ was not used at the primary performance of the oratorio *The Messiah*, Handel undoubtedly "conducted" from the harpsichord, an instrument upon which he would be more likely to extemporize a dance movement than upon the organ. Thus in the case of the overture to *Esther*, which contains no minuet, one of the minuets from one of Handel's organ concertos "was for a long time called the minuet of *Esther*, because of a tradition that Handel always gave it with the oratorio" (Schoelchler).

Macfarren's supposition that Handel felt the impropriety of introducing a dance form into a "musical epic which was to embody the purpose and the working of Christianity" is the strongest argument which can be advanced against the inclusion of the minuet in *The Messiah* performance; but the only arguments which can be tendered with the object of throwing discredit upon the authenticity of the minuet itself are that Handel did write overtures without minuets (*e. g.*, *Judas*), and that he did not usually write separate minuets, the latter being generally associated with some instrumental or prelude composition.

The first of these arguments loses all its force in view of the facts first stated in regard to Handel's extemporaneous performances; while the second is undermined by the statement made by Evance Jones to the effect that "Handel intended the minuet to conclude the overture *when the oratorio was not to follow*" or, as Mr. Lincoln expresses it, "*when performed without the oratorio.*" Handel often used his overtures and other oratorio material, either thematically or bodily, to eke out his extemporaneous organ performances between the acts of his oratorios. It is, therefore, extremely improbable that he would neglect to use for this purpose, and in this manner, the overture to *The Messiah*, of which, as we have already seen, he thought so highly and adhered to so "obstinately."

And if used, what more natural and—in the light of the customs of his day—what more fitting than that he should conclude with a minuet which would not only give his hearers an assurance of formal accuracy but would constitute a sure bid for popularity? And having performed this overture and minuet with great appreciation, what more natural than that he should order his amanuensis to make a fair copy from his rough sketch or from his dictation, or that such a copy might be made by the amanuensis on his own responsibility? But this is one of the matters concerning which, with Tennyson, we could wish that knowledge would "grow from more to more."

"Without controversy," however, we may feel fairly confident (1) that the Minuet in E is a more or less genuine Handelian production; (2) that it was never used and, possibly, never intended to be used at a *Messiah* performance; (3) that it was designed for, and was probably employed at, separate performances of the overture either by the composer himself or during his lifetime. Beyond these facts, as Pliny says in his *Natural History*, "*Solum ut inter ista certum sit nihil esse certi.*" The only certainty in these matters is that there is nothing certain.

THE HAUNTING MELODY

By HANS SCHNEIDER

THE other night, when letting up on some literary work for awhile, my eyes fell upon the picture of my dear mother in front of me. For quite awhile I contemplated her kind features and then, much refreshed, went back to my work. Two hours later, when I went to bed, an old lullaby she used to sing to us children was softly crooning in my mind and sang me to sleep again, spanning in an instant 50 years of time and 3,000 miles of distance, and awakening a flood of memories of youth and home.

Dr. Pierre Janet makes the remark in one of his interesting works, that "the mind is nobody's fool," and I would like to add to this that the mind fools its owner more than anything or everything else. It is a common, every-day experience that when our mind is not particularly occupied, all at once some melody or "tune" starts "running through our head," as the common expression is, though this is rather incorrect, as it is not running, or even moving, but stationary, in violation of the strictly temporary character of musical demonstrations.

As a rule, we build up our musical experiences from tone periods, one tone *after* another, but here we have seemingly a whole melody present itself in its total at once—picture-like—and it will stay so as an experience in its total as long as whatever reincarnated it wishes it to do so. But who is that mysterious dictator, who disturbs that *dolce far niente* of our resting brain with uninvited musical guests; who decides what shall occupy our mind or that some melody should occupy it at all, when it wishes to be at rest or left to its well earned musicless solitude?

This master is the function of our memory, which has become active upon being stimulated by something from without. As long as this stimulus plays upon memory's willing harpstrings, this melody will haunt us. When this stimulus is replaced by a new or stronger one, this haunting melody will disappear again as suddenly and mysteriously into the crowded abyss of our subconsciousness as it has appeared.

It is a pity that the average man pays so little attention to the working of his brain, or knows so little about it, for he misses

a great deal of fun. There is nothing more interesting than to record the tricks our mind plays us when not occupied with a certain task. Tricks now frivolous, now serious, yet all explainable through the media of attention and memory as they are switched on and off, working or resting, to let ideas have free play, instead of having them well behaved, as becomes the orderly mind of a law abiding citizen.

Of all the untold stimuli that attack our senses every second, attention singles out certain ones for consideration. The others are supposed to pass by unnoticed, yet many slip by the guardian of our mind to disappear swiftly and mysteriously into our subconsciousness. At opportune moments these rise again to the surface and present themselves, whether we particularly wish them to do so or not.

Nothing happens by pure chance in the well-organized realm of nature; nothing is left to chance in the wonderful machinery of our brain and nervous system, whose working we can only observe through the demonstrations of that mysterious phenomenon—our mind. Whenever, then, a certain tune appears suddenly in our mind, it never does so accidentally or unbidden; it appears because it has been called and revived by something. That it is just that particular melody and not any other of the thousand and one that our mind harbors, is due to the fact that something has come equally suddenly into the foreground of our mind that was once closely connected with it, no matter how long ago. So was mother's lullaby of 50 years ago brought back to me by looking at her picture, but it came not back at once; it waited until bedtime, with which it was connected years ago.

Our memory is a powerful and exact working function, absolutely sovereign, uncontrollable and irrepressible. It sees to it that of whatever we think, we feel, we do, something remains as a residue, something is conserved, to be recalled again upon the slightest provocation. And this recall is not alone *in toto* but also *in parte*, the whole experience as well as the smallest detail may be brought back again and play a new part in our life.

For instance, a certain composition may arouse a certain feeling or emotion in us. At that particular moment we may not even be aware of that state of feeling, but let something else happen in afterdays stirring up the same emotion, this emotion will then form the connecting link between the new experience and the melody heard and affected by it years ago.

As an illustration, I shall narrate a few striking experiences of mine, where an emotion, a certain state of feeling stirred up by

an event out of all connection with either, led back to a certain song or melodic phrase.

Some years ago I studied Schubert's "Müller-Lieder" with a singer, Dr. D. A phrase in one of these songs has always impressed me as the quintessence of sadness and soul misery. It also seemed to me the keynote to the whole cyclüs, a phrase in which the whole tragedy of the poor miller-boy seemed to be concentrated and crystalized.



While studying these songs, this feeling was perhaps not so very clear and intense; perhaps I was not as conscious of it as I am to-day, after it has been, so to speak, reinforced by other events. One day, passing the bulletin board of a newspaper, I read that the steamer Elbe had been in collision in the English Channel and had gone down with all on board. All at once an inner voice sang those plaintive thirds of Schubert's song to me. I could not get rid of them for a long while, and they haunted me persistently as long as the emotional state brought about by this catastrophe lasted.

And why? Was it accidental? No! These thirds were the most befitting musical expression of what moved me, and ever since the tragedy at sea and this melody have been inseparable.

In the next summer, while going abroad, the first officer of the Patria told me one evening that we were about where the Elbe sank. Immediately the melody appeared again in all its beauty and intense sadness, and while I write this, their plaintive mood draws my mind out to the bleak North Sea.

The teaching profession has many chances to observe this fascinating phenomenon, although perhaps not many teachers notice that sometimes, after having spoken of a certain student, a certain piano composition will appear clearly and sharply in their mind. It always will be a composition of which that particular pupil has made a particular failure or success, or that has given the teacher more pain or joy than any other. The reverse is true also,—that the sound of a composition will bring back certain pupils to one's mind, generally those who first took up its study.

In such a way music may bring back to our mind events of long ago. While using Liszt's Troubadour Phantasy, scenes from home of many years ago came into my mind again, and would not leave me throughout the whole lesson. Yes, even in my dreams that night I was home again.

This is explained very easily. My mother was very fond of Verdi's Troubadour and my sister, who sang very well, often sang parts of it for her, I playing the accompaniments.

But not alone in waking states, even into our dreams melodies will haunt us, as a recent experience dealing with this will prove. I am very fond of horses, and ride horseback regularly. Consequently my mind is filled with considerable horse-lore and all that belongs to it. The other night I had a wonderful time riding in my dream, until something woke me up. When I was quite awake I noticed the beginning of the sixth Liszt Rhapsody running through my mind which a pupil had played in the afternoon. I immediately began to hunt for the reason of its presence, for connection of horseback and rhapsody, and soon found it.

As I could not get the proper expression for the beginning measures, I suggested to her to imagine a troop of horsemen, singing as they rode along, just as the Cossacks used to do, when they entered the arena in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and here was the connection:

Riding—Cossacks singing—pupil—Rhapsody.

Perhaps some of my readers will smile, but to those acquainted with the Freudian theories this will appear quite clear.

Again, when I read of the Russian revolution, the last movement of Tschaikowsky's pathetic symphony occupied my mind for quite a while, but this is almost too plain an instance to be mentioned here.

Of course, such recalls do not always happen, and no doubt certain conditions are especially advantageous for it. For instance, an undisturbed or "empty" mind, as is necessary for suggestive experiments, will greatly help a melody to exert its full power, as the whole process is but a certain phase of the phenomenon of suggestion and even hypnotism.

Our mind is full of Leitmotifs, that closely connect the different acts, scenes and periods of our life's drama; and the whole scheme of Wagner's Leitmotif-Theory rests upon this psychologic foundation, dramatically, musically and emotionally, although Wagner most likely never looked upon it from that point of view. Genius creates spontaneously, and leaves it to

the theorist to explain the well-ordered laws of creation afterwards

Frequently it is quite difficult to find the stimulus for the appearing melody, or the connecting link, in spite of long and careful trailing. We are then confronted with an indirect or secondary stimulation, which has still another link mysteriously hidden. Yet the process is there, and the stimulus must be somewhere, for nature never skips.

We deal with a different kind of musical mind echo, when motives or whole compositions, with which we are at present more or less intensely occupied, insist upon staying in our mind. In this case we do not deal with a matter of recall or memory, but with mental fatigue, due to excessive over-stimulation of our auricular organ, whose delicate mechanism has been maltreated, overworked, and cannot come to rest. As a muscle will keep on twitching all night after over-exertion, so these cells keep on vibrating and the only remedy is to withdraw the blood from the brain—the gasoline of the nervous system—through a cold foot bath, and the engine will stop on account of lack of motive power.

Occasionally when a melody gets too persistent and haunts us to death, one can fight it with its own weapon; that is, with another melody. It is like stopping a forest fire with back-firing. I remember painfully how the tune of "Pony Boy" would not leave me for a long while after the first accidental hearing. I fight such musical intruders almost exclusively with Wagner's Prize Song from the *Mastersingers*. Why just this, I have no reason or idea, but it relieves me every time after a determined application.

Occasionally one stimulus will affect one or more minds at the same time. I remember that once when walking with a violinist, we both started whistling the same melody at precisely the same instant. In those days my knowledge of such things was nil, but I recollect that both of us were quite surprised over this simultaneous musical outburst. No doubt something that we both noticed at once suggested that melody to us.

To prove the cussedness of our mind and its unwillingness on the other hand to be ordered to do things, it may be pointed out that it is often absolutely impossible, or at least quite difficult, to force back the return of a melody that has so mysteriously appeared from out the subconscious life as it is to suppress it.

Reading of the taking of a city somewhere in Europe by one of the fighting armies, all at once a march stepped briskly through my mind. It was a composition in vogue '70-71 and known as

"Pariser Einzugs March." At that time I was still a small boy, and I cannot recollect that since that time I have heard that march again. But ever since this peculiar "recall" I have tried to force it back, tried with all the memory tricks, suggestive and mnemo-technical, but in vain. Evidently the "recall" was too brief, the second impression too fleeting, too weak, to make a new "record." But the whole experience shows how little we really know of the mysterious working of our cerebral machine, and how little real control we have over it. I am sure that some day that march will reappear just as mysteriously as it vanished, a musical or mental will o' the wisp, darting about in the nebulous realm of my subconsciousness.

The theory of the haunting melody, responding to the bidding of a feeling of emotion or situation, may also explain in a more dignified, not to say charitable way, the well known reproach of plagiarism in the works of composers. A wag once called it "unconscious quotation" and he built better than he knew, for in all serious cases it is, of course, done absolutely unbeknown to the composer. We shall not speak here of the taking over of whole melodies, motives, etc., but of that fine, subtle influence that can be traced in the works of different composers.

Although in such cases we never have the same thematic material, we may speak with absolute certainty of the influence of one work upon the other, as a result of that strong working chain of feeling, situation, tones, etc.

Compare, for instance, the slumber motive of Wagner's "Walküre" with the little movement in E in Schumann's "Child falling asleep" from the "Scenes of Childhood." By the shifting of a few notes in Schumann's motive we get Wagner's. Even the key is the same.



Although one is not at all a copy of the other, both are alike in a subtle sense, and both deal with slumber. Why should it not be possible that there was a *rapport* established in Wagner's mind between the idea of slumber and Schumann's motive resting long forgotten in his subconsciousness, but eager to respond to the slightest stimulus.

Take Schumann's "A Haunted Spot" from his "Forest Scenes" and then play "Lonesome Path" of Scharwenka's "Bergfahrt." Again it is not a verbatim "quotation," but the influence of one upon the other is unmistakable and the connecting link here is the imagination which fills a lonesome path with just such gruesome pictures as the Schumann composition illustrates and the poem suggests.

The flowers, tho' stately growing,
Are here pale like the dead;
But one stands in the middle
Which sheets are glowing red.

The sun gave not its color
From him no passion flowed;
But from the earth it cometh—
That earth drank human blood.

I met with a similar experience myself. Reading a little folk-song I took it to the piano to find a melody to it. It came instantly, and I sketched it down and then I left it. When I came back to it a few days later I noticed that the beginning had an "unpleasant" familiar ring to it, and after hunting for awhile I found it to be exactly like the slow middle part of Schumann's "Wanderlied."

Both the little folk-song and that part of Schumann's song deal with love in foreign lands, and the melody is as befitting to the one as to the other poem in its intense sentimental and yearning mood. Yet I do not remember having heard or sung or played Schumann's song since my conservatory days. Why should, then, this melody immediately present itself when I wished to set these words to music? It cannot be called plagiarism; its "find" was again due to the subtle influence of an emotion which lived in two persons, was embodied in two poems, and found the same musical expression. Instead of feeling quite humiliated over the matter, I was rather pleased that my musical feeling was evidently quite correct in choosing its medium of musical expression, and I have ever since been very careful of accusing decent musicians of pilfering the works of others, and

whenever I meet with an especially interesting instance I start out immediately to find the cause and the reason for it.

The beginning of Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique shows the nucleus of the beginning motive of the Tristan Prelude. The whole Tristan is nothing but the longing for love, the very motive is the motive of yearning, and we know that Beethoven all his life long was in exalted love with some woman and yearned for the return of this feeling. Could not here this feeling be the link between the two motives, fundamentally so similar?

We find the same phantom-like "unconscious quotation" in different works of the *same* master. In the second act of Lohengrin when Telramund speaks with shuddering fear of Ortrud's occult powers the orchestra sounds a sequence of chords, vague and unrelated. We have here only the nucleus of that wonderful mysterious motive Wagner uses for the expression of the same power in the Ring of The Nibelungen. Once in the Gotterdammerung prologue, where the three Norns spin the thread of Siegfried's life and in the last act of the Walküre where Wotan weaves the spell of sleep over Brünnhilde.



Whenever we find this subtle influence at work the material is always dressed in different musical garb and an inexpressible, yes,

often untraceable something makes itself felt, especially in Schumann's work. We know we have heard it, but where, when? Such musical experiences are most tantalizing. We are always almost within reach, ready to place what is so vaguely suggested, but we never can really grasp and hold it.

Compare the thematic material and moods of Tschaiikowsky's fifth Symphony with the finale of the sixth. The material is not the same by any means, but there are many prophetic lines in the fifth pointing to what is to come in the sixth. The fifth appears like a picture of the sixth, but seen through a mist, vague, indistinct, and barely recognizable, and it is in the sixth that these moods come to full realization.

When we look for a link between the two symphonies of the Russian composer we can easily find it in that mysterious tragedy which is said to have clouded his whole life.

Perhaps we might call such intimate relationship between musical expressions, musico-emotional affinities, if the whole phenomenon were not so phantom-like, so absolutely spiritual, even trans-mental, that it defies all naming or tracing.

But wherever we find them, we deal with the residue of emotional experiences, that are forever coming to the foreground and are the real foundation springs of all creations, may they reflect a tragedy, love, fight for principle, triumph or failure in life's deep struggle. And this close connection of feeling and creating of music might give us occasionally a clue to the true meaning of the music. It might reveal to us what forever vibrates in the composer's soul, that cannot come to rest, and fills all his works with that indefinable something, that the psychologist simply calls the recall, but that in reality is the echo of all that has sung through his whole life. Or is it a mysterious kind of energy, unmeasurable, not like mechanical or chemical energy, that ever so often explodes in a human brain and like radium forever gives out new elements without ever exhausting its first impetus?

Of all our mental phenomena, memory—physical and psychic—is the most wonderful. It is the central power of all our life's endeavor, joys and sorrows, and the haunting melody is one of its winged messengers to whom time and distances are unknown.

GUILLAUME LEKEU

(1870-1894)

By O. G. SONNECK

Enfin, ce pauvre Guillaume Lekeu tempérament quasi génial, mais mort à vingt-quatre ans avant d'avoir pu se manifester d'une manière complète. (Vincent d'Indy in his chapter on the "artistic family" of "père Franck").

TO die at the age of twenty-four and to leave a permanent mark in the Book of Art, of itself bespeaks genius. That is precisely the sad but proud record of Guillaume Lekeu. His case is more tragic than that of Schubert or Pergolesi. They, too, died young but not before Nature permitted them to shower on us the fruit of ripened genius. Fate treated Lekeu more cruelly: his life-thread was cut before he could possibly refine all the crudities of youth in the crucible of a mature mind. It would be futile to deny this and no friend of Lekeu's art has yet failed to acknowledge that occasional "écriture inégale" in his music on which Henri Maubel in his "Préfaces pour des musiciens" dwells feelingly and understandingly. Yet, no friend of Lekeu's art—and my own efforts in his behalf first took concrete form about as long ago as 1905—need apologize for his public espousal of an artist admittedly immature, for Lekeu's immaturity is more acceptable by far than the maturity of those unfortunate artists who long outlive their over-ripe productions. If Guillaume Lekeu did not live long enough to earn the full title of genius and master, his are at least the credentials of one almost a genius and almost a master. They have been honored as such by more critics than any other artist of so premature a death, I believe, has ever inspired to encomia, not to mention exponents of his art among conductors and performers. If men like d'Indy, Closson, Maubel, Pujo, Séré, de Stoecklin, Destranges, Tissier, Gauthier-Villars, Dukas, Vallas, Lyr, Debussy, Hale did not disdain to lay wreaths of laurel on the tomb of Guillaume Lekeu, the humble music-lover, if thrilled by Lekeu's music like those men were, need not take seriously professional myopes whom

Lekeu's youth misleads into disrespectful remarks about his music.

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Claude Debussy, who had introduced Lekeu's "Unfinished Quartet for piano and strings" to a Parisian public on February 1, 1896, under the auspices of the *Société nationale*, (since 1871 so valiant a herald of new talent) in his contribution to Landormy's enquête on the present state of music in France (*Revue bleue*, 1904) wrote:

"César Franck is not French, he is a Belgian. Yes, there is a Belgian school. Next to Franck, Lekeu is one of its most remarkable representatives, this Lekeu, the only musician to my knowledge whom Beethoven really inspired."

The same year that Debussy made this startling statement, —to be more specific, on Nov. 16, 1904—the Hoffmann Quartet with Miss Alice Cummings introduced the "Unfinished Quartet" to Boston. It elicited from the critic of the Boston Journal the terse comment:

Everywhere it breathes genius and causes regret for the untimely death of its creator at 24.

This was as close a replica of the usual French comment of Lekeu's art as one could desire. Philip Hale, so brilliant and able a champion of modern French music in those and earlier years and ever since, of course, shared his colleague's opinion. He remarked in the Boston Herald:

Lekeu's voice was his own. His music is not like that of other men; he thought in his own way and his emotional eloquence in this quartet is genuine and convincing. . . Such music does not suffer when played after a noble work by Beethoven, but it makes a work like that of Dvořák's which followed unendurable.

In fact, if I am not very much mistaken, it was Philip Hale whose voice was first raised in America in behalf of Lekeu with that authority and power which compels lazy ears to listen attentively. At any rate, as early as the year 1900, when Lekeu was still practically unknown in America, Philip Hale in his and L. C. Elson's remarkably up-to-date new series of "Famous Composers and their works," included this striking critical estimate of Lekeu based on Ernest Closson's biographical sketch in "Le Guide Musical," 1895:

Lekeu was distinctively of the young French school, and his music shows all the good qualities and all the faults of that school: independence of form, predominance of the idea, a gift of perhaps too refined tone color, fastidiousness in style, excessive boldness in harmony. But it should not be forgotten that the young composer was intoxicated with his freedom from pedagogism and fixed and fired with a ferocious hate of all applauded commonplaces and vulgarity. Chiefly remarkable in his writing are inexhaustible richness of invention, the very melodic character of his inspiration, and the fiery spontaneity and the peculiar intensity of individual feeling. His musical sentiment is characterized by tenderness, compassion and a premonition of death.

Still more critically concentrated, I think, is the opinion of Marcel Orban, who edited a few of Lekeu's letters for the *Courrier musical* in 1910:

if sometimes the tumultuous current of his ideas interferes with the neatness of the total ensemble, an extremely rare, a unique quality—the power to move—makes us forget imperfections which result from a magnificent surabundance of ideas and silences criticism.

Curiously enough, while Mr. Hale in 1904 so emphatically favored Lekeu's unfinished Quartet, the Boston correspondent of the German musical magazine "*Die Musik*," himself a German, was utterly nonplussed. So were most of the German critics when Stavenhagen and Berber played Lekeu's Violin Sonata about that time at Munich, Berlin, Leipzig. "Unclear," "vague," "amateurish," "sterile," these were some of the unfriendly epithets hurled at the sonata in addition to "immature." In good faith, of course, and without any *intentional* chauvinism. However, it would lead entirely too far, though it would be easy, to account for this strange exhibition of a misapplied nationalism which appraises the intrinsic value of a foreign work of art according to the presence or absence of the influence of one's own national art thereon and is responsible for the frequent undervaluation of César Franck in Germany just as much as for that of Johannes Brahms in France.

Other quotations might have been adduced as testimonials to Lekeu's talent or genius, whatever term one prefers; the above owe their selection in part to special reasons. They embody both a misconception and a contradiction which, unchallenged, might confuse the student of Lekeu and obscure the appreciation of his racial individuality. The contradiction lies in this that Philip Hale (and others) unreservedly group him with "the young French school" whereas Debussy, (seconded by Jean Huré and other French nationalists) emphatically considers him a Belgian, not a Frenchman, and sees in him one of the most

remarkable representatives of the Belgian School, next to César Franck. Debussy's sharp distinction will startle those whom wisdom or convenience has led to affix the same national label to Franck, Lekeu, d'Indy, Chausson, Debussy, Ravel, *e tutti quanti*. It will not startle those whose ears never quite could accept the doctrine that Franck's music sounds wholly Latin, much less wholly French. Now Debussy, whom no one will accuse of underestimating Franck's greatness as composer as he did that of Wagner, though he really owes very much more to Wagner than to Franck, cannot very well be accused of establishing a difference between tweedledum and tweedledee, inasmuch as the Belgians themselves will have none of the customary critical melting-pot and take a similar separatist view. The very fact that Lekeu after the disappointing study of certain cantatas by Paul Gilson and Edgar Tinel could exclaim in one of his letters: "Is a Belgian school of composers merely an illusion and a snare?" proves that the Belgians take the existence of a distinctively Belgian school for granted. Now Lekeu confesses his inability quite to follow Tinel because the text of his cantata is in Flemish, of which language he understands not a word! Wherewith the genealogists of music face the discomforting fact that the Belgian nation is a combination but not an amalgamation of two racial groups, different in language, temperament and consequently in art. Paradoxical as it may appear, if there is *one* Belgian school of music, there must of racial necessity be *two*. The whole matter has been summed up very neatly for those who are at all capable of reforming their opinions, by Mr. René Lyr in his chapter on Belgian music in Lavignac's remarkable "Encyclopédie de la musique du Conservatoire" (1914). *Without the contributions of our musicians surely French music would not be what it is*, he avers (quite correctly) and on this claim in behalf of Belgian music in general he superimposes the clear-cut distinction between a Flemish-Belgian school (Germanic) and a Walloon-Belgian school (Gallic-Latin), the one differing essentially from the modern French, the other from the modern German. Thus he presents Blockx and Benoit as Belgian composers of Flemish characteristics, César Franck and Lekeu as Belgian composers of Walloon characteristics. (In Franck's case, moreover, he records a German substratum, by reason of descent. Hence, a recent American program annotator was wiser than his smiling readers suspected when he compounded César Franck into "a French composer, Belgian by birth, but of German stock") Only if one takes into due account this belief and pride of Belgians in a dual Belgian

school, can one fully comprehend the significance of the comment of Lekeu's biographer Tissier on the impression created by his premature death: "the blow was crushingly cruel to all, for in Lekeu the qualities of heart and character reached up to his genius as an artist." The personality of their young friend endeared him to men like Ysaye, Crickboom, Voncken, Kéfer, but their jubilation over every new sign of progress in his art, their love and admiration for him and their public espousal of his works struck a deeper source than his sympathetic qualities of heart and character: they had seen in Guillaume Lekeu a young compatriot so richly endowed with promise that their fervent hope for an eventual successor to César Franck had come to be centered in him,



Premonition of death was at one time supposed to have inspired Brahms' "Vier ernste Gesänge" as well as Tschaiakowsky's "Symphonie pathétique." It did in neither case and it did not in the case of Lekeu's "Unfinished Quartet for piano and strings." Mr. Hale simply voices a current tradition which Alexandre Tissier in his authoritative pamphlet on Guillaume Lekeu (Verriers, 1906) took pains to shatter by declaring that "contrary to what often has been said, Lekeu never ceased to be of a gay, jolly, exuberant, enthusiastic disposition and never at any time had a premonition of his premature death." Indeed such a premonition of death would have been a rather protracted affair, of several years' standing, since the same element of sombreness, if not of piercing lament, pervades all of Lekeu's works and not only his "Unfinished Quartet."¹ Apparently Lekeu's frequent and characteristic "wail" was a matter of temperament with him. For that reason he might have developed into a kind of Leopardi of musical art without in the slightest letting this very same "wail" disturb or perturb his daily life as a mere human being. And if Tissier's statement is not accepted as binding, then we possess in its support a long series of letters written by Lekeu to his parents and Louis Kéfer during the years 1889-1893 and published with a prefatory note by Paul de Stoecklin in the "Courrier Musical" of 1906.

There is in these letters not the slightest trace of an abnormally gloomy disposition or view of life, much less of a premonition

¹Lekeu's art reminds me of Dante's lines in the "Purgatory". A place there is below not sad with torments, But darkness only, where the lamentations Have not the sound of wailing, but of sighs.

of death. They are the letters of a "serious young gentleman" of extraordinary mental equipment who enjoyed life, held his chosen art sacred and sought to live up to his motto "Everybody works and that is decidedly the only way to arrive at happiness." I quite agree with Marcel Orban, who ridicules the *presentiment of death* idea which people love to ascribe to great men and says that Lekeu was thinking of life only, with the gaiety and exuberance of his age, with enthusiasm, with an ardent desire for instruction and the creation of beautiful things. His mental evolution was simply more rapid than in ordinary mortals and that accounts for a seriousness of mind not often met with in artists so young. It accounts also, I think, for that remarkable self-critical attitude assumed by Lekeu toward his works as soon as the first flush of satisfaction with a piece of work well done had passed. Pride in his own accomplishment is noticeable, of course, but it seldom partook of that youthful naïve, overweening self-esteem on which most of us have reason to look back with amusement and which most of us coupled with (in retrospect) amusing annihilation of composers against whom we conceived for this or that reason an esthetic grudge. Lekeu had his antipathies, too,—for example he took an impulsive dislike to Magnard, sneered at the "nullities" of Ambroise Thomas, expressed disgust with Bruneau after he had succumbed to the pernicious influence of Zola, waxed sarcastic over the preferment of Massenet and his "Esclarmonde" to César Franck, felt his heart "frozen and bleeding" over such a situation which retarded the publication of Franck's scores and elicited from the great master at sixty this pathetic excuse for his publishers "If I perchance should become celebrated"—but his remarks on younger contemporary composers reveal a decided aptitude for benevolent critical neutrality and a judgment so well-balanced and clairvoyant as if it had been written to-day and not more than twenty years ago. But more important for the present purpose than Lekeu's characterization of certain works by d'Indy, Fauré, Charpentier, Chausson, Bordes and others is his artistic *credo* on the one hand and his conception of the essence of music on the other, since they open for us the road to a readier appreciation and easier grasp of Lekeu's art and aims. The pertinent observations to be culled from his letters to Louis Kéfer will speak for themselves, I think, without further comment on my part:

To Louis Kéfer; Dec. 16, 1889.

[César Franck's *Rédemption*] This is absolutely a colossal master-work. . . It is for me (Wagner's works always aside, it goes without

saying) the work of purest genius in sacred music since the D minor mass of the *God* Beethoven. . .

[When reading a trio by Kéfer] I have observed there again a psychological phenomenon which I often felt: reverie proceeding from mild and serene joy leads to melancholy and thence irresistibly to the idea of God.

To Louis Kéfer, January 18, 1890.

. . . Later I may be able to answer your recent question: *What does Franck think of program music?* I have not yet discussed this matter with him; yet, on the basis of his habitual attitude, I consider myself safe in telling you that his opinion of this problem (at bottom easier than it looks) coincides with that of Beethoven. . . *Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Tonmalerei* . . .

To Louis Kéfer, February 1, 1890.

I have asked Franck at last for his opinion on program music and here is his answer:

Whether music be descriptive, that is, busies itself with awakening the idea of something material, or whether music confines itself simply to a translation of a purely internal and exclusively psychological state of mind, matters not! It is merely necessary that a work be *musical* and above everything else *emotional*.

I do not know what you think of this opinion, which I consider reasonable enough; but to be perfectly candid, I do not believe that master Franck has weighed this problem often or securely, a problem which to my way of thinking led Berlioz astray, though its solution presents no forbidding difficulties.

However I should always prefer the last page of the *Quintet*, the first *Trio*, the *Symphony*, the *Quatuor* of Franck to his *Dynns*, notwithstanding the fact that the expressiveness of that piece, within its limits, is wonderfully musical.

To his mother, March 1, 1890

[On hearing "le 15^e quatuor du Dieu" Beethoven (op. 132) on which he subsequently wrote a brief expository essay, reprinted in the *Courrier Musical*, 1906] I am still trembling with the fever produced in me by that work, my impression certainly was the same as that of a blind man cured of cataract by a skillful operation.

To his musical deities Beethoven, Wagner, Franck here revealed, we must not fail to add Bach, an hour with whose "Well-tempered clavichord," for instance, he did not hesitate at Bayreuth to prefer to a reception at "Wahnfried"!

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Guillaume Leku was born at Heusy near Verviers on January 20, 1870. His parents moved to Poitiers (France) in 1879. There he entered the Lycée. Always one of the first of his class, he developed an aptitude for scientific knowledge so pronounced and

an interest in literature ancient and modern and the plastic arts so keen that he could not fail to impress his friends with his remarkable intellectual endowment. He graduated in 1888, entered the university at Paris and in due course took his bachelor's degree in philosophy before switching entirely to music as a profession.

We have Tissier's testimony that Lekeu's musical talent hardly revealed itself before his fourteenth year. He played a little violin and amused himself with the banalities of the day—when some pieces of Beethoven accompanied by a friend gave the first real impetus to his musical evolution. This was in 1885. On the strength of a few pianoforte and solfeggio lessons he then spent four years in assiduous study of Beethoven, Bach, Wagner, particularly of Beethoven, whose quartets he is said to have carried with him constantly. At Paris he had the good fortune to be thrown together with the many intellectual notables who gathered at Stéphane Mallarmé's receptions. Equally stimulating was his friendship with Gabriel Séailles and Tédor de Wyzewa. It was the latter who dissuaded Lekeu from entering the Paris Conservatoire and induced him to begin his professional musical studies under Gaston Vallin, a former *prix de Rome*.

When Lekeu finished his harmony course under Vallin in less than three months, his friends bethought themselves of César Franck as the only master capable of controlling effectively Lekeu's incredibly rapid development. They effected an introduction through the good offices of M. Read, a mutual friend. At first Franck is said to have demurred, but from the moment that he accepted Lekeu as pupil he appears to have taken a fatherly interest in his musical welfare. Tissier and with him de Stoecklin claim that Lekeu had only about twenty lessons from Franck at the rate of two lessons a week. I doubt that even a César Franck could have imparted to so talented a pupil the mysteries of the most complicated types of counterpoint in twenty lessons. Lekeu's letters prove that to be a legend, for he began his studies under Franck sometime in 1889 (probably in early fall) and continued them until a very few days before Franck's death on Nov. 8, 1890. His progress, as under Vallin, was exceedingly rapid, and Franck apparently did not believe in applying the professional speed-limit. Lekeu in his letters to Louis Kéfer, the director of the conservatory at Verviers, has given us a vivid description of Franck's method. He taught him counterpoint orally without the aid of a text-book for the simple reason that he considered all text-books deplorable.

Basing the counterpoint studies principally on themes of sacred music such as the *Stabat Mater*, or the *Dies irae* he demanded that the contrapuntal embroidery

1. sound well (i. e. be musical)
2. above all else be expressive.

He believed that only in this way could the studies be infused with life and that otherwise they would be mere documents of extreme dryness. His principal aim (as throughout his career as teacher) was to stimulate the productive imagination of the pupil, first by guiding him into every nook of the workshop of a Bach or Beethoven and secondly by urging him on to unconventional musical utterance of his own. "That marches as on wheels," he would exclaim and would encourage Lekeu to write from lesson to lesson as much as he possibly could, with the result that three or four days later the fascinated pupil would submit ten or twelve pages of music for examination by a master than whom there was no greater teacher in all Europe! Franck wished to reach the study of fugue as rapidly as possible, so that it might run parallel to a study of counterpoint in its more complicated aspects. And Lekeu perceived the *rationale* of his procedure as early as Nov. 19, 1889, when he wrote to Kéfer:

I have finished my studies in three-part counterpoint. . . This kind of thing is not exactly amusing, but I feel that it gives to my musical pen an incredible fluency and I attend to it seriously.

And as Lekeu descended deeper and deeper into the intricacies of counterpoint the more affectionate the relations between the two grew, the master spending with open hand in valuable advice from the treasure-house of his experience as a composer, the pupil seeking it with open heart and reverential respect for his teacher's genius. Then César Franck died in November, 1890. We know from Lekeu's letter to Kéfer on April 15, 1891, how completely Franck's death stunned him:

In December [sic!] the death of my "cher Maître." When at the beginning of the new year, I saw myself freed from my extravagant occupation, [he had substituted in fall of 1890 as a teacher of Greek], when I could set myself to work again, I succeeded only in writing horrors without name, which I have grouped under the title of a *Trio* for piano, violin and violoncello.

I was completely bewildered; I passed four or five days a week smoking and watching the implacable rain pour down and telling myself how wise it would be to jump out of the window. But, since verily there are other things to do than to watch the down-pour, I forced myself,

best as I knew how, to do regular work. I plunged back into counter-point, double chorus and fugue and that sort of thing now marches *cakia-cakia*.

Also, Vincent d'Indy, whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make, urges me in the friendliest spirit to work a lot. At every meeting he asks me if I have something new to show him. Thus I do not despair of being seized again by that fever for work which held me captive all last year. . .

It was indeed fortunate for Lekeu (and for us) that Vincent d'Indy, artistically *père* Franck's greatest son, stepped into the breach to act, as it were, as step-father to the orphan and as the pilot without whom perhaps, after all, Lekeu would have drifted on the rocks. Needless to say, Lekeu fully appreciated at their true value the eminent qualities of Vincent d'Indy as a teacher of composition. And when the time had come to put his talents and his technique to an actual concrete test, he followed Vincent d'Indy's advice to compete, notwithstanding his extreme youth, for the Belgian Rome prize in 1891, though it prevented him, very much to his regret, from journeying to Bayreuth. Victor in the preliminary test for admission (counter-point and fugue) his cantata received but the second-second prize. Utterly disgusted with the verdict of the jury, Lekeu forthwith renounced all ambition for further trial of strength in similar competitions, without, however, decrying the benefit of self-assurance to be derived from such contests. The next two years and a half were devoted to work incessant and fruitful with no biographical incidents worth recording here, except perhaps his trip to Aix-la-Chapelle in October, 1892, to hear Schumann's *Paradies and Peri*. "A sublime work of incomparable poetry" as he calls it in a letter of October 28, 1892, from Heusy to his mother, which contains this observation:

But what an astonishing thing the German public is! While fully appreciating and loving this or that interpreter, it does not tender them a personal ovation; all applause is delayed until after the last note of the work and then is intended for everybody, for choristers, orchestra, conductor, soloists, but above all for the memory of Robert Schumann. From the start it is not a question of the singer, but of the work and its beauty. Just the reverse of the French and Belgian practice. It explains in good measure the depth of thought in German musical works; the composer knows that he will always have a "listening" audience. What perpetual encouragement! To know that one will be judged on the merit of one's case!

In the fall of 1893, just when he began to enjoy full control of his powers and shortly after the first performance of his *Fantasie symphonique* on two folk-songs of Anjou at Verviers under his

own direction, he showed the initial signs of his lingering illness, contracted, it was diagnosed, from contaminated sherbet. Surrounded by his family Guillaume Lekeu died of typhoid fever on January 21, 1894, at Angers. On April 29 his friends organized a concert in honor of his memory so that the public might share their conviction of the great loss sustained by the world of music. The concert took place at Paris, at the Salle d'Harcourt, under the direction of Vincent d'Indy and with the coöperation of Mme. Deschamps-Jehin, Eugène Ysaye and A. Pierret. The program consisted of Lekeu's song "Sur une tombe," a scene from his ill-starred cantata "Andromède," his Violin sonata and his *Fantaisie symphonique* just mentioned.



Lekeu's best known works found their way into the concert-hall rapidly, but only gradually to the printing-press after Vincent d'Indy had sifted the manuscripts and prepared them for publication. Presumably that explains the surprise expressed by some critics at the light *baggage* left by the young composer. This impression was faulty. A glance into the list of his works printed by his principal publisher, E. Baudoux & Cie. (now Rouart, Lerolle & Cie.) of Paris on the cover of Lekeu's Violin Sonata or into the bibliography appended by Octave Séré to his chapter on Lekeu in his valuable book on "Musiciens français d'aujourd'hui" (1911) leads to a totally different conclusion. Here it is with a few added or corrected dates:

Piano-forte: Tempo di Mazurka (comp. about 1887, Poitiers, Alb. Alliaume).

Trois pièces: 1. Chansonette sans paroles. 2. Valse oublié. 3. Danse joyeuse (comp. 1891; Liège, veuve L. Muraille, 189-).

Sonata (comp. April, 1891; Baudoux, 1900)

Songs: La fenêtre de la maison paternelle (A. de Lamartine; comp. 1887. Unpublished).

Chanson de Mai (comp. 1891; Jean Lekeu; Baudoux, 1900).

Trois poèmes (Guillaume Lekeu). 1. Sur une tombe. 2. Rondo. 3. Nocturne (comp. 1892; Baudoux, 1894. The "Nocturne" exists also with string orchestra accompaniment by Lekeu himself).

Mélodie—L'ombre plus dense (G. Lekeu; comp. 1893. Liège, Veuve L. Muraille).

Les Pavots (A. de Lamartine; Rouart-Lerolle, 1909).

Chamber music: Adagio pour deux violons et piano (1888; unpublished).

Sonate pour piano et violon (comp. 1892; Baudoux, 1894 or 1895; a transcription for piano and violoncello by Ronchini published by Rouart, Lerolle et Cie, 1912).

Trio pour piano, violon et violoncelle (1891; Rouart-Lerolle, 1908).

Sonate pour piano et violoncelle (unfinished, prepared by V. d'Indy for publication by Rouart-Lerolle, 1910, but apparently not yet published).

Quatuor pour piano, violon, alto et violoncelle (comp. 1893, unfinished; prepared by V. d'Indy for publication by Baudoux, 1896).

Orchestra: Première étude symphonique: *Chant de triomphe de délivrance* (1889; Rouart-Lerolle, 190-; score en location).

Deuxième étude symphonique. 1. *Sur Hamlet* (unpublished.) 2. *Sur le second Faust* (Goethe; comp. 1890; Rouart-Lerolle, 190-; score en location).

Adagio pour quatuor d'orchestre, op. 3, (comp. 1891?; Rouart-Lerolle, 1908).

Poème pour violon et orchestre, (unfinished and unpublished).

Epithalame pour quintette à cordes, trois trombones et orgue (about 1891; unpublished).

Introduction et Adagio pour orchestre d'harmonie avec tuba solo obligé (1891, unpublished).

Fantaisie symphonique sur deux airs populaires anjevins (comp. 1891-1892, Rouart-Lerolle, 1909, also 4 hd. arr. publ.).

Operas and choral works: Barberine (A. de Musset; 1889; sketches; unpublished).

Les Burgraves (V. Hugo; fragments; unpublished)

Chant lyrique pour chœur et orchestre (1891; unpublished).

Andromède, poème lyrique et symphonique pour soli, chœurs et orchestre (Jules Sauvenière, comp. 1891; vocal score, Liège, veuve L. Muraille).

Baudoux's list is even more extensive than this as regards unpublished songs, pianoforte and chamber-music; it reaches the formidable total of about sixty compositions finished or unfinished or existing merely in form of sketches. And all this in less than seven years; and his weighty works in barely four and a half! What renders this record of industry still more amazing is the fact that sickness and other circumstances would force upon Lekeu a cessation or retardation of work for weeks and even months at a time, or when during the last three months of 1890, he substituted for a friend as teacher of Greek, Latin, etc. Furthermore it appears from his letters that he was not or at least did not consider himself a rapid worker. An amusing illustration of this fact he has recorded for us in a letter to Kéfer, June 15, 1891. Commenting

¹Séré gives 1890, but that is impossible, since E. Clousson in the *Guide Musical*, April 12, 1896, mentions among the works so far published by Baudoux Lekeu's Violin Sonata, with allegorical title-page figure by Carlos Schwabe, "à la mémoire de notre Guillaume."

on his diffidence to enter the *prix de Rome* contest because of the short time (three days) allotted to the candidates for the fugue in four parts and chorus with orchestra in the preliminary test he writes:

I have never been able to write a fugue in less than six days. As for the chorus with orchestra I have tried to compose one in as short a time as possible, with the result that it took me eight days.

* * *

Brief as was Guillaume Lekeu's career and restricted the number of his works available for performance, his position in the history of modern music—music of *yesterday* if confronted with Schönberg or Scriabin, but modern nevertheless—is prominent enough to warrant as comprehensive a presentation of biographical data as is possible or as space will permit. For that purpose Lekeu's letters published by Mr. de Stoecklin in the "*Courrier musical*" (1906) and repeatedly quoted in the preceding pages, are biographical documents of prime importance. So far as I know these letters have not been accessible heretofore in English and to students and admirers of Lekeu the translated extracts forming the major part of this essay will therefore, I hope, be welcome, grouped somewhat differently from the original publication in order to comply with chronology as much as is possible. They afford a clear view not only of Lekeu's character and of biographical episodes, but they disclose the genesis of some of his best and most ambitious works whether actually completed or not. Mr. de Stoecklin published the letters with numerous elisions. This perhaps accounts for the absence of reference or for the meagreness of reference to certain works, as for instance the Violoncello sonata, the Pianoforte sonata, the *Fantasia symphonique* on two folk-songs of Anjou. It is more than probable that these gaps would be filled by a publication of Lekeu's other correspondence not yet accessible in print. One would wish to know more about the genesis of these works, as also of the *Chant lyrique* for chorus and orchestra, (the score has been permitted to rest unpublished in the archives of the Société royale d'Emulation of Verviers after the first—and last—performance of the work at a concert of this society on December 3, 1891, had met with an "enormous success" according to Marcel Orban) or of the *Concerto for tuba and orchestra*. This odd concerto, according to the same authority, has remained absolutely unknown to the public, though it contains "wonderful things." To make matters

worse a certain Mr. Paniel, for whom it was composed, claims to have lost the precious manuscript.

That the letters do not mention Lekeu's pianoforte pieces need not be regretted: few critics would hesitate to throw them out of court. Divisions of opinion about Lekeu's songs is more probable, yet again few critics would care to go as far as Des tranges and Closson in their praise. My own estimate is this: Lekeu, like Beethoven, does not appear always to have been quite at ease when writing for the voice. I doubt that he would have become a great master of the *Lied*. For instance, his "Chanson de Mai" (June 23, 1891) to words by his brother Jean is not very valuable; a certain youthful swing and tenderness cannot be denied to this spring-song, but it is not original and its profile is marred by the excessive employment of pot-boiler chords of the ninth. The simple, nocturnesque "Mélodie" to Lekeu's own words stands higher. If the poet perhaps was inspired in his apostrophe to "this night of December" by memories of Poe's "Ulalume" the musician vividly, at least in the middle-section, recalls Beethoven. On the title-page this song is called "Oeuvre posthume 1893" whereas Lekeu's most important songs, the cycle of his own "Poèmes: Sur une tombe—Rondo—Nocturne," are dated 1892. (They were actually finished in December of that year. Without these dates every one would claim for these songs a wide step forward!) Famous as these songs are said to have become in France and Belgium, they do not impress me as deeply as does Lekeu's chamber music, mainly because they are not essentially vocal in style. The voice part is not treated badly, on the contrary, but it is not independent enough from the piano part. Indeed, the songs almost gain if arranged as pieces for the piano with Lekeu's own poems as mottos instead of the lines by Lamartine, Verlaine, Hugo that are prefixed as such. When the voice does not travel unisono with the piano, the separation follows declamatory more than stilistic reasons.

Apart from such more or less technical objections, the *Poèmes* in all fairness demand serious interest and respect. They strive toward that freedom of musical speech which is so characteristic of latter-day songs and which will conjure the censure of incoherence the moment the voice-part is severed and studied away from its twin, the piano-part. Though the "Rondo" is full of esprit, almost catchy, "Sur une tombe" and the "Nocturne" lent themselves best to Lekeu's introspective, brooding manner, a conclusion verified from the fact that the young composer took pains to provide his favorite, the "Nocturne," also with an

accompaniment transcribed for orchestra, which is said to be impressively beautiful. The three songs are very difficult of interpretation, and this difficulty will always stand between them, the singer and the public. But thoughtfully interpreted they must conquer every sensitive connoisseur of song. Yet he would find that the impression created does not result wholly from the music: Leku, the poet, deserves his share of approval, since his exquisitely impressionistic blank verses lead the composer without effort to interesting rhythmical experiments and to melodic curves of extraordinary breadth. As a specimen of Leku's poetic gifts, his "Nocturne" (a landscape seen with the eyes of the soul, as it has been called) may follow here:

Des prés fontains d'azur sombre où
fleurissent les étoiles, descend, lente et
précieuse, la caresse d'un long voile
d'argent pâli dans le velours de l'ombre.

Aux branches des bouleaux, des
sorbiers et des pins, la tenture suspend
ses long plis de mystère où dort le
sommeil des chemins et l'oubliuse
paix de rêve et de la terre.

L'air frais et pur, dans les feuilles,
Laisse mourir un lent soupir
Si doux qu'il semble le désir
Des défunctes vierges aimées
Cherchant l'invisible joyau
Que va berçant près du ruisseau
La chanson murmurante et douce
De l'onde rieuse en la mousse. . .
La lune resplendit comme une agraffe
d'or! et parfumant la plaine heu-
reuse, la bruyère s'endort dans l'om-
bre lumineuse.

From distant meadows of sombre
blue, where the stars flower, descends
slowly and exquisitely the caress of a
long silvery veil, pale in velvet shadows.

From the branches of birches, sorbs,
and pines the drapery suspends its
long mysterious folds where rest in
slumber the paths and the forgetful
peace of dreams and of the earth.

The fresh and pure air lets die in
the leaves a slow sigh so sweet that it
resembles the desires of maidens once
loved, now dead, but still in search of
the invisible jewel that lulls asleep
in the moss near the rivulet the mur-
muring, lovely song of its smiling
ripples.

The moon is resplendent like a golden
locket! and wafting delicious odors
through the happy plains. All noise
is lulled asleep in the illumined shadows.

In July and August, 1889, Leku, in company with his friends de Wyzewa and Guéry, made a musical pilgrimage to Germany, visiting Munich, Frankfort, Nuremberg and especially Bayreuth. Even to-day his letters home make good Wagnerian reading and will release memories of similar Wagnerian impressions in those of us who in those days, too, had their first full taste of the magician of Bayreuth. For instance, on August 1 he wrote from Munich:

The day before yesterday I saw at the Munich opera an immense master-piece: The Flying Dutchman of Wagner. Simply prodigious! And the performance! Yes, Germany is a country in every way more than extraordinary. . . It is a powerful and admirable work proceeding without intermission from *Fidelio*. What will it be at Bayreuth?

and on Aug. 12 from Bayreuth after having heard *Tristan*, the *Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*.

... Wagner can absolutely not be understood from the piano, to hear or rather to see one of his dramas is to enter an entirely new world of which until now I had no conception. One cries almost all the time: *Parsifal* has made me passionately religious and I feel a smothering longing to go to Mass (for that is the only thing resembling Wagner's super-human revery). And to think that I am to hear again *Tristan* and after that the *Meistersinger*.

From these quotations one might infer that Lekeu did not begin to sketch his opera "*Barberine*" until after he had come under the spell of Bayreuth. Yet his letter to Köfer of November 19, 1889, undermines this inference:

My humble felicitations (on the success of Köfer's symphony) may appeal to you like mustard after supper and yet, my dear Sir, I beg of you to accept them and to believe in their sincerity.

My uncle recently informed me of the kind interest with which you spoke of me. I hardly know how to thank you for this new sign of affection and I cannot find suitable words to thank you for your request of a musical work through my uncle. I should very much like to be at your service, but I really cannot as yet. Please listen instead, my dear Sir, to this recital of events.

... Since May I am working on a scenic study in three characters (I omit three others, as they are of no importance for the sense of the work): a study after Alfred de Musset's charming comedy *Barberine*. My score will have two acts, I hope to finish in one or two months (let us say by January 1) the first act. Though not completely. I sketch the music on three, four, five or even eight and ten staves, multiplying the instrumental indications, but the orchestral score has not been started even, very much less the arrangement for piano, the very thought of which makes my hair stand on edge. So you see that I have at least a year of work ahead of me, and serious work at that, before I shall reach the end of my little drama.

So far I need not complain about myself. Indeed I confess quite frankly to have realized my intentions fairly well. Without false illusions, however, about the value of this first work for the stage, since I feel only too well how the master of Bayreuth rests with all his formidable weight on my thoughts, after all I merely sought to follow him, to be straightforward and accurate in the declamation, expressive and musical in the instrumentation and furthermore scenic. Now to-day a friend of mine, an actor at the Odéon, assures me that Mme. Lardin, sister of de Musset, would never permit the performance of the work (if by some lucky chance that opportunity should arise) nor the performance of excerpts at a concert. It would seem that she rejects absolutely all the numerous requests for permission to adopt musically her brother's dramas and comedies. ... At any rate, if an orchestra is willing, I can always at my expense and unhindered by Mme. Lardin, have the purely symphonic parts of my work played. But I find only two excerpts fit for concert performance and the first will lose much, I fear, away from

the stage a fragment of the second scene of the first act and the prelude for the second.

My first act will have no prelude; I thought this best since the principal character does not appear until the second act.

The prelude, then, is reserved for this entry in the second act: it will depict the loveliness of Barberine, her goodness of heart, her love and her devotion to her husband. This is a fine program, to be sure, but. . . I have not yet written a note of it. Without doubt (since four fifths of the first act are finished) I may avail myself of several of the motives as a foundation for this symphonic piece.

Still, I shall require two or three other motives. Because useless for the first act, I have reserved them exclusively for the second; the business, then, remains of putting all these themes in order for a concise piece of orchestral music.

I propose to put my hand to this prelude the moment I see the end in sight of the second act. As soon as it is finished I shall show it to my master Franck and it will give me a real pleasure to send you the score. . . I have also an introduction to *La Coupe et les Lèvres* in my head, but that is practically only in the state of a mere project. . .

To Kéfer, Paris, Dec. 16, 1889.

. . . Recently I wrote to you about my "future" scenic essay: *Barberine*. I have abandoned it. For this very intimate drama I composed a Prelude. I showed it to Franck: it pleased him very much and he did not withhold his compliments (far from it!). Yet he advised me against writing for orchestra too soon. I shall follow his advice. Nevertheless the orchestration of this Prelude is entirely sketched, nothing remains to be done except to transcribe it in score. The same applies to a symphonic study in form of a *Chant de triomphale délivrance* which I finished about a month ago on four or five staves surcharged with instrumental indications. These two pieces and my fugue, there you have a list of my works since October. . .

The above reference to his "first symphonic study" called *Chant de triomphale délivrance* disposes of the assertion by Tisier, de Stoecklin (who edited the letters!) and others that the work was first performed under Kéfer in 1889, before Lekeu "had received a single lesson in composition." That is at best a doubtful compliment. We must not forget that in November Lekeu already had developed the habit of taking his oracle in counterpoint, César Franck, into his compositional confidence and certainly not without profit. As a matter of fact, the *Chant de triomphale délivrance* was not performed by Kéfer, to whom it is dedicated, at a concert of the Verviers conservatory until April 13, 1890. The history of this performance is sufficiently outlined for biographical purposes in the following three letters:

To Kéfer, Paris, January 18, 1890.

. . . You will receive with this mail a manuscript which without doubt will impress you as being unreasonably long. Excuse me, its

length and my boldness in dedicating to you my first work for orchestra. But I believed that this dedication was yours of right because of all the kindness you have shown me and because of all the things that I have concocted so far it is the only one that satisfies me. I have worked on it since November. The last five or six pages of the score I attacked six or seven times. I finally saved only the version which appeared to me to be the most concise and precise. . .

Tell me frankly what you think of it, for I am very young and at twenty, one hardly ever has the good fortune to meet so devoted a friend as you in other words, it would not pain me in the slightest, not even after the happy news from you, if I had to wait some time, even some years, before appearing in public. Above all I must ripen

March, 1890, to his mother

I have heard yesterday the first rehearsal of my *Etude symphonique*. On the whole, I was satisfied. It sounds well, it is an orchestra à la Beethoven and Kéfer has again told me, warmly pressing my hands, that the fugue is "prodigieusement charpentée." However, I shall make a few little changes, not melodic or harmonic, but orchestral. Yesterday's rehearsal took place under particularly disadvantageous conditions. For an hour and three quarters Kéfer had kept the musicians busy rehearsing his symphony; tired, they were about to leave the hall, when Kéfer called them back and requested them to try over a work by one of their compatriots. They went about it sawing and blowing as best they knew how, but the horns and trombones, not knowing the work at all, missed many entries. When they had finished they began to applaud and I had to rise, (I was seated hidden in a corner of the hall) and bow my acknowledgements right and left, after which I had to shake hands for five or six minutes. All that will make you laugh, and yesterday I felt like doing likewise. The main point, however, is: it is good music and feasible.

At the next concert a piece (Again!) by *Vosséfant* will be performed. This little piece (which you will certainly hear) is a *bonne blague* invented by me and Massau (violinist, professor at the Conservatory of Verviers)

First a violin and violoncello take their place at their desks, all others remaining vacant. They wait a little while for the others, who do not appear, and then play a motive of "Crampignon" (first the violin, then the violoncello takes it up accompanied by the violin in imitative counterpoint).

While they are playing, an alto arrives, sits down and takes up the motive. And during all the succeeding entries (in a goose-march, as it were) of the string instruments, a little fugue is rolled off without interruption.

Then comes an oboe: he wants to take up the theme, but bizarre chords impose silence on him after two futile attempts. In the meantime a clarinet has entered and chants a melody, calm and interpretative of the pleasure one feels when making music with friends. This melody is treated in an adagio of five or six lines. Then the horn and bassoons take part in the sport; the volume of sound increases, finally the violins intone victoriously the chant of the clarinet and at the

same time the basses, doubled by the bassoon, take up the theme of *crampignon* which served as subject for the fugue. (Just like in the *Masteringers*).

You see, my dear Mother, one can write *blagues* [hoaxes] in music as well as in literature. But I have tried to make this caprice amusing and yet very musical. I believe it will sound marvelously well. Almost all the successive entries are amusing and unexpected; especially a fortissimo entry of the double bass solo. . .

I have not been able to identify this reversed shadow of Haydn's "Abschieds-Symphonie" in Baudoux's list of Lekeu's works. Perhaps the score has disappeared. That would be regrettable, for an opportunity to hear Lekeu's whimsical piece ought to prove most entertaining on a suitable occasion. Indeed, just for the fun of it—and we need a little more fun in music—one might wish to see Lekeu's *blague* and Haydn's *blague* put in juxtaposition on a program.

Again it is a letter to Kéfer which acquaints us with the conception and genesis of one of Lekeu's "serious" and ambitious works, nothing less than a triptych, however incongruous. He writes from Paris, on May 22, 1890:

. . . I have undertaken *une grosse machine* in three parts for orchestra (and male chorus in the third). I shall tell you below of the subject and the plan. Here, first of all, my reasons for hoping to hear this work at an early date. M. Voncken [violinist, professor at the Verviers conservatory] has requested of me for the annual concert de l'Emulation a work for orchestra and chorus. Furthermore, recently I was introduced to M. Louis de Romain, who with Jules Bordier is in charge of the artistic enterprise of the concerts at Angers. This gentleman treated me charmingly and asked me to let him have in August, when he next visits Paris, the score of a symphonic piece. I have set myself the task of finishing for his purpose and by that date the first part of my *Poème*.

Here is the point of this heavy job. I should like to make a Musical Study after Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. The first part has for a motto "*To die—to sleep;—To sleep! perchance to dream. . .*" You see that this is precisely Hamlet's character.

But this character, I feel neither old nor strong enough to adequately depict: that task requires a Beethoven! But at least I can attempt to illustrate musically some principal traits of the character: the thirst of death, the march of his mind toward this idea, seeing first in Death a deliverance and then fear of finding beyond the grave painful surprises; his hatred, thereupon, of all the rank evil which surrounds him (his counsellors, his mother, his step-father). Thus I am also led to reveal the honesty of this extraordinary soul, his profound love of the good, his eternal attachment to his father.—You see that this is not a small affair. Many things will still have to be considered and translated, for the complexity of this character (so astonishingly *one*, after all) is truly crushing.

Well! I have resolutely set myself to the business! Even before leaving for Verviers I was spending much thought on it.

I have finished the first part. Now I must prepare the entrance of the themes of hate and combine them symphonically with the motives of Invocation of Death.

The second part will have as epigraph: "*Das Ewig-weibliche zieht uns hinan*" (the last words of the second Faust): the consolation that Death will not perhaps procure and which the troubled soul asks of Love. But there again, complete deception, and the themes of grief return still more certain of their victory.

The third part will have as epigraph: "*O proud Death! What feast is toward in thine eternal cell That so many princes at a shot so bloodily has struck?*" This is the definitive triumph of Grief—There is one thing against which I must guard myself: to want to narrate in music concrete facts (program music), for instance, the apparition of the ghost and other *bêtises*. Under no circumstances do I wish to attempt rewriting in music Shakespeare's drama. My desire is merely to essay a translation into music of some of my impressions gained from the frequent reading of *Hamlet*. For example, the third part will not be a funeral march (Berlioz has made one on this subject), but a piece of music, (in very moderate tempo) into which I shall try to put utmost sorrow, deriving it nominally from the Invocation of Death and the heinous imprecations of the first part.

Was "*Hamlet*" performed at Angers in 1890? Probably letters of Lekeu not yet published would answer that question. Those edited by Stoecklin (with elisions) do not. Yet one feels inclined to deduce an affirmative answer from the tenor of Lekeu's letter to Kéfer on April 15, 1891, the one informing his friend of the depressed state of mind in which the death of his "*cher maître*" Franck had left him:

"At Angers [the letter was written in Paris, apparently after a return from Angers] I have heard a good rehearsal of a little orchestral piece which I composed last summer (the second part of an *Étude symphonique* in three parts) [obviously the "*Faust*" movement] and as it did not sound disagreeable, I took a little courage. . . I shall revise completely, I might say, re-compose the first part of this my second symphonic study, for when I set about to write the third part, the first impressed me as being more *nulls* than the collected works of Ambroise Thomas.

That he did not carry out this plan, is a further deduction from his letter to Kéfer. At any rate it would offer a plausible explanation of the fact that the "*Hamlet*" (and also the third) movement remained unpublished, whereas the score of the second, the *Faust* movement, seems to have been printed, though, in keeping with that regrettable practice of French and Italian publishers, *en location* only.

"Horrors without name, which I have grouped under the title of a Trio for piano, violin and violoncello." With these not very flattering remarks Lekeu in his letter to Kéfer of April 15, 1891, would seem to refer to the least known (and least coherent) of his chamber music works, finished early in 1891 after he had recovered from the blow dealt him by Franck's death, but commenced early in 1890, and apparently, after the completion of the first movement, laid aside in favor of his *grosse machine* in three parts. I say on purpose "would seem to refer" because the letters quoted below in which other references to the *Trio* occur contain a contradiction. In one of them he mentions a trio for piano, violin and *alto* (underscoring the word *alto*) which leads us almost to suspect that Lekeu at that time was actually working on two different trios, one for the customary combination of piano, violin and violoncello, the other for the rather unusual combination just mentioned! The earliest allusion to a trio I find in Lekeu's letter to Kéfer from Paris, February 1, 1890:

I just left my admired master, Franck, who for half an hour bombarded me with compliments on the first four pages (all I have written in a month) of a Trio for piano, violin and violoncello.—But enough of this.

On April 26, 1890, Lekeu then informs Kéfer that César Franck is

quite satisfied with what I have shown him of the Trio on which I am busy. He warmly encouraged me to persevere in this heavy and irksome task. Hence, I have thrown myself into it with refreshed strength.

It is in his letter to Kéfer of May 22, 1890, that the *alto* is mentioned instead of the violoncello. In these words:

I work much. I do not mean counterpoint; one has to submit to these annoying but indispensable scholasticisms! I have finished the first movement of a Trio for piano, violin and *alto*. The adagio will have been written (at least I hope so) in one or two months. I showed the work to father Franck, who is very much satisfied with it. In fact, I expect to dedicate it to him (which is but natural.)

Between these letters falls one written from Heusy on March 1, 1890, to his mother, which affords a further valuable clue to Lekeu's type of mind as a composer. (After all, he was a "programmatic" composer and not a formalist). The letter runs:

The last piece of my Trio is definitely attacked: two pages are written. The rest simmers feverishly in my head. Here is what I should like to express in this first movement. I have all the themes:

1°. *Introduction*: Grief, a ray of hope, fugitive, too short, brusquely driven off by the sombre reverie which, alone, expands and prevails.

2°. *Allegro molto*. The sorrow of melancholy; always to be in battle with matter and with the memories of victory over matter! temporary and torturing. Grief reappears; cries of hate resound and the malediction has plain sailing. The violin issues an appeal of despair: who will deliver me of this torture? The hellish ritornelle answers; the violoncelle [sic!] unites with the violin to proclaim anew the supplication; once more the ritornelle replies. A contest ensues, desperate, between the two ideas (Here it is where I have stopped). The plan of the rest is as follows:

The contest seems to come to an end. Is it to be the end of the suffering?

The melody of Hope of the Introduction reappears. But brusquely Grief, as if irritated by this consoling calm, takes possession of her empire. The cries of hate become more numerous, the fugue in its winding course sweeps them away. Melancholy, too, in an attempt to rend the clouds, is driven off; expelled also all hope; and in impotent lassitude the first section ends as if proclaiming in darkest silence the triumph of Evil.

But, dear Mother, rest assured that the other sections correct the first and the finale will be the luminous development of *Goodness* if I am at all able to cope with that task worthily.

I am satisfied with what I have done so far. With patient travail I hope to reach the end of this work, which I feel to be so beautiful, above all so expressive, and I compel myself to put my whole being into it. Let us hope that you may hear it within a year.

On April 15, 1891, Lekeu had occasion to thank Kéfer for his willingness to lend the string section of his orchestra for the performance of a little piece composed for the approaching marriage of his friend, A. Guignard. It was his unpublished *Epithalame*: "This ensemble of strings, trombone and organ ought not, I think, sound full of holes." April, 1891, is also the date affixed to the printed score of his "Sonate pour piano," yet I can find no mention of this work in the letters published by de Stoecklin. Unfortunately so, for it might have helped to check up Marcel Orban's statement:

A *Suite* for piano was published after his death under the title of Sonata. He did not consider it more than a study in composition; but it is a study of real beauty. The fugue remains a monumental example of the genre.

That Lekeu in letters not yet published speaks of this sonata is clear, since Orban quotes a line from one of these (without further data) to the effect that: "This passage I should not to-day write again, but the fugue is *bien*."

In the absence of documentary evidence, I hesitate to accept Urban's story. The reverse process would have been more plausible: to change the title of sonata to that of suite, as the following little exposé will illustrate.

Lekeu prefixed these verses of George Vanor to the work as a motto (serviceable for a suite as much as for a sonata):

"Comme une mère veille auprès de son enfant
Elle a bercé de ses chansons ma mûle fièvre.
La bonne fée, elle a ranimé de sa lèvre
Ma lèvre, et rafraîchi pour moi, l'air étouffant."

The music is in keeping with these verses, although it is music with a motto rather than "programmatic" music in the routine sense. The "mûle fièvre" and the "air étouffant" predominate, but since one has to live up to one's motto the "bonne fée" ultimately comes into her own. It is music as from another world, undisturbed by market noise or by witty fashionable gossip. Immature and youthfully crude in spots, to be sure, but like MacDowell's first suite, an astonishing example of adolescent genius. It is unlike MacDowell's suite, however, in its almost ascetic avoidance of brilliant hues, albeit full of color otherwise. The sonata inherited its gait from Bach, its mysticism from Franck and its profile (as seen through a veil) from Wagner.

Academicians among critics will deny to the work its title of sonata. Not without cause, for at best Lekeu wrote a sonata in the original sense of a piece to be played on an instrument and certainly not a sonata in the modern sense of the term: the first and last of the five movements excepted—practically a prelude and an epilogue—the composer revels in a series of strictly contrapuntal fugal movements with just a trace of the so-called sonata-form! Combine this fact with the *fin de siècle* harmonic boldness of the work, its somewhat morbid program, and an impression is produced as if Sweelinck or some other forerunner of Bach had returned to earth, had listened to our modern ways of making music, and had retired to some organ-loft to improvise an organ phantasy in the "modern" style. Not without clinging to the idea of *thematic unity* (so characteristic of archaic suites and sonatas), for Lekeu in this "study in composition," too, as in his other chamber-music and in the footsteps of his master, César Franck, dedicated himself wholeheartedly to a revival of that maxim of composition.

The nobly harmonized prelude gives the mood of the entire sonata: climaxes interrupted by mystic echoes from the beyond, produced by the simple device of a change in pedals, and at the

end a simple motif obviously announcing the chanson of the good fairy. With slight alterations the main theme of the prelude reappears immediately after the prelude as a fugue theme. A *bona fide* four-part fugue seems to follow, but the movement impresses me more like a fugato variation of the prelude, the prelude theme, the chanson motif, with the mystic harmonic interruptions and syncopations playing the same rôle here as there. In working all this out as if in a choral phantasy for organ, the chanson motif is used partly in canonic imitation for the preparation of a mighty climax, after which the main theme reënters majestically with a kind of basso ostinato leading to the end in almost literal repetition of the closing bars of the prelude. To the student of composition this movement is particularly interesting, for the apparent experiment to utilize fugato as a technical contrivance in adhering *sub rosa* to the sonata-form. The third movement with the chanson motif again as ethereal thematic adjunct, is also a fugato movement in which the first theme seems to have germinated from the basso ostinato of the second movement. The fourth movement in very much slower tempo shows the same contrapuntal style and the same thematic material, though it is varied to fit the story of the movement, a feverish starting up as if haunted by tender calls, a sinking back into despair after a tremendous struggle and yet now with rays of hope breaking through darkness. Obviously the composer is preparing us for the poetic essence of his motto and indeed from the last movement, the epilogue, the "suffocating atmosphere" has been dispelled. The thematic material is the same as in the fourth movement, but the underlying mood is more joyful, and, though passionate, calm with the calmness of the soul after a conflagration. Unfortunately the idea of this epilogue is better than the music, which is somewhat banal.

Whatever one chooses to call Lekeu's "Sonate pour piano"—a sonata, a suite, a theme with variations, an organ fever-phantasy transcribed for the pianoforte—it is on the whole a noble work of youthful genius reaching with outstretched arms for ideals peculiarly his own. But like so much of Schumann's music, it seems to have been sung to the composer's own soul or to a few intimates and not to a listening crowd. With all its thundering climaxes the sonata is music for the chamber, not for the concert-hall, and it is perhaps impressive rather than effective. For that reason all but a few independent concert-pianists will naturally hesitate to introduce Lekeu's sonata to our audiences, so accustomed to the sterility of "effective" pianists' programs.

Middle of June, 1891, Lekeu informed his friend Kéfer that he had accepted Vincent d'Indy's advice to embark on the adventure of trying to capture the Belgian *prix de Rome*.

I obey him and so also satisfy my parents, who at present dream of nothing but to see one of these days this supreme and governmental prize allotted to me.

However, I must confess candidly how disagreeable it would be not to be admitted to the final test and yet from a strictly materialistic standpoint (I mean the time for jotting down the notes) I dread the preliminary more than the final competition. For the latter they accord us 27 days *en logs*, whereas for the preliminary test we have but 72 hours—3 days for the composition of the four-part fugue and the complete score of the chorus with orchestra.

I have never been able to make a fugue in less than six days and, as regards the chorus with orchestra, when I tried to compose one in as short a time as possible, it took me 8 days. However, if I can finish these two affairs in three days and the jury then pronounces them too bad for my admission to the final competition, I shall be vexed indeed. . .

This letter was followed by one *en logs* to his mother in the first flush of victory half an hour after Gevaert on July 25, 1891 had pronounced him "premier admissible" for the final test. As Lekeu was the youngest competitor, it had fallen to his lot to draw a fugue theme from the urn. The theme drawn was of the poorest, and so unfit for vocal treatment that Gevaert immediately charged the competitors to use it for organ and string quartet accompaniment. Lekeu felt satisfied with his "sane, sonorous" chorus and attributed his preliminary victory to his careful instrumentation ("one is not a pupil of d'Indy just for nothing"). His fugue horrified him as "raw as iron and void of all musical interest." He did not hesitate to say so afterwards to Emile Matthieu of the jury, who replied with Gallic esprit: "Well, Monsieur Lekeu, you see that our opinion was quite different from yours." The letter continued:

I might now perhaps by sawing wood like a deaf man unhook a second honorable mention, but I hope that my two old friends [his parents] will not get a swollen head and figure out that the *premier admissible* thereby becomes first in the real competition. To write and finish such a complicated cantata as demanded here one needs an experience and a flow of ideas which one cannot have at 21 years. Perhaps in two years I could win the second prize and in four the first. However, that is a beautiful dream and nothing else.

In his letter to Kéfer of July 30 he voiced similar sentiments:

You appear to think that I shall split the drum with the first blow. At 21 one does not triumph so easily, particularly not in

competition with chaps of 26, 28, and 29 years, of whom one, M. Paul Lebrun, harmony professor at the conservatory of Gand, already twice has carried off the first second prize. The prize will go to him who is the first to complete the sketch of his cantata and who has more time than the others to instrumentate with care. This rapidity of workmanship I am far from possessing. Shall I ever have it? . . . To be perfectly frank, I attach little importance to that bizarre faculty of completing a work of art in quick-step and I consider it rather strange that precisely that faculty is asked of the future musician.

All this in order to tell you that perhaps by sawing wood conscientiously I may gather in the Rome prize in four years. Here I play the rôle of an *amateur* rather than of a competitor and though I am not lying exactly on a bed of roses, my life is not altogether disagreeable. Our subject is *Andromède* [the text was by Jules Sauvenière] and is burdened with three situations:

1. Ethiopia is devastated by a monster: religious scene for the purpose of asking Ammon if a sacrifice can free the country. The god answers that it is necessary to sacrifice the princess Andromeda by chaining her to a rock. Object, to reduce the affront to the Nereides whom Andromeda conquered in a beauty contest. The people seize the virgin without listening to her supplications.

2. Andromeda alone, her grief; the Nereides playing on the waves, taunt her without pity.

3. Perseus (who without doubt, was promenading in those parts) frees Andromeda; they marry, the people (who have turned their coat . . . why?) yell to Hymen. . . Hopes that they will have lots of children. Harps, etc. . .

My work progresses without foolish haste or exasperating slowness. To-morrow I shall have finished the first scene (the longest of the three by far). It comprises a good old religious march. Scene of invocation, the Devil incarnate and his entourage.

I see clearly that in 21 days, when I shall leave here, I shall be completely wiped out physically. Also, I have abandoned entirely my original intention of forcing a hearing of my cantata on the jury at the piano, with chorus and soloists. . .

To Kéfer, August 10, 1891.

. . . my cantata is completely composed and even the orchestration is well advanced: the seventy-fifth page of score begins to look black. To-morrow at noon without doubt, I shall be through with the first half of the text. The second, I hope, will progress with the same rapidity.

In other words, my cantata will be finished on time between now and August twentieth unless I fall sick. But that is impossible, because I have felt marvelously well since my entry *en logs*. Of the result of this contest I have not the slightest idea. Yet I can promise you that the orchestration will be good from the first to the last note. I have worked a lot during the last year and a half; I had the good luck of hearing music of mine at Angers and I begin to feel a sure hand in the polyphonic treatment of the orchestra.

Having finished the composition of the cantata in advance of the date I had fixed for myself, I shall be able to devote more time to the instrumentation. . .

Is it good? Or is it not? Who knows? It is done and settled: *voilà* the main point, finish the job at whatever cost. Such a cantata never is good from beginning to end; even the best show numerous defects. Now one lacks the time to retouch these dark spots and for that reason this competition business is diametrically opposed to artistic work, sincere and comforting. On certain days (yesterday for example) I feel satisfied with my work. Everything looks solidly constructed; of a good, expressive musical cohesion of parts, the whole ensemble dramatic and above all sincere. In brief, I am satisfied with myself. On other days (this afternoon for example) everything looks like a failure and then I pass hours not exactly gay. This evening my spirits are higher again. I heard fragments of cantatas of two of my competitors. Verily, without wishing to be conceited, I may affirm that my own work is better than what they played to me; for truly and without doubt their productions are but vast exercises, . . . powdered over with Wagnerian reminiscences; not one cry of expression, not one gripping chord, nothing of those things that come from and go to the heart.

Of such things, possibly only one or two occur in my own cantata, but at least I have the certain consolation to have felt and written in spots something sane, honest and human. But this certainty perhaps (indeed probably) will be but a doubt in the minds of the jury and I have not much hope of getting anything out of this business. Possibly the extreme care bestowed on the orchestration will gain me a second honorable mention. But I better not count on that. .

But when this clairvoyant auto-prophecy actually came true, did Lekeu break forth into a *chant de triomphale délivrance*? Far from it! He proved that after all he could be a "serious young gentleman" not only but also at times a foolish young gentleman like the rest of us. The contrast in tone between the last letter quoted and the following to Kéfer, end of August, is really amusing:

Since Sunday I have passed horrible days, and still more horrible nights. And this because of a foolish, senseless, wild and perhaps unpardonable step.

But you know me and you can see me when I heard the name of S . . . come before mine. A foolish rage seized me, my teeth chattered and (so I was told afterwards) I had the expression of a maniac. Without realizing what I was doing, I refused to enter the jury's room. The next day I was still so much in the grip of this atrocious impression that I wrote a note of protest to the *Indépendance Belge* which had published the verdict without mentioning my refusal.

He then felt utterly crushed by his acts of "childish folly," but by middle of September, it appears from a letter to Vincent d'Indy, he had calmed himself sufficiently to reach the conclusion that, everything considered, he had acted wisely! Commenting on the fact that Oscar Roëls' cantata, "a very interesting composition, of exquisite charm and of absolutely extraordinary

formal perfection," was thrown out of court, he leaves no doubt that his dream of winning the coveted Rome prize in four years had completely vanished and that he had thrown behind him any design of further competition:

The Rome competition is not at all what I believed it to be and I do not even feel justified in feeling proud of my victory in the preliminary contest. With one exception I had to do only with old conservatory pillars, who do not know even the most elementary part of their craft and have absolutely no ideas in their heads. However, the contest was not between them personally, but between the *Belgian conservatories*.

I have seen the six works submitted to the jury. Four of them do not exist by reason of absence of every emotion and because of poverty of harmonic invention. As for polyphony, a dead letter for these people; they hardly know it by name. . .

As for myself, I had the rare good chance of being moved by my subject and of having felt during the 95 days *en logs* better disposed for work than ever. I have composed the first work with which I really have felt satisfied. Most certainly I shall have to concede numerous weak spots, but I may say to you as to my best and most sincere friend, that I have written pages of music worthy of a pupil of Franck and in which an impartial musician must recognize immediately that I have listened to your counsel with attention.

I had not a single vote for the first prize. Without hesitation the jury disregarded me and M. Lebrun of Gand received the prize with four against three votes for M. Smalders of Liège, who received five votes against two for the second prize.

Roëls received nothing, he was put out of court without ceremony. And without doubt the same fate would have been in store for me, had I not studied your scores (the *Scène Cénéciale* and *Wallenstein*); but the jury apparently feared that I might get my work performed and therefore offered me the second-second prize.

The cause of my and Roël's downfall is the same old jealousy of musical academies of modern music, but for me the case became more complicated on account of the fact that my whole education was received at Paris and outside of any conservatory.

Parts of Lekeu's luckless "*Andromède*" were performed a few months after his refusal of the second-second prize at a "Concert des XX" at Brussels; the whole work then on March 27, 1892, at the conservatory of Verviers under the ever loyal Louis Kéfer. The reception accorded was indeed different from that by the prize jury and this difference—it goes without saying—is strikingly reflected by the following letters written to his father.

February 27, 1892

I must tell you about the concert of the XX at which a part of my *Andromède* was played. To put it briefly, it had a big success. In the first place, the performance was ideal. All the instrumentalists

had become passionately fond of this music and reproduced it down to my very last intentions. After the last note, the applause exploded in the whole large hall. Mlle de Haene stepped forward to bow to the public, but when she left the stage, the applause continued to increase, all the musicians tapped on their instruments and from every part of the hall came shouts "composer, composer." I had to show myself and the tapping became louder. When I sought to retire, the musicians would not let me and I had to bow my acknowledgements again to the public. And when at last I could reach the foyer, while Crickboom, Gillet, etc., were surrounding and hugging me, I still heard the audience applaud. To be perfectly candid, that number on the program interested the public most; I am immensely pleased with the reception, since I was just a little nervous about a public so different from that at Verviers.

But what filled me with more joy than anything else, beside d'Indy's praise, was Ysaÿe's conduct toward me. At the end of the concert he mounted the platform and took me, figuratively speaking, into his arms by saying aloud that my *Andromède* was the work of an artist and of a great musician and that he had never before listened to a work by so young a man *wise* and impassioned at the same time. . . An hour later I was at the Conservatory. . . Ysaÿe when introducing me to his pupils began by bombarding me with compliments, for instance: "Here is a pupil of Father Franck, alone of composers of to-day, he composes music which is not an imitation of Wagner—whom he knows by heart."

Then he asked me if I had composed chamber-music. When I answered in the negative, he asked me to let him have all the chamber-music which I might write in the future. He assured me of a performance on every suitable occasion and more particularly he asked me to start off with a Sonata for violin and pianoforte. Well, I call that a soft snap, to hear one's self played by Ysaÿe! . . .

To-day at 11 o'clock (from 11 to 2) the first general rehearsal. Last Thursday evening I had heard the orchestra rehearsal with chorus and soloists. I had been quite satisfied from beginning to end, without any weak spots it sounded excellent, but to-day still better. The horribly difficult choruses go as if sewed together, the attacks are firm and all nuances duly carried out.

They sound splendidly; in the first part as if smitten with affliction, lugubrious, then tragic and wild; in the second part they overflow with life, with abandon, triumphant sonority; one really feels that the world has been saved for ever, "that radiates" as Kéfer said.

The orchestra, on the other hand, marches like one man, disclosing the most secret sentiments of *Andromeda*, of *Perseus*, and the crowd surrounding them. Above all, it sounds intense. Throughout one feels the influence of the old man César Franck more than that of Wagner; hardly at all, or not at all that of d'Indy: his orchestra has an entirely different sound.

I am happy beyond words because I appear to be able to adore the word of my master and most loyal friend without imitating him in the slightest. Perhaps one day I shall be able to do as well as he, though in a totally different *genre* of sonority.

Without humbug, this work is very much more solid than the *Chant lyrique*. That work still gave me somewhat the impression of a very lucky accident. But *Andromède* is the work of a manipulator of orchestra and chorus very sure of his craft. One feels that I can draw adequate effects from the orchestra whenever I shall wish. I feel myself in possession of a solid brain,—I know my business. Now back to work!

In 1904 *Andromède* was again performed at Brussels, conducted by Huberti, a member of the *prix de Rome* jury. According to Marcel Orban, the public gave it a demonstrative reception, thus flaying the stupidity or partiality of the jury in 1891. This may be true, but if Orban sees in Lekeu's *Andromède* "melodic invention of incredible richness, the whole work astonishing in mastery of craft and expression," I feel inclined to argue that the success was not wholly due to esthetic but partly to the political reasons advanced by Orban and that he greatly exaggerates the merits of the work. Of course, I have not heard it in its orchestral garb on which Lekeu bestowed such care, and I realize that it is easy to do an injustice to modern works seen through the medium of a vocal score only, but even a vocal score will show "incredible richness of melodic invention, etc."—provided it really is to be found. Exactly that I am inclined to deny. *Andromède* is in Lekeu's typical manner, but notwithstanding this transparent individuality, the cantata lacks a convincing character. Mainly because the two principals, Andromeda and Perseus, do not stand out in proper musical relief, though Andromeda's lament is impressive enough. On the whole, they betray that lifeless stiffness and strained vitality in their utterances which one would be surprised not to find in *prix de Rome* cantatas or in similar prize-bouquets of artificial flowers. The first part of the Cantata is decidedly better than the second. It is logical, organic, full of vigor and color; in short it illustrates again the curious fact that composers often bestow more inspiration and sympathy on monsters, ghosts, goblins than on their victims. Had the second part maintained the level of the first, *Andromède* might be called an effective work in spite of Andromeda, but unfortunately it is incoherent, bombastic and runs from bad to worse, ending with a rather empty and insipid outburst of joy. This weakness of the second part in my opinion will defeat further attempts to win a permanent place for Lekeu's cantata in the concert-hall. With all its undeniable merits Lekeu's *Andromède* is not a great work of art, though, of course, very much better than many a choral work which conductors persist in inflicting upon the dear public's ears.

There is in these letters but the one brief allusion to the *Fantasie symphonique sur deux airs populaires angevins* quoted below under date of November 2, 1892. Yet, with the violin sonata and the unfinished quartet it forms the trio of Lekeu's works that has carried his name and fame farthest. The last page of the original score reproduced in facsimile, in Octave Séré's book shows the dates "Mai, 1891, 28 Mai, 1892." In other words Lekeu began work on this phantasy before his painful experience *en loge* and did not finish it until shortly before the violin sonata occupied his mind. The first performance of the work with orchestra appears to have been delayed until October 21, 1893, at Verviers under Lekeu's own direction. After that Vincent d'Indy, Chevillard, Colonne and other French and Belgian conductors stood sponsors for the work, until, so we are told by several French authors, it has become fairly fixed in the French and Belgian repertoires. One handicap to a more rapid circulation must be seen in the tardy publication of the full score—not until 1909. In America the *Fantasie* appears not to have attracted the attention it deserves. Properly placed on a program, the score cannot fail to release that spontaneous applause with which it has been greeted elsewhere. Nor is that hard to explain. As Lekeu justly remarked after the Verviers performance in a letter quoted by Orban, "the orchestra purls with enthusiasm and sonority. There are in the piece certain trombones fairly *Jerichotiens*." Furthermore, by virtue of the fact that he based the fantasie on two captivating folk-songs of Anjou (the first of an infecting jollity) the work is bathed in sunshine far more than any of his other works. Unfortunately Lekeu's programmatic note prefaced to Samazeuilh's not very happy arrangement of the score for four hands has been omitted from the published full score. This omission places conductor and audience at a decided disadvantage, since it robs them of the key to the structure of the work. Until I discovered that discrepancy between full score and arrangement, I was puzzled by the hesitation of a very distinguished American conductor (who estimates Lekeu's talent at its true value and considers Lekeu's *Adagio pour quatuor d'orchestre* on Georges Vanor's line "Les fleurs pales du souvenir" very beautiful and it is a gem as Vincent d'Indy first proved to Parisians), to perform the *Fantaisie* on the ground that "it is good in spots, but is very detached and to my mind ill-formed."

I cannot but question the soundness of this stricture if the score be examined and tested in public with the indispensable aid of Lekeu's programmatic key:

Note de l'auteur.

A la tombée du soir, les couples enlacés bondissent et tourbillonnent; c'est le bal de l'"Assemblée" et la danse toujours s'accélère aux crix joyeux des gars, aux rires éperdus des filles rouges de plaisir, pendant qu'éclat, dominant la fête et sa folie, la voix souveraine de l'Eternel Amour. . .

Vers la pleine, où l'ombre s'approfondit, paisible et mystérieuse, l'Amant a entraîné l'Amante. . .

Il résiste à la voix aimée qui lui demande de retourner à la danse, et, rieuse, par les champs silencieux, va répétant les rondes toujours plus lointaines; il sait implorer et dire sa tendresse.

Dans le décor d'une nuit d'été lumineuse, étoilée et pleine du parfum de la terre endormie, la scène amoureuse déroule sa passion grandissante, et les amants s'éloignent au frais murmure de la rivière qu'argente le clair de lune.

For one thing we should feel thankful to the jury of 1891: their verdict aroused a storm of protest among Lekeu's friends of whom Eugene Ysaye was the greatest and so indirectly gave birth to Lekeu's violin sonata, "a master work which for breadth of ideas and melodic inspiration need not fear a comparison with *père* Franck's violin sonata." Praise higher than this is impossible. Whether or not he indorses fully these words of Destranges in his "*Consonances et dissonances*" (1906), every unbiased critic will have to admit that of violin sonatas composed since Brahms and Franck, Lekeu's is inferior to none. Since Eugene Ysaye, to whom, of course, it is dedicated, launched the work, it has steered a triumphal course throughout the musical world and is to-day, or ought to be, in the repertoire of every violinist capable of playing and understanding it and not addicted to atrophy of taste and ambition.

Commissioned, we have seen, by Ysaye in February, 1892, the Violin sonata was not finished until some time in the fall of 1892, as appears from the context of the following two letters, the first written by Lekeu to his mother, the second to his father:

[Fall 1892.]

. . . I shall see Kéfer at Verviers and I shall acquaint him with my Sonata for piano and violin which I (in parenthesis) finished copying to-day. I merely have to extract the violin part and shall then definitely be rid of that big job. I now commence to bother my head with new things simultaneously germs of themes for *Paysages d'Ardennes* [where he had been with Kéfer] and the *Conquête du bonheur*. . . and bits of verse, rhymed or not, for this last mentioned work. Let us hope that something good will come of all this. Fortunately I have advanced since July last, for I already see how I could have improved upon what I did in my Sonata (this is a sure and mathematic means for observing progress in one's ideas to feel the weakness of what one has done and

to reason it out). This does not mean that I shall rewrite this or that passage is my sonata; no, the true way of correcting a work is to write one better. . .

To his father, Heusy, November 2, 1892.

At Brussels yesterday morning I was put into a cheerful condition by the exhibition of enthusiasm and friendship which Ysaÿe, etc., have shown me.

If I arrive at composing the Quartet which Ysaÿe demands of me, Maus is fully inclined to give at Brussels (at the X.Y) what he calls (he it understood!) a *Séance Lekeu* ! ! ! ! ! at which one shall hear the *Sonata* for violin and piano, the *Quartet* and my three songs impatiently awaited by two or three singers of Brussels.

Perhaps even my *Fantasy on two Angevins* airs will receive a hearing in the transcription for piano 4 hands which Monday morning at Sèthe's excited unbelievable transports of enthusiasm.

Saturday evening, Ysaÿe played my *Sonata* at his home. According to all present (pupils and friends who hear him constantly) Ysaÿe surpassed himself.

In Crickboom's opinion, it is this sonata which Ysaÿe interprets with a maximum of style, either of passionate abandon or of absolute calm, as is, for example, so necessary in the second movement. . .

Lekeu's violin sonata (in G minor) was first played in public by Eugen Ysaÿe to whom it is dedicated, but the exact date is unknown to me. At Paris it was brought out by Paul Viardot and Bertha Demanton in 1899; at Boston in 1902 by Karel Ondricek and Alice Cummings. Essentially different from the pianoforte-sonata, the violin-sonata, too, cannot deny its descent (for instance melodically) from César Franck. Though much maturer than the pianoforte sonata, it does not lack the flavor of a study in composition, since certain experiments in thematic development and form seem to have occupied Lekeu's mind when composing the sonata. Instead of dissecting, doubling, telescoping, breaking up his themes and juggling with their component parts—a procedure so unendurable in the imitators of Beethoven and Brahms—Lekeu preferred to leave his themes more or less intact and sought to make the thematic narrative more convincing by repetition of important phrases at different pitches. We know this procedure of sequence from Liszt's symphonic poems. Those who criticize Liszt for following it will also condemn Lekeu. Yet the principle of sequence as a lever for development of motive power is perfectly sound in itself. The artistic test lies merely in its application. If Liszt, the pioneer, applied the principle of sequential leverage still somewhat crudely and primitively, that does not necessarily bar later composers from succeeding where he at times failed. If then Lekeu in his violin sonata, as

also in his unfinished quartet, is seen after a few bars to have no intention to indulge in the traditional thematic contortion and anatomical dissection, he has a divine right as an artist to choose his own method of expression. If we are anxious for critical battle, the only fair thing to do is to follow the artist, meet him on his own ground and challenge the solution of his self-imposed problem. Hence, it is one thing to criticise Lekeu for having adopted in his violin sonata the principle of sequence at all, quite another to insist—and correctly so—that he failed to solve his problem completely, since there still adheres to the result an element of experiment: unfortunately Lekeu's thematic blocks are not so skilfully cemented as always to hide the crevices, which is the main danger a composer faces in that process. However, between this admission and the verdict of incoherence occasionally rendered against Lekeu's sonata there lies a wide gulf. Moreover the charge of incoherence will be put across the path of every artist who dares to break with formal traditions and need not be taken seriously.

While the Lekeu "sigh" or "wail," is not wholly absent from the sonata, it bubbles over with the freshness and joyousness of youth, though of youth meditative, not flippant. In the second of the three movements, by way of contrast, sadder chords are touched and also by way of contrast to the second movement, which the composer wished played with utmost calm, the two outer movements revel in bold, biting dissonances. No poetic program or motto prefaces the score. This fact at least permits the inference that the composer had no underlying poetic idea in mind when he composed his violin sonata as a modern of moderns and not as a student of archaic forms, as in the pianoforte sonata. Furthermore, the themes of the violin sonata show a remarkable lung capacity. They possess a breadth which is just as characteristic of Lekeu as are for instance choppy themes of the later violin sonatas of Emil Sjögren. On the other hand, Lekeu's themes in this sonata cannot be claimed to be very original; but what they lack in this respect is atoned for by their clear, bold curve, their intensity, their driving power and their inherent fitness for application of the ideas of thematic unity. The dullest ear cannot fail to notice that the opening theme of the sonata dominates the whole work. Indeed, even the secondary themes of the first movement seem to render homage to the main theme and we notice how a phrase of merely incidental appearance, that helps to build the bridge for the second theme, assumes vital importance in the third movement. In this last movement Lekeu either

blends with surpassing contrapuntal skill the several themes of the sonata or he increases the rhythmical interest by their bold juxtaposition. To these devices Lekeu obviously owes the irresistible swing and the necessary accumulation of expansive force for the almost spectacular end of the last movement. In my opinion, however, its artistic beauty is somewhat marred by the amalgamation into one theme of a distinctly Russian *dance motif* and an upstarting chromatic phrase somewhat in the style of the later Wagner or Richard Strauss. The second movement is a reverie. It opens in the unusual $\frac{7}{8}$ rhythm, is written in the simple A B A form with section B in the "character of a folk-song" and gains additional charm by having reminiscences of the first movement dreamily interwoven in its texture.

The *Quatour inachevé* for piano and strings was first performed at Brussels, Salle Ravenstein, on October 23, 1894, by the quartet of Crickboom, Angenot, P. Miry, Gillet with the assistance of Miss Louisa Merck at the piano. Inasmuch as its composition was not prompted by *premonition of death*, but was *bestilled Arbeit* by Eugene Ysaÿe, it goes without saying that it was dedicated to him. Presumably and precisely because this work was commissioned by his great compatriot, Lekeu took such infinite pains with it: in little less than a year he finished but little more than the first movement.

One studies this priceless torso of what probably would have become the longest quartet on record and marvels at Lekeu's wealth of inspiration, his emotional intensity and the ingenuity and madness of his methods. No established pattern seems to fit the first movement; at any rate, the classic quartet form is adhered to only as if in a frame. To be sure, we hear two predominant themes, they change place in the tonal structure and all that sort of thing, but Lekeu does not stop there. At times his bridge-work assumes prime thematic importance or he gives free flight to his fancy in improvising on his main theme before he rushes into the working-out section. Furthermore, we have not one peroration only but several, and all this thematic strife is repeatedly interrupted, as it were, by an armistice. It follows readily that by thus interrupting the climax—and the working-out idea is inherently the embodiment of climaxes—Lekeu obtains a cragged, hence bolder and more effective curve. One begins to suspect that formal considerations alone did not prompt these interruptions. The whole movement is to be played throughout "*Dans un emportement douloureux. (Tres animé).*" This indication is prefixed to a short introduction full of Lekeu "sighs"

and this introduction reappears in the thematic woom toward the end of the movement. Furthermore, this phrase "lent et passioné"



played by the first violin solo precedes the second movement. It will not be found in the first movement, nor does it reappear in the second movement so far as completed. Yet this phrase must have had some function. And this phrase was not a new one! Lekeu simply quoted himself: it is the chanson motif of the *bonne fée* that plays so important and poetic a rôle in his pianoforte sonata.

Studying the movement minutely many years ago, I reached the conclusion, as would every other student, that all these curious details of form could be understood and appreciated only (with corresponding profit for performer and audience) on the assumption that the structure of the movement followed an underlying poetic idea which was withheld from the published score or was not known. It is with a certain satisfaction, therefore, that I later on found Lekeu's letters quoted below to bear out my assumption fully. I do not mean so much his letter to Crickboom, in which he says "I have essayed a translation into music of the last eruption of Mount Aetna"—that may or may not have been a jocular remark not to be interpreted literally, but the letter of February 7, 1893, to his mother, in which he calls the first part of his quartet an "expressive chaos" and the "frame of an entire poem of the heart, where a thousand sentiments clash, where cries of suffering yield to long appeals to happiness, where there is strife and insinuation of caresses, seeking to calm sombre thoughts, where cries of love follow blackest despair in the effort to conquer it and on the other hand eternal grief endeavors to crush the joy of life"

What rôle the second and the third movement were to play in this poem of the heart, unfortunately we are not told. Hence, I must content myself with the dry statement that the second movement is not as nervous, impetuous or despairing as the first, but like most slow movements of sonatas and symphonies presents itself as a song without words written in simple A B A form. In its first part, perhaps influenced by Tschaikowsky, it soon develops into a genuine Lekeu. But, alas, just when the young master in a beautiful interlude for the pianoforte was preparing to pour out his very soul in adoration of Beauty, death checked

his hand and the movement comes to a sudden halt with a painful anti-climax. Vincent d'Indy, when he revised and prepared the manuscript for publication, reverently contented himself with bringing this stump of a severed piece of music to a playable end.

No doubt there are those who will decry in Leku's quartet the absence of a "true" chamber-music-style, will denounce it as "too orchestral" and so forth, but such pedantic or shallow objections really ought to be muttered below breath if at all, in face of the amazing contrapuntal resourcefulness and display of tone-color with which Leku gave life to the ensemble of the individual instruments. That does not mean that the quartet is so perfect as to defy criticism, but I think that legitimate criticism will have to steer clear of such *clichés* as "too orchestral" and will have to content itself with observing, for instance, that Leku might better have avoided a too frequent unison of the violoncello with the piano bass and on the other hand a too frequent display of the violoncello in its upper registers.

Leku's letter to Mathieu Crickboom record for us the time of practically the last stroke of his pen given by Leku to his marvelously beautiful Swan-song. He wrote in August, 1893:

... The first movement of my first Quatuor for piano and strings—not an indication that a second one will emerge later on—is finished since July 10, 1893, six P. M. The peroration, in which I have essayed a translation into music of the last eruption of Mount Aetna, is just barely playable.

Nevertheless, it appears very logical to me. I am now ruminating the second movement, which, I feel, will be very superior to the first, while I am recopying conscientiously what I have done since December.

I have become scared, in recopying my infernal Quartet, at the quantity of sharps and flats with which it is bristling. How, if I suppressed them altogether?

And in a letter from Angers, September 20, 1893:

The first half of the second movement of my first Quatuor for piano and strings is *confectionnée*: weight 1463 grains.

We are equally well informed of the inception of the work and its slow progress from letters written the first to Kéfer, the others to his "chère petite maman," with which this essay fittingly may end without further comment:

To Kéfer, Angers, December 31, 1892.

Since I left you I put the last hand to my *Trois poèmes pour chant* (Soprano and piano) and I have begun work on my quartet for piano and strings.

The first movement is started but gives me a dog's pain. I tremble when the idea forces itself upon me that if I wish to adhere strictly to my plan, the second and third movements will be still more difficult to write. I do not believe that I can possibly get through by March and so satisfy Ysaie and Maus. . .

To his mother, February 7, 1893.

My brain is in a turmoil; my work progresses extraordinarily. I have a thousand things to write, I am actually loaded down and I march the streets as one with hallucinations. After a good many days of reflection, of criticism, of despair even, I saw the day before yesterday a long passage of the first part of my quartet sketch itself and since then an incredible fever of work has seized me.

Unfortunately, for there is an unfortunately, I am just as full of distress as of happiness. For the reason that what I am doing is so distant from what has become customary in chamber-music that I fear to appear to my friends and interpreters (for the public, of course, I care not) as one tainted with the most extraordinary madness.

And yet, everything duly considered, I must walk a straight path and write what I feel without paying attention to others. Instead of having, as is the sacred habit, a piece rolling on a single sentiment, mood, color, line, the first part of my quartet is for me the frame of an entire poem of the heart, where a thousand sentiments clash, where cries of suffering yield to long appeals to happiness, where there is strife and insinuation of caresses, seeking to calm sombre thoughts, where cries of love follow blackest despair in the effort to conquer it, and on the other hand eternal grief endeavors to crush the joy of Life. Joys of childhood, visions of dawn and of Spring, the melancholy of fall and tears; and I do not shrink from piercing cries of pain, put into my music with all my might, with my whole soul.

But this expressive chaos must also be harmonious and at the moment when I write the loveliest phrase, I must foresee the development of grief which is to follow. Hence, this is not merely a terribly difficult work to write on account of the transitions of mood, but murderous for any attempt to grasp its total structure.

However, come what may, I labor and want to carry this "work" to a successful end. Already I can affirm that in comparison with what I am now writing, my violin sonata is a mere trifle, worth two sous. And that makes me fear a little the day when Ysaie and his friends will read for the first time my Quartet. But, what's the difference? If they do not understand it, so much the worse for me. Above all I want to write down what passes in me without ulterior thoughts.

February 22, 1893

. . . You can hear me, from morning to evening, making an infernal noise on my unfortunate Erard, for I strive with all my might to finish at Angers the first movement of the Quartet. Let us hope that it is not a crazy dream. What in this business supports me and at the same time fills me with despair is that I feel clearly how with my plan of moods a true artist could compose a master-work, one of those unforgettable machines which send the shivers up and down the spine, which

grip you amidst tremblings of admiration, leaves you breathless, exhausted, ravished, enchanted all in one. . .

I am playing for a big stake. If what I am doing is good, if my interpreters (for I work only for them and myself), if Ysaye, Van Hout, Jacob and my dear Mathieu Crickboom comprehend my work, that will give me courage vertiginous and as soon as possible I shall install myself in the *Paysage d'Ardennes* or the *Légende éternelle*, or take up any other of a dozen or fifteen projected works (yes, O Lord, not less than that, I drew up a list just for the sake of curiosity) and I can say that I wrote a beautiful work, unless. . . *cré nom de chien*, my profession is after all not a soft snap! However, just at present, I have the courage of a devil and I could apply the admirable verses of Baudelaire to Théodore de Bauville, then at the beginning of his career, to myself. You do not know them, these verses. Read and re-read this magical French:

Vous avez empoigné les crins de la Déesse
Avec un tel poignet, qu'on vous eût pris à voir
Et cet air de maîtrise et ce beau nonchaloir
Pour un ruffian terrassant sa maîtresse.

April 30, 1893.

... Last evening I recommenced work on my Quartet, which slumbered for almost three weeks. Good news! So far everything in it appears to me to sound well and full of expression. It is, I believe, of much more solid workmanship than the violin sonata. Verily, if I can carry to a successful end this big, very big job, it ought to become a beautiful work. All my melodies are laid out. To-morrow I shall embark on the peroration section, which will bring about the return of the principal theme, enlarged, stronger, and still more beautiful. For a piece of music should grow while expanding. All this, of course, with regard to the first movement. The second and third will give me less trouble, I hope. . .

More and more clearly I see and feel that I need your presence for my complete happiness. The future absolutely must reunite us and I wish that my life might end as it began, in the cradle of your love.

See how tender I become; it is the best proof that I am well prepared to resume my work. *Allons*, dear, adored mother; courage, perfect health and then tell yourself often, always, that your *Sidoïum* is and always will be he whom you so well know.

That is my pledge for life. To you I owe everything.

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THE TWO ATTITUDES

By CYRIL SCOTT

IN contemplating the psychology of peoples' musical admirations, one observes that they may be placed into two distinct classes: those who are wholly or partially discontented with the Past and pleased solely with the Present, and those who are wholly discontented with the Present and pleased solely with the Past. And each of these classes has, or thinks it has, its justification for its discontent: for on the one hand, there are those who commit the fault of looking upon the whole of modernity, like Nordau, as a kind of moral disease; a kind of temptation of St. Anthony to allure them away from the path of old musical righteousness; or, on the other hand, there are those who go to the opposite extreme, as certain young "futurist" composers are said to have done, and look upon modern music as the only music, condemning its forerunning creators as "good for noughts" or antiquated idlers, meaning nothing to us now in our far greater stage of artistic evolution. Without wishing, as Walter Pater puts it, to offer "uncomplimentary assistance to the readers' wit", I am constrained for the sake of form to state that both these attitudes are wrong, but that the latter, however horrifying to all the Mrs. Grundys, is a healthier and more progressive one than the former. And were these said old ladies to burrow a little below the surface of things, they might forgive their brother Futurists, instead of condemning them wholesale as they do.

There is, in fact,—to deal first with these arch blasphemers—a certain species of artistic discontent which does not go hand in hand with that sour mien and pouting lip concomitant with ordinary work-a-day discontentment. However objectionable this former species might, on the surface, appear to be—yet it

is just sufficient to prevent its possessor from sinking forever into that vegetating contented lassitude associated with a habitual after-dinner glass of port, a widow's cruise of tobacco, a soporific fireside and a very domesticated wife. For in spite of the pleasant picture this conglomeration of delightful circumstances presents to the eye, the principal figure therein—the man himself—sits there endlessly meditating on how pleasant it all is (if he does even that) and beyond this state of dreamy contemplation, he does absolutely nothing. Now, there is an antiquated saying about "buying the child a frock" which is a very opportune one at this moment. Contentment, resulting in blissful stagnation will certainly not fulfill the requirements embodied in the phrase, nor will that equivalent, musical contentment, in which state of mind the musician looking upon his predecessors as absolutely perfect, reflects that, this being the case, there is nothing more to be done; or, if there is that he will, on account of its already existent perfection, do it in exactly the same way. In short, he goes on to reflect, one cannot improve upon Beethoven or Brahms (not to mention the fact that it would be sacrilege to do so); therefore as a true disciple of such great men, one must tender them the sincerest form of flattery and imitate them to the letter. It is, in truth, self-evident that the being, who in his content soliloquizes thus with himself, has his organ of veneration more perfectly developed than his organ of intelligence, since it goes without saying that one can certainly not improve upon Brahms or Beethoven. Hence the next best thing to do is to leave them both severely alone, and either invent something new or shut up one's creative shop for evermore.

It is further self-evident that contentedness inspiring a desire to imitate results by no means always in the most gratifying flattery, since, without wishing to insult any composers who happen to adopt this course, imitation and caricature are not very distant relations. A man whose personality is composed of many little adorable peculiarities may call forth from his friends great esteem and admiration, whereas, if another attempt to mimic those little characteristics, the whole thing becomes a matter for hilarity and divertissement. The imitator, in other words, has, at once, something of the clown about him: the very unsuitability of one man's idiosyncrasies being handed over to another causing this buffoonish element to exist. Now, although the musical imitator likewise undoubtedly caricatures the music he imitates, yet, alas, the caricature he delivers himself of, is either vulgar without being funny, or merely excessively tedious. It has

in short, not a feature to redeem it; for if as in all other forms of caricature it really amused us, much could be forgiven, perhaps we would even condone everything. But just herein music differs from the other arts; the Thomas Hoods, the Calverleys, the Hogarths and so forth do not exist in the musical art—to be funny requires a great man, almost a Shakespeare. In the "Meistersinger" Wagner is distinctly funny; Beethoven is often amusing, and Richard Strauss, we all know, entertains some of us considerably. But these musicians are not to be placed on the same level of valuation as the young man who gets up and gives us an imitation of Mr. Tree, or the parodists who disorganize the sense of beautiful things and turn the sublime into the ridiculous. Not that these men are devoid of cleverness, far from it, but cleverness and genius are two different things, and the musician who can make us laugh, is well-nigh bordering on the latter, while in ordinary life one would find it difficult to discover a single person who has not caused us to guffaw at some time or other of our existence, even if merely on account of his stupidity.

But to revert to Mrs. Grundy *versus* certain Futurists, as disinterested onlookers in the matter, we may have come to see that this artistic discontentedness is after all not such a bad thing since its antithesis leads to such utter stagnation: or, if not so far as that, to a highly unamusing mimicry of the worst and dullest kind. Veneration, the quality which leads sometimes to this condition of things, and which moreover these said Futurists lack, is all very meritorious, provided it be kept within those bounds wherein it remains a virtue; but should it exceed a certain limit, it then becomes a weakness, like many so-called virtues. It then drowns beyond all resuscitation the individuality of the adoring worshippers; it causes an entire moral collapse and an utter prostration of the sublime independence; it becomes as dangerous as a woman's love whose only and entire happiness is wrapt up in "his will" (as Zarathustra proclaims) regardless of how selfish "his will" may be. In short, veneration, unless it be handled with great care, results in individual suicide; and in the world of artistic creation, this is the most poisonous of all things: for suicide it becomes in every sense of the word.

We need not enter into a long dissertation on what is good veneration and what is bad; we can dispose of the whole matter in a few words if we apply to it a phrase of Nietzsche, which runs "What is good? All that increases the feeling of power. . . . power itself in man. What is bad? All that proceeds from weakness". and one may add "produces weakness." For that

species of veneration which spurs one on to new efforts is the good kind, while that which causes one to sink into a condition of stagnating contentedness (as aforesaid) is the bad kind; the kind which is weakness. Furthermore one must know *what* to venerate, as well as *how*; there must be discrimination on the part of the venerator, lest he fall into that error connected with the sovereign and the napkin. To love a man's works, that is good, but when it comes to veneration, it is the courage, the revolutionist in him, which is truly worthy of veneration: all else is dangerous.

We have now to deal with the other class of musical appreciators, or better said, "old-fashionedism" appreciators; those tentative conservatives who prelude everything in this world, even the choice of their likes and dislikes (as if one really could choose these things) with a great deal of apprehensive humming and hahing; a confirmed stuttering, in fact, at the end of which perhaps the wrong word—or, in this case the wrong "like"—comes out all askew after all is stammered. We have to deal with those mortals who regard modernism as a disease, as Nietzsche regarded Wagner; as Nordau and Tolstoi regarded almost all works of genius belonging to this age. Not that I am going to enter into the old argument about "decadence"—as if it were not self-evident that this fanciful word is merely a high-sounding buzz to drown the limitations, as already said, of these latter writers: "we belong to an older age, we have no sense for modernism but we must justify this non-appreciation by some argument, therefore let us call it decadence," for that is what these writers are really saying, although, like a kind of aphasia they pronounce something different. We are not going to wage war against decadence then, but for the sake of argument we may cast our mental gaze for the moment upon the attitude of Nietzsche, and call modernism (impersonified by Wagner) with him a malady. For in this matter, he says, "my most important experience was a convalescence. Wagner belongs only to my maladies." In another passage he contends "I hate Wagner, but I no longer stand any other music." And here Nietzsche puts into the mouth of his supposed speaker the very sense one hears so frequently in connection with all the moderns; namely, that they spoil one for the ancient; they stimulate our musical senses to such an extent as to bring the inevitable reaction—nearly everything else sounds jejune and childish afterwards. That is the trouble. Our new loves have killed our old ones—so we think—but did we really have any old ones? ah! that is the question. The man who

has loved once knows that he has never loved before, and the man who has contracted the sublime malady of modernism knows that he has been ever vulgarly healthy hitherto.

There are some people too selfish ever to fall in love: it is too much trouble, too exciting; it makes one yearn; it upsets the digestion and so forth. And with our life-loves, so with our musical ones: we do not wish to be made to feel sublimely sad; we do not like to feel shivers down the spinal nerve-channels; we do not wish to be excited—we think it better to be merely amused, interested, phlegmatically entertained. For in the latter case there is no reaction; there is nothing to tell us that all our hundred flirtations were but flirtations and nothing more—a rancorous fact, since those flirtations were attached to such great names. As Mr. Bernard Shaw said “musicians were to be heard extolling Donizetti in the same breath with which they vehemently decried Wagner. They would make wry faces at every chord in *Tristan and Isolde*, and never suspected that their old faith was shaken until they went back to ‘*La Favorite*,’ and found that it had become obsolete as the rhymed tragedies of *Lee and Otway*.” They had learned to love, and they hated the thing called loving; it hurt them; it was really a disease: for a great thing, with certain people, often becomes a kind of monomania, but it depends on the type of people whether they regard it as good or bad in consequence. In the so very instructive case of Nietzsche, in this respect, we see the philosopher, whose business it is never to feel, struggling against his own emotions; he has become entangled in Wagnerianism, and, in his own words “to be fond of ought afterwards was a triumph.” With these words he paid Wagner the highest tribute that man can pay to man.

Nevertheless, the mistake that Nietzsche made was to overlook the fact that all intrinsically great modernism was a monomania or a disease, as he called it, and not only that of Wagner. And this he infers though not admits in his dissection of Brahms and his attempts to explain away the position of a little god on a pedestal, to which that composer had attained. In short, the sympathy which Brahms undeniably inspired apart from all party-interest, was for a long time an enigma to Nietzsche, until he came to perceive that the “antagonist” needed to Wagner “operated on a certain type of persons.” His most striking peculiarity, when one had deducted all his borrowings from the great ancient or the exotic forms of style (he was a master in the art of copying), consisted in the longing mood. He was furthermore especially the musician of a class of “unsatisfied ladies.”

These were Nietzsche's partial explanations of Brahms' German fame. He was, in other words, not great enough to become a monomania without an explanation; he was not the wonderful musical elixir which intoxicates of itself, but merely does so because people perhaps imagine it is going to do so; it had other reasons, secondary causes, and therein lay the difference. Far be it however from my desire to criticize Brahms—Heaven knows there are critics enough already—but it is my object to show that it takes a very great master to create a monomania—a really genuine one—and above all, it takes a very great master to be inherently modern: that is, to be so new that he produces a new sensation. "Brahms is affecting as long as he is modern"—to quote our German philosopher once more—"he becomes cold, he is of no more interest to us, immediately he becomes the heir of the classics. . . ."

Let us not forget that these words were uttered by a very deep thinker; a thinker from whom, it is true, many of us may draw our virtuous skirts in affected or real disgust; but thereby, far from ignoring him, we pay him the highest compliment, since in that we hate truth, we admit it to be such in a manner the most emphatic of all.

For an artistic creator to engender a disease, a disease which requires no "why" to explain it, there must be a greater and more novel genius in his soul than for him merely to create a work of art. And I make here a large distinction between calling forth an intense admiration, and engendering that monomania which not only Nietzsche feared and called a disease, but which many lesser lights fear equally.

A disease it is, if one will; but then, what is health? If we develop our muscles to an abnormal extent, we call it rude health, and we only see how we are mistaken in applying the term, when a day comes in which we cease to develop them. Health, so-called, if considerably augmented becomes disease: the scales go down on the other side, that is all. But the appearance is different: great and ugly muscle excrescences protruding all over a man's body have come to be regarded almost as a thing of beauty on account of that which they are supposed to represent, while the normal man of nervous temperament, mildly healthy, with his sensibilities more developed than his muscles, is looked upon as a somewhat poor specimen, in spite of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and its very ascetic types. Art and health, why must they always be associated? Is it not safer to keep things within their respective dove-holes, lest we be sucked under by

the morasses of spurious valuation, and fall into the danger of gauging everything by its adaptability to our own *idée fixe* or personal idiosyncrasy? Good art is not to be gauged by the standard of good football-playing any more than the clemency or beauty of the weather is to be judged by its suitability for breeding pheasants; a standpoint I have met with more than once in my life. Nor is the value of a work of art to be gauged by the healthiness of the people who admire it. The very arguments which Nietzsche advanced against Wagner, and the critics against Ibsen, (and I refer to their censure upon the unhealthy type of mortals who were the first to exhale their admiration towards these geniuses) these very arguments condemned themselves. In other words, the sickly youths and the sexless molly-coddles—no epithets were strong enough—whose hygienic unworthiness was advanced as a feather in the condemnatory cap against Ibsenism and Wagnerianism, were almost the very types to prove the greatness of these Celebrities—in that their artistic sensibilities were developed instead of their muscular ones: and hence they were more likely to “know” and to sympathize than any other type. To bring a prize fighter, or a living advertisement of an institution for robust health-culture, and to say “Now then! if your work of art appeals to this man, then we can admit that it is good”—well, such an argument may satisfy horse-breeders and the like, but outside the sphere of this class it can hardly be regarded as a very convincing one.

To call a thing of art diseased, therefore, may be very useful as a deprecatory epithet when one is fidgeting beyond all control to condemn it, but apart from that it has no value or sense. The medical aspect of things is no longer convincing now-a-days, and such a noted psychologist as William James has, I can safely say, exploded it for the truly honest thinkers. The visions of the religionist, the visions of the poet and artist cannot be waved aside any longer by merely calling them mental maladies or diseased imaginations, for although there may be seers who are far from the finest specimens of robust health, yet on the other hand, there are men—take Swedenborg as an example—who enjoyed both longevity and a sound constitution. True it is that lunatics at times live for a very long time in spite of the alteration of their brains, but then the “tout ensemble” of such people assuredly indicates disease, while with a man like Swedenborg this was by no means the case. Nor can disease even in the worst sense be regarded as a thing so to be deprecated. To treat of disease as an artistic subject is not to make the work of art

itself diseased, since even the healthiest poets have treated the "lingering illness" as a fancy for their poetical creations; much less its oftentimes fatal outcome—death—from which all bards obtain an incessant and never ending fountain of inspiration.

There is in fact no such thing as a poetical or diseased idea in itself—most poets will agree on that point,—and when Oscar Wilde in his "Intentions" brought to our notice the fact that so apparently a non-poetic nuisance as a London fog became a thing of beauty in the hands of a really great painter, he said something truer than his somewhat facetious way of saying it might lead one to suppose. The genius of Dickens, likewise, had a faculty of transforming the most sordid environments into something indefinably homely, and I might almost say peaceful. The unmentionable ugliness of the wax flowers and horse-hair sofas, so much associated with the early Victorian era, in his hands became a source of poetical "Gemüthlichkeit." Sordid and diseased as many of his figures were, his art itself was intrinsically healthy, even from the athletic point of view which I am contending against as a supposed criterion of the value of art.

Many of the most renowned ancient painters chose anything but "healthy specimens" for portrayal: the emaciated and dying Christ; the pallid bony and ascetic monk or visionary, again and again selected as pictorial subjects. Nearly the entire Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, furthermore, instead of portraying prize fighters and the like as poetical types, presented us with pale Dantes and paler Beatrices; knights "alone and palely wandering on the cold hill-side" and nuns whose vanity was ascetic severity. For that was *their* idea of beauty. If their pictures do not live across the centuries, it will not be because they were unhealthy, but because they were not sufficiently new: their novelty was not intense enough to prevent many of us from preferring the real pattern on which they were built. Or, let us contemplate the genius of Shakespeare for a moment; let us regard his types, in order to see how many of them would be fit candidates for a Life-Insurance company. If they were not all diseased, certainly not a few were on the verge of being murdered or dispatched to another plane through participation in some street brawl or combat. After all, what could be more unhealthy than death (that being the very pinnacle of unhealthiness) and what could be more disgusting than murder? Indeed, from battle, murder, and from sudden death, it is that the Church service puts a prayer for deliverance in the mouths of its votaries: but disease is not included in the category, since, in life, disease

is looked upon as the lesser evil, while, through some strange perversion of reasons, in art it is looked upon as the greater—or to be more accurate, in *modern* art it is looked upon as such; the older tragedians, however full of diseased types they may have been, being left in peace with regard to this point. Nay, had Nordau or the anti-Ibsenites and so forth really wished to be consistent, they undoubtedly ought to have included Shakespeare, not to mention Dante, in their system for the suppression of decadence. Caliban was a far worse moral and physical deformity, when all is said, than the young man, suffering from a congenital disease in Ibsen's "Ghosts." Hamlet, with all his intellect, would be pronounced today more than distinctly "touched"; Ophelia unblushingly went mad, while Cæsar, as the climax of unhealthiness (as far as he himself was concerned) was manifoldly murdered; Desdemona was smothered by her lover, and to all these slaughterous instances one could add well-nigh countless others to show how very unhealthy, morbid, and immoral Shakespeare was. In truth, Ibsen, with his occasional sexual neurasthenic, about whom more fuss was made than about all the entire murderous paraphernalia of Shakespeare, would be quite left behind in the blood and thunder race, wherein Dante with his spirits writhing amid pestilent serpents and other dire things would take the palm for ghastly victory.

But enough of this theory of diseased art, of this so very relative a thing: for Shakespeare withal is regarded as intrinsically healthy, although from the Nordau standpoint he ought not to be, and still less ought Dante; and if Ibsen lives, people will not ask themselves the question as to whether his works can pass muster for life-insurance. The dust of time will have disposed of that question, as it has done in the case of his predecessors.

And let us not forget one fact which belongs to every-day life; namely, that things are not always what they appear. The frugal and pallid monk is oftentimes a far healthier being than the well-liver with all his blossoming semblance of health; with all his roses—the roses of wine and indigestion perhaps—or the sublime complexions (to be found mostly on vain women) of arsenic—complexions which are the outcome of poisoning. No, verily in this matter we require a new method of criticism. The habit we have in the Occident of substituting one word for another, and then calling that an explanation, is a very pernicious one and only results in a vicious circle. Once more I say, art is one thing and health is another; matters to be kept in their separate

pigeon-holes. And when it comes to music: to speak of diseased music is almost as foolish as to speak of musical disease.

The psychologist, then, must of necessity condemn the loose manner in which phrases are attached to music, which when analyzed prove to be incapable of really holding water. And although I admit that the tendency to talk of decadence is on the wane, and I daresay one day will have gone quite out of fashion, yet the label "futurism" is likely to take its place and be run to death, and thus be attached to a species of music where it can hardly apply at all. The fact is that all great and original music, being of necessity new, must in one sense be futuristic, in that greatness is usually a thing of the future: though I cannot hold with Kents that a thing of beauty is *always* a joy forever. It is often a joy for some considerable time, and in so far it is of the future; but a great deal of what is called "futurism" especially in sculpture and painting, ought more fitly to be called "monsterism." For to see the statue of a woman, with one breast hanging halfway down her body, and the other in its proper place, and also one eye halfway down her cheek, to see and to call such a work either "futurist" or "motionist" is to search very far for a name, when the proper name, *viz.* "monsterist" is so close at hand. And what is the result of this grandiloquent labelling of things with high-sounding names? Simply to allure a number of ignoramuses into the field of so-called creativeness, who possess no technique and who do not take the trouble to acquire it, since to create a monster requires none. If this tendency obtains in sculpture and painting, it certainly obtains in music, and publishers are now beginning to be flooded by manuscripts from composers who are as ignorant as they are ugly. Hypnotized by the word Futurism, they say to themselves, "what is the use of learning any rules when the Past is to be entirely disregarded?" They overlook the fact that musical rules are on a par with the drill of the soldier; not that he may perform gymnastics when actually at war, but that he may gain the necessary strength and discipline to wield his weapon. However, I am not intending to draw Schönberg into this category of ignoramuses, as it is evident from his early works that so-called Futurism is with him development and not merely an admiration. And it is this fact which inclines one to put faith in his Muse, and watch his career with interest. But the many others who out-Schönberg Schönberg, these one is compelled to regard with distrust, for they are, as it were, swindlers, who will take in the public perhaps for a time, though the musicians are likely to see them in their true light.

In conclusion—the philosophical musician takes the middle course, and avoids too much veneration and also too much discontent. He possesses enough of the latter to urge him on to invent, instead of merely composing. On the other hand, his inventions are not so far removed from all traditions as to verge upon "monsterism": both his intellect and his subconscious mind recognize that to be too far removed from tradition is as foolish almost as to be too near to it. Nor is a monster anything essentially new—history is full of monsters—the desire to see them is not a very elevated longing and the visitation of side-shows is not a very spiritual way of passing an afternoon or evening. The old truism "there is nothing new under the sun" generally means to excuse an incapacity to invent something new. The phrase speaks truth and yet it gives rise to an untruth at the same time: for genius, although he does not create something out of nothing, nor outside the domain of Nature, brings a different phase of Nature into manifestation for us on our own plane. So far he is new, and no further.

BALZAC, THE MUSICIAN

By D. C. PARKER

THE date 1814 is for ever memorable in the annals of fiction. In that year Honoré Balzac of Tours went to reside permanently in Paris—Paris, the queen of cities, the manners, customs and intrigues of which he was destined to portray with a never tiring pen. As was to be expected in a world which has little clairvoyant sense of artistic potentialities, no trumpetings and drummings announced his entry. Had, however, some onlooker, graced beyond his fellows with a power of prophecy and a gift of discernment, learnt the future author's name, he would rightly have called the moment historical and marked it upon his tablets.

Balzac means much to many. Who would be the creator of a Human Comedy, the historian of manners, must keep his eyes open; he must have at once a large vision and a deep gaze; he must touch life at many points. Balzac did certainly touch life at many points, but only one of them calls for mention here. Few writers have treated music so thoroughly, fewer still referred to it so constantly. Balzac's love of music showed itself at an early age. As a boy he was never tired of extracting weird sounds from a small, red violin and his performances were not at all appreciated by those within earshot. This simple fact is important. The child gave promise of the man and his affection for his instrument seems natural in one who was to write of the art of music with such evident sympathy.

Like most young men who set out to make a name by plying a busy pen, Balzac had a thorny path to travel, and it is when reviewing the tale of his successes and failures that we first encounter one who had some direct connection with music. When all others, save his sister Laure, had abandoned him, he found a willing confidante in Madame de Berny. This lady, it will be remembered, was the daughter of a harpist, Henner, who could boast of being a *persona grata* with Marie Antoinette at the court of Louis XVI. Balzac saw in one of her daughters a thorough musician and it is impossible to believe that music was not often discussed in the de Berny household. This little glimpse is one of many which might be culled from the story of the novelist's life. At one time he is instrumental in obtaining for Count

Hanski an autograph from Rossini—the laughing, insouciant Rossini, a brother gourmet, who once consoled with him about his drudgery; at another he presides at a dinner graced by the presence of Rossini, Nodier, Sandeau and other celebrities. Despite a sorely diminished exchequer, he orders a piano only to find that his garret is too small to hold one. Rather than do without it he will have the wall knocked down. One of the "lions" of the Opera, he fancies himself in gay and up-to-date society. Work, however, interfered with his visits and we find him deploring the fact that he could visit the theatre only once in a fortnight. His gratitude to Dr. Knothe, a musical adviser, was great. The doctor loved the violin and Balzac expressed his determination to obtain a Stradivarius for him.

However crude and uncertain the knowledge of music which Balzac possessed when he began to move in Parisian circles, however thrown into the background by other matters his delight in it, it is unquestionable that his interest was quickened by many people whom he met. The period heard endless high talk on the arts. The spirit of restlessness hovered abroad. Art was seen to be an adventure as well as an endorsement. The discussions to which Balzac listened, the performances which he witnessed could not but have acted as a potent stimulus to his genius. He appears, inconspicuously it is true, upon the stage what time the Chopin drama was being played. At one juncture periodical visits were made to the little flat in the Rue Pigalle, where George Sand and Chopin were to be found. Whether he was on close terms of friendship with the Polish composer has not, I think, been recorded, but one surmises that he would be attracted to the poetical figure of the musician, if only because, like Madame Hanska, he hailed from the land of Mickiewicz. In "A Man of Business," which appeared a year or two after the visits mentioned, reference is made to Chopin's gift of mimicry—a talent exhibited only before those who were entitled to claim a degree of intimacy. The two magicians, thrown into juxtaposition, might well have captured the attention of the artist—the one elegant and aristocratic, cultivating a small province and dealing with the subtleties; the other untidy and loquacious, still bearing some of the marks of the provincial, roaming over the cosmos and nursing a hundred Quixotic schemes in his head. With George Sand herself there was much conversation on the function of the novel and other topics. We mark the fact because this masterful woman has given us examples of musical portraiture. In one place she pictured Liszt playing a strange *Dies Irae* upon the organ. She praised

Meyerbeer with reservations; and it is unnecessary to single out the Prince Karol of "Lucrezia Floriani," the hero of "La dernière Aldini" or the characters who introduce themselves to us in "Consuelo." In other circles, we may be sure, Balzac was treated to great arguments. Between the date of his arrival in Paris and that of his death, 1850, many notable people walked the streets of the French capital and not a few important *premières* took place. Rossini, Meyerbeer, Berlioz and Liszt came in the twenties. Auber's "Le Maçon" was given in 1825, "Guillaume Tell" in 1829, "Robert le Diable" in 1831. It is only by keeping such facts in mind that the allusions to music which occur in Balzac's works can be fully appreciated.

Having spoken of the impresario, it is now necessary to enter the Vanity Fair which he provided for us. A point to observe is that in the works which appeared up to 1836, or thereabouts, the musical references are slight and relatively few; after that they are numerous and copious. Let us begin by glancing at some of the former. In "The Sceaux Ball," published the year after "Guillaume Tell" was mounted, a passing reflection of the Rossini fever shows itself in the description of a young lady who enters a room with light step, "humming an air from *Il Barbier*." "The Elixir of Life," published in the same year, speaks of the great allegorical figures "to which Mozart's harmonies, perhaps, do no more justice than Rossini's lyre" — a significant remark, surely, considering the time and place of its deliverance. Among the works of 1831 is "The Unknown Masterpiece," wherein a painter is presented working feverishly, "making the circuit of the palette several times more quickly than the organist of a cathedral sweeps the octaves on the keyboard of his clavier for the *O Filii* at Easter." "Colonel Chabert" belongs to 1832 and the true Balzacian touch is in the words with which the Countess, bent on the social ruin of her husband, is portrayed. In her own room she discarded her mask, "like an actress who, returning to her dressing-room after a fatiguing fifth act, drops half dead, leaving with the audience an image of herself which she no longer resembles." By reason of its dedication to Liszt, "The Duchess of Langeais" (1835) must not remain unnoticed. The historical "O Richard, ô mon roi" is introduced with effect in "Old Goriot," in the course of which that most villainous of villains, Vautrin, sings it with variations. To exquisite music the pure joy of the loving heart is likened in "A Seaside Tragedy" (1835)—to music like the "Andiamo mio ben" of Mozart. The fascination of "Facino Cane" (1836) arises from the circumstance that the simple tale

was suggested to Balzac by his meeting with an old, blind violinist. Had Balzac any particular virtuoso in mind when he penned this sentence in "The Atheist's Mass" (1836)? "Actors and surgeons, like great singers, too, like the executants who by their performance increase the power of music tenfold, are all heroes of a moment." Passing to "The Commission in Lunacy," we note a good stroke. "Descamps had in his brush what Paganini had in his bow—a magnetically communicative power." Here, again, is some echo of recent events, for Paganini created a *furor* in Paris in 1831. The foregoing are some of the chief links with and references to music to be discovered in the early works, and it must be confessed that they are not promising.

With the more famous volumes, however, we encounter a man to whom music evidently meant a great deal. Like not a few French young ladies, the daughter of César Birotteau had cost her father much, but the recompense was adequate when he heard Césarine "play a sonata by Steibelt or sing a ballad." "César Birotteau" was published in 1837. If we enquire why the novelist fastened upon the name of the now obscure Steibelt, the answer will be given that in 1790 the composer settled in Paris, where he was received with much favour, and it is possible that Césarine tinkled away at some of the pieces which elegant society had found to its taste. The book contains also a panegyric on the finale of Beethoven's C minor symphony, from which we perceive that its creator was not ignorant of the "Société des Concerts du Conservatoire," which Habeneck founded in 1828 and directed for some twenty years.

There is in one of Beethoven's eight symphonies a fantasia like a great poem; it is the culminating point of the finale of the Symphony in C minor. When, after the slow preparation of the mighty magician, so well understood by Habeneck, the rich curtain rises on the scene; when the bow of the enthusiastic leader of the orchestra calls forth the dazzling *motif*, through which the whole gathered force of the music flows, the poet, as his heart beats fast, will understand that this ball was in Birotteau's life like this moment when his own imagination feels the quickening power of the music, of this *motif*, which in itself raises the Symphony in C minor above its glorious sisters.

The reader will not fail to observe that Balzac speaks of Beethoven's *eight* symphonies, though it is tolerably certain that "César Birotteau" was written after the second production in Paris of the ninth. On a later occasion Césarine calmed her parent's troubled spirit with a performance of "Rousseau's Dream," a piece which the worthy old Schmucke, as we shall see,

introduced to Ursule Mirouët. In both cases the music is commended and attributed to Hérold with a confidence which many musicians would hesitate to endorse. On the last page of César's history there is another reference to "the *finale* of Beethoven's great symphony."

Arriving at "Gambara," which was published in the same year as "César Birotteau," we are thrown into a thoroughly musical atmosphere. The story is inscribed to the Count de Belloy, a well-known figure of the time, who, for a period, acted as the novelist's secretary. Balzac's Italy is the Italy of the theatre and of romance, a land peopled with picturesque aristocrats and even more picturesque adventurers; a country populated by haughty *primo donne* and ravishingly beautiful heroines, sonneteers and opera-composers. "Gambara" gives a well painted picture of this half-real, half-imaginative Italy, "*ou sont nés le macaroni et la musique*," as de Musset has it. In a short article it is impossible to convey a proper idea of the musical interest of the tale. The musician must read the study for himself. Nevertheless, it may be well to say that it is concerned with Count Andrea Macrosini, who makes the acquaintance of a composer of Cremona, Paolo Gambara by name. The latter tells the nobleman—an *émigré* in Paris—of his hard struggles in the small Italian theatres, of the fiasco of his opera, "Martiri"—"set Beethoven before the Italians and they are out of their depth," he says—of his wanderings among the Tedeschi, and of the abject poverty which awaited him in Paris. The story as such must be left alone; it will suffice to point out that it is remarkable for four features. It introduces us to a lively discussion on the relative merits of Italian and German music. There is much conversation on Palestrina, Pergolesi and Mozart.

"The new school has left Beethoven far behind," said the ballad-writer, scornfully.

"Beethoven is not yet understood," said the Count. "How can he be excelled?" The Count is all for Beethoven.

"Compare," said he, "that sublime composer's works with what by common consent is called Italian music. What feebleness of ideas, what limpness of style! That monotony of form, those commonplace cadenzas, those endless bravura passages introduced at haphazard irrespective of the dramatic situation, that recurrent *crescendo* that Rossini brought into vogue, are now an integral part of every composition: those vocal fireworks result in a sort of babbling, chattering, vaporous music, of which the sole merit depends on the greater or less fluency of the singer and his rapidity of vocalisation. . . . In short, the compositions of Rossini, in whom this music is personified, with those of the writers who are more or less of his school, to me seem worthy at

best to collect a crowd in the street round a grinding organ, as an accompaniment to the capers of a puppet show."

The vivacity and brilliance of the French mind have often been remarked. We remember Grétry's historical observation that the most skilful musician was the one who could properly "metamorphose declamation into melody"; we remember also that his ideal theatre was to have an invisible orchestra. The droll "*premier intermède*" of Molière's "*Le Malade Imaginaire*," with its interrupted serenade and "*coups de bâtons*," might almost have suggested some details for the scene of Beckmesser's disastrous music-making. In "*Gambara*" there is something of this same anticipatory instinct. Gambara contemplated a scheme of three operas, "*The Martyrs*," "*Mahomet*" and "*Jerusalem's Deliverance*." Here, then, we have Balzac thinking of a trilogy long before Europe spent itself in critical strife over "*The Ring*." Wagner took up his abode in Paris in 1839 and remained till 1842. Whether he and Balzac ever met I do not know, but it is a thousand pities that fate prevented some Boswell from recording an argument between two such gargantuan talkers, for the visit to "*la cour du roi Pétard*" would have been infinitely amusing. While Wagner's brain was busy with many things during the time of his residence in France, the idea of treating the story of Siegfried did not simmer in his mind till some eleven years or so after "*Gambara*" was published. The credit for the conception of the chain of operas must, therefore, rest with Balzac.

Gambara explains his opera, "*Mahomet*," in great detail to the Count. (In the course of it he refers to Beethoven's *E* minor symphony. Is this one of the novelist's "howlers"?) We turn over the pages to see what Macrosini thought of the music.

There was no hint even of a poetical or musical idea in the hideous cacophony with which he had deluged their ears; the first principles of harmony, the most elementary rules of composition, were absolutely alien to this chaotic structure. Instead of the scientifically compacted music which Gambara described, his fingers produced sequences of fifths, sevenths, and octaves, of major thirds, profusions of fourths with no supporting bass. . . .

A mechanical instrument, the Panharmonicon, which reproduced the voices of the orchestra is one of Gambara's chief delights. What is said about its capabilities will be read with interest by those who set great store on the pianola and the gramophone.

Last, but not least, is the analysis of "*Robert le Diable*;" from the ordeal the writer emerges less damaged than most of his

literary brethren would have done. One or two remarks demand quotation. "Science is a defect when it evicts inspiration." "The *finale* to Don Giovanni is one of those classic forms that are invented once for all." "Robert le Diable" was written by Meyerbeer "without troubling himself with theories, while those musicians who pen grammars of harmony may, like literary critics, be atrocious composers."

Two years later, in 1839, "Massimilla Doni" was printed. A not very savoury story, it hardly counts among the best of Balzac's pieces, yet it has much musical attraction. A dedication to the music critic, Jacques Strunz calls to mind Balzac's indebtedness to him. In the present instance we are ushered into the Italy of the singing age, the age when the voice was everything, when Venice laughed and capered to the mild cadences of the Adriatic. There is a portrait of the prima donna, La Tinti, and an excellent description of a night at the Fenice. Some of the lines show that the French writer was alive to the trend of his time. "Are you not bound," says the heroine, "to find all our dancers detestable and our singers atrocious? Paris and London rob us of all our leading stars." The Italian point of view of the day is voiced by the crazy Capraja. "The clear cadenza is the highest achievement of art." And again; "the cadenza is the only thing left to the lovers of pure music, the devotees of unfettered art." A long explanation of Rossini's "Moses" occupies a considerable portion of the tale, though Massimilla asks whether an Italian opera needs a guide to it. The Rossini fever rages unabated in the course of the description. Listen to the following and say if the singer of Pesaro lacked worshippers!

None but an Italian could have written this pregnant and inexhaustible theme—truly Dantesque. Do you think that it is nothing to have such a dream of vengeance, even for a moment? Handel, Sebastian Bach, all you old German masters, nay, even you, great Beethoven, on your knees! Here is the queen of arts, Italy triumphant!

"*Mi manca la voce*" is "the grandest of all quartets" and Balzac puts into Massimilla's mouth some of the works to which, perhaps, the useful Strunz directed his notice. "Mozart holds his own by the famous *finale* to Don Giovanni; Marcello, by his psalm *Coeli enarrant gloriam Dei*; Cimarosa, by the air *Pria che spunti*; Beethoven, by his C minor symphony; Pergolesi, by his *Stabat Mater*; Rossini will live by *Mi manca la voce*."

"Ursule Mirouët" was given to the public in 1841. If not ull of meat for the musician it is not empty. The old doctor entrusts Ursule to the care of Schmucke, "a learned professor of

music." The performances at which we are privileged to be present are those when the youthful virtuoso plays "La dernière Pensée musicale of Weber" to her godfather, when she regales a typically provincial group with Beethoven's Sonata in A, and when she attacks "Rousseau's Dream" with entire success. One or two scattered remarks fall to be recorded. "At the end of the eighteenth century science was as deeply rent by the apparition of Mesmer as art was by that of Gluck." "The finer the music, the less the ignorant enjoy it." "In all music there lies, besides the idea of the composer, the soul of the performer, who, by a privilege peculiar to this art alone, can lend purpose and poetry to phrases of no great intrinsic value. Chopin, in our day, proves the truth of this fact on the piano, a thankless instrument, as Paganini had already done on the violin."

"Béatrix" (1844) next claims attention. A long and prolix work it reveals little of Balzac's better self. When writing it the Parisian Homer was most assuredly nodding very badly. It is widely assumed that Liszt was the prototype of Conti and Madame d'Agoult that of Madame de Rochefide. The picture of Conti certainly harmonizes tolerably with Balzac's well-known estimate of the Abbé, whom he thought theatrical and ridiculous as an individual, but great as an artist. The assumption, however, may be too hasty. It is probably true that Conti could not have existed without Liszt. But have not the novelists a way of painting composite pictures? Balzac's own view of the question is expressed in a communication to Madame Hanska of the date 1843. "I never portrayed any one whomsoever that I had known, except G. Planche in Claude Vignon, and that was with his consent, and G Sand in Camille Maupin, also with her consent." This, of course, does not include "Béatrix." Whether an exception was made in the case of that novel the reader must settle for himself. The public, which derives a certain satisfaction from establishing relationships between celebrities and characters in fiction, has no scruples on the subject and Conti will continue to be Liszt to the musical reader. The truth would appear to be that, though Balzac, like many another, did not indulge in very exact portraiture, he introduced a sufficient number of personal foibles and mannerisms for the original to be detected. Some support, I think, may be claimed for this view by reason of the fact that Lamartine and one or two more have been mentioned as providing him with material for his character studies.

"Cousin Pons" (1847) might not inaptly be termed a child of the greater Balzac. Originally called "The two Musicians"—

the title was altered at the suggestion of Madame Hanska—the book is concerned with Sylvain Pons, "whose name appears on the covers of well-known sentimental songs trilled by our mothers, to say nothing of a couple of operas, played in 1815 and 1816, and diverse unpublished scores." A simple, timid man, his "notes were drowned before long in floods of German harmony and the music of Rossini." Headway with the great world of Paris he never made. Though a cantata had been crowned by the Institute at the time of the re-establishment of the Académie de Rome, he was in 1844 of no more value than "an antediluvian semiquaver." Of his harmony he could not boast and counterpoint was hardly his forte. In the complexity of orchestration he found a source of worry. Yet there was a time when some saw in him a rival to Nicolo, Paër and Berton. Still, if neglected by the great folk of the *haute monde*, Pons got solace in the companionship of his *alter ego*, Schmucke. Schmucke would have been a great composer had he not lacked the audacity which is necessary for the creator. Hence he was condemned to eke out his living as an obscure teacher. The artistic partnership of these two simple souls is well brought out by Balzac. Few more vivid pictures came from his pen than that of Schmucke playing the piano to Pons when he was ill and in bed.

On one sublime theme after another he executed variations, putting into them sometimes Chopin's sorrow, Chopin's Rafael-like perfection; sometimes the stormy Dante's grandeur of Liszt—the two musicians who most nearly approach Paganini's temperament. When execution reaches this supreme degree, the executant stands beside the poet, as it were, he is to the composer as the actor to the writer of plays, a divinely inspired interpreter of things divine.

Perhaps enough has been said to prove that Balzac was not deaf to the voice of Saint Cecilia. Something has just been remarked about his view of Liszt. It remains to add that he applauded Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache and that Nourrit in "Robert le Diable" gave him a thrill. He has himself provided more than one musician with a theme. Music by Auber was at one time associated with "Modeste Mignon." The opera, "Le Shérif," by Scribe and Halévy, mounted at the Opéra Comique in 1839, is drawn from "Master Cornélius." Leoncavallo has an orchestral piece based on "Séraphita" and Waltershausen's "Oberst Chabert" is a version of that story.

THE TWO TRENDS OF MODERN MUSIC IN STRAVINSKY'S WORKS

By RUDHYAR D. CHENNEVIÈRE

A PERPETUAL recreation of itself is an attribute of genius. Once a height attained, the eternal ascension toward summits yet unscaled again begins. Hence nothing is more disconcerting to the crowd than genius. Those who after much effort have gained an understanding of the work of a certain year, find themselves replunged the year following, into lack of comprehension by its new work. An instance in point was when after the tardy triumph of the *Sacres du Printemps*, his *le Rossignol* baffled Stravinsky's most ardent partisans.

And, in truth, the abyss stretching between these two works is a profound one: the pieces for string quartet which succeeded even accentuated the new path which Stravinsky was following. One feels that for him the *Sacres* represents a point of arrival, the perfect expression of one kind of music. Yet this music does not satisfy him: he seeks to go beyond it, to penetrate into domains unknown. And of these researches his latest works have been born, works no doubt as yet incomplete; yet which surely will end in some typical score such as the *Sacres du Printemps* was of its kind.

The *Sacres*, in fact, is a formidable, a magnificent work. One knows what an impression of intoxicating stupor (this is the correct term) it produced in Paris, when given by Pierre Monteux at his concerts, separated from its plastic presentation, which the public did not understand and which, nevertheless, was so fine in its ritual animalism.

Here music, carrying along beyond the borders of romanticism the tragic thought of Beethoven, is essentially "elementary" or "cosmic." In the mad hammering out of themes of primordial simplicity, born of the people, in some sort out of man's purely animal spontaneity; in the prodigious orchestral inflations whose notes burgeon forth like seed beneath the germinating urge of Spring; in the violent super-position of a hundred incongruous voices, cosmic voices of the winds, the forests, the birds, of all these living forces exalted by the nuptial hour; in the delirium of the final dance of terror, in which the woman, hunted like a beast,

dances the spasmodic dance of agonizing flesh; everywhere there leaps forth a primordial vitality, *cynical*, tragic; life not anti-human, but an-human.

And as in *Pétrouchka* the great passion drama of humanity had already been cynically staged as a tragic farce where marionettes hysterically disport themselves manipulated by the finger of ironic fate, in the *Sacre* man is no more than some sort of animal, tossed about and crushed by indifferent cosmic forces.

These two works, incidentally, are strictly limited. *Pétrouchka* is the music of the human crowd: the *Sacre* is the elemental music of the crowds of a universe. In both cases it is "mass" music, denying the individual, music extraordinarily "vital," music of instinct. In a word, in the broad sense of the phrase, it is *physical music*.

Of course Stravinsky could have continued to follow this path. He might have doubled his orchestra, already large; invented new instruments using, for instance, the formidable music of steam, visioned by A. Sax, which the steamer siren has made vocal, let loose an outburst of sonority, or, if one prefers, ten times more noise; superimposing, instead of two or three tonalities double the number. He could have done this. Yet he did not, and without doubt will not do so; since it must have become clear to him that, once a certain balance is overpast, the greater augmentation as regards *quantity* the less the factor of *quality* makes itself felt.

Hence it is that abandoning a tremendous instrumental fracas, he has turned to the miniature orchestra, to the "string quartet," in order to reveal to the world the secrets of a music more earnest and profound; no longer glorying in the cosmic whirlwind; but concentrating in order to succeed in expressing the human soul in its essential tragedy and serenity.

And thus it is that after having, if not created, at least brought to its highest pitch of realization and actual power this *cosmic* or *elemental* music, Stravinsky has entered upon the occult and unknown pathway of *psychic music*.

Here Stravinsky found he had an immediate predecessor in Debussy—I will not speak of Beethoven, the initiator of all modern music, who in his last quartets recreates the genuine soul-music which died with Palestrina. It has already been said that Schoenberg and those who follow him more or less closely tend toward what is known as "pure sonal music." This is very true; yet, possibly, the whole value and meaning of the term "pure sonal music" has not been grasped altogether.

In order to define it, it becomes necessary to take a bird's-eye view of the evolution of music at its beginning. The musical "note," as well as the "scale" or ladder of tones established with regard to fixed intervals, is a something which has not always existed in music. During thousands of years before the abstract theory of music came into being, men had a music without "notes" and without "scales." We too often forget this, owing to the mania which musicologists have of ignoring all music anteceding Pythagoras, and including the greater part of the music of the Orient, which nevertheless had in India, some centuries ago, attained a degree of perfection which we are far from realizing to-day.

Man has invented nothing. He has merely examined himself and the universe. All there is in Nature expresses itself in music. And the prodigious cosmic symphonies of the winds, the oceans, the forests, the sounds of many waters and the song of birds, every song of multiple life made man new-born aware that he was alive, that music was. Blinded by a ridiculous vanity, we have denied the genuine musical value of this infinitely rich and multiple music of nature. We are so accustomed to our scales, to our mathematical sounds accorded to the diapason, so habituated to this intellectual, scientific music of ours, that it is difficult for us to understand that it is not *all* music, that in reality it is only a small portion of universal music, just as man himself is only part of the universe. We are habituated to such a degree to this *discontinued* music of ours, to our melodies "in scale", leaping from step to step, from note to note, that the *continuous* music of the elements, the melodies of Nature herself, flowing without breaks, without leaps, with a great sustained impetus, rising by insensible crescendos and dying away in *glissandos* which never stop at points conventionally determined (such as notes); that this music not of the intellect seems to us to be mere incoherent noise. This is a lamentable error due to a sterile anthropomorphism.

This continuous music was the first music of humanity; its primitive *melopoeia*, its magic incantation which—as Jules Combarieu has so well demonstrated—was the original source and synthesis of human music. This musical *stadium* is reproduced in all its purity by the Eskimos. Phonographic records have been made of magic ceremonies, at which the priest-sorcerer imitates with his voice the voices of the elements, the cries of animals, in order to lure their souls and lay a spell on them, to conjure the spirits of nature. This music is a torrent of sustained sound, which ignores notes and scales. And it would be silly to

deny the artistic value of such ritual ceremonies wherein are expressed a complete synthesis of life. The magic incantation, the well-spring of sacred music—the only music which is really enduring—vibrates with so intense a vitality because the priest in his will for empire over the soul of things, insists on identifying himself with the life of earth; not only does he penetrate to the musical soul of living beings; but he commands them to live according to his law, he binds them with their own lives whose secret he has surprised. *He creates life by making himself at one with life:* and that is the supreme goal of all art.

True, the religion of the primitive magician is largely external, largely formal, and the means of expression employed by him are uncouth. Yet his art is comprehensive and complete in its essence. And the magic chant, the *carmen*, is yet, though on an inferior plane, a perfect creation.

Man, who has a horror of continuity in which his dearly cherished individuality is dissolved, found in the stylization of animal cries points projected from the great current of continuous music, flowing from high to low pitch like some magnificent stream. These cries, approximately reproduced by the aid of instruments, became fixed points of departure for their subsequent union, which formed a kind of primitive scale. Thus the Chinese scale came into being: the "Annals" inform us that it was based upon reeds of varying length, forming a sort of archaic flute. In the case of the other races it may have been the bow which was the origin of instrumental music. And at once "discontinued" music presents itself and sound acquires an independent and individual value. And from this source there comes that "pure sonal music" which is born of the juxtaposition of individual sonorities more or less complex.

Nevertheless, for centuries and even, in the Orient, at the present day, the fixed sounds established, which in their entirety make up the scale, were no more than guiding-points among which the melody moved freely and continuously without fixed intervals. Hence we have all these vocal glissandos, all these infinite melodic palpitations of Hindoo music, which represent what remains of "continuous" music, which are the direct melodic expression of life itself, in its infinite variety, its subtle and many-hued spontaneity, and not, as they are so ridiculously termed "musical ornaments."

Without any doubt at all, a struggle between "continuous" and "broken" music, the constant progress of individualism, intelligence and scientific reasoning, all inter-related factors, little

by little destroyed "continuous" music or, rather, this type of music subsisted as an appanage of priest and temple; while the people in their individual gladness created the primitive folk-song, using for it no more than a few very simple sounds, the expression of a no less simple mentality. A similar development took place during the Middle Ages, when the artless folk and popular song distorted and killed the plain chant, that marvellous Byzantine creation, amalgamate of all the sacred song of the Orient and of Palestine, and whose anatomical outline alone has come down to us, deprived of the inner musical continuity which was its living flesh.

"Broken" or "discontinued" music triumphs in counterpoint and scientific classic music until Beethoven who is the first, in his "infinite melodies," to aspire to genuine continuity. Wagner seeks continuity in dramatic action (the linking together of leading motives); Debussy in his evocation of harmonic atmospheres; Stravinsky, finally, in the *Sacre du Printemps* piles up, one upon the other, the most contradictory tonalities to break them down by ceaseless friction, creating the illusion of a perpetual and unbroken generation of sound. And hence it is that this work of his is the apex of a great musical effort of the XIX century, an effort toward the realization of a cosmic music, that of elemental voices.

Schoenberg opposes this trend. It is the "pure sonal music," discontinued music, which he exalts. Yet this opposition is unquestionably no more than a desperate quest for a means of outflanking an insurmountable obstacle, the obstacle which our scale (that is to say the entire musical system actually in use, maintained by the very conformation of the majority of instruments, especially the keyboard instruments) opposes to "continued" music. Schoenberg, in fact, ignores rather than struggles against tonality. He has his being in an atmosphere of absolute chromaticism, tending to enharmonism (insisted upon by Italian musical futurists), and he forges sounds unknown, mysterious "cries." He makes the impression of stuttering in a language which he himself hardly knows, one whose resources he is continually busy discovering. He ignores all lines of sonority. He is preoccupied, one might say, with musical soundings. He casts out his plummet into the depths of the soul and draws up with it strange shapes, fantastic gleams. Yet these shapes have no vitality. He is unable to grasp the secret of their existence. Not that this disturbs him: he worships them because of their inexplicable radiance. And he depicts them; for before all else, Schoenberg is an

analyst. Before him there existed a concept of the musical line, of melody. He feels that this conception ends in a blind alley (this blind alley being the polytonality of the *Sacres du Printemps*). Then, daringly, he abandons all, and goes on at random ranging the whole domain of known music. Scapel in hand, he dissects the soul of man. And he discovers prodigious psychic outcries, exclamations which he notes with fidelity; yet almost without connection, for their vital bond of union escapes him. It is thus that he records these unknown sounds, whence come no one knows. One might term them onomatopoeia of the soul. And, no doubt, as at the dawn of humanity, the Word leaped forth in these inarticulate cries, in which are expressed the reflex emotions of man confronted with life, a music will be born of all these strange, scattered tones, to form the incomparable melody whose song will be that of the all-embracing life of the soul.

It is toward this goal that Stravinsky's purpose is directed. For the *Sacres du Printemps* is the perfect expression of elemental music, of instinctive psychic music. Yet it is not the great sacred music of humanity's mysteries which the future insists upon in order to sing the cult of Conscience and of Man Divine. In lieu of physical continuity, there must be born psychic continuity, the continuity of the soul. And in place of the fragmentary, analytical notation of Schoenberg, there must rise up a *vital synthesis of the soul*.

This is the task reserved for the music of the future. And in anticipating it we should invoke the name of that great musician who has vanished, Scriabine. In the dawning of this animastic synthesis which music will express, he stands forth as the great mystic, visioning the tremendous emprise. Dying, perhaps, because of its actual impossibility of realization, he towers in extatic serenity on the threshold of the music of to-morrow. More than any other, with his far-flung gaze which penetrated the soul of the universe, he could foresee that which was to be. His last *Preludes* are incomparable tentatives, surpassing in perfection all that Schoenberg has written, the beginnings of a new day, in which Man, weary of the battles of materialism, turning to introspection, will meditate on the Infinite, won over to that vast, illimitable Wisdom so long forgotten by him.

Yet who is he who will arise to accomplish the great work which Scriabine did not realize?

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens.)

Plate I



Mozart, aged 24, with Marianna, his sister, and Leopold, their father

By J. N. De La Croix 1780

*From *Notes on Maria et Wolfgang**

NOTES ON THE ICONOGRAPHY OF WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

By EDWARD SPEYER

SINCE the appearance of my article "Mozart at the National Gallery" in the *Burlington Magazine* (No. 156 vol. XXVIII, March 1916) my attention has been drawn to an extensive notice of Mr. Dent's admirable book "Mozart's Operas" in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of Feb. 3rd, 1913, from the pen of the late M. Teodor de Wyzewa, himself the author in co-operation with M. G. de Saint-Poix, of a new work on Mozart¹ of which so far two volumes only, covering the period 1760-1777, have appeared. In these volumes the writers profess to treat their subject by a scientific and critical method of their own, on lines different from those adopted by Jahn, and by Köchel, in those monumental publications of theirs which have hitherto been recognized as the standard works on Mozart's life and creations.

M. de Wyzewa begins his otherwise appreciative article by taking exception to the date assigned by Mr. Dent to the portrait of Mozart [Plate 5] which figures as the frontispiece of his book and proceeds as follows.

Translation of M. Teodor de Wyzewa's Article in the Revue des Deux Mondes, of Feb. 3rd, 1913.

Mr. Dent's very interesting new work unfortunately opens with an error which is anything but new—a mistake characteristic of what I am tempted to call the incorrigible professional credulity of writers on music For Mr. Dent has used as the frontispiece of a large volume a reproduction of a portrait of the master which was left by Mozart's widow to the Mozarteum in Salzburg: Mr. Dent puts a note under this portrait stating that it was painted by the actor Joseph Lange 'in 1791', the very year of Mozart's death.

Clearly only the interest attaching to the date of this portrait which would thus give us a clue to Mozart's appearance at the time the "Magic Flute" was written, can have justified Mr. Dent in his own eyes in giving the place of honor to such mediocre painting, the work of an amateur, ranking far beneath many other portraits equally authentic.

¹"Mozart's Operas," a critical study by Edward J. Dent, London: Chatto & Windus, 1915.

²W. A. Mozart, sa vie musicale et ses œuvres de l'enfance à la pleine maturité (1758-1777) Essai de biographie critique. Paris, Perrin, 1912.

It is true that the catalogue of the Mozarteum, on the strength of some ancient testimony, gives this date to Lange's portrait; but it is surprising that with all his intimate knowledge of Mozart and his work during the last year of his life, the English writer should not have perceived at once the impossibility of taking such an affirmation seriously. In the first place Mr Dent shows us, with good reason, that in 1791 Mozart was utterly tired out and exhausted—and in point of fact, it was probably of old age that this man of 36 died . . . How then can we admit this to be a portrait of Mozart done two years after Tischbein's admirable portrait, which shows him in all the sombre splendour of his maturity? How could Mozart have recovered in 1791 the fresh and delicate juvenile beauty, which the Salzburg sketch reveals?

To this first objection, more or less theoretical, perhaps, may be added a second—a positive one. And it is incomprehensible how this could have escaped Mr Dent's fine critical observation. Not only does the portrait which he has placed at the opening of his book represent a Mozart far too young to permit us to recognise in him the prematurely aged author of the "Magic Flute," but in addition we know most certainly that this portrait was painted by Joseph Lange, not in 1791, but in 1788, on the morrow of Mozart's marriage, that he painted a portrait of Mozart's wife at the same time, and that Mozart sent the two sketches to his father together with other peace offerings in his attempts to obtain his severe parent's pardon for the unpardonable folly he had just committed. We know this through Mozart's widow, who had the two portraits lithographed in 1828 and published them in the large volume which her second husband, the chevalier de Nissen, dedicated to the memory of his illustrious predecessor.

Like all those before him who have accepted without control the Mozarteum catalogue's fabulous assertion in that question, Mr Dent must have noticed opposite p. 464 of Nissen's Biography of Mozart, the faithful reproduction of the upper part of this portrait (the only portion properly finished) alleged to have been done in 1791, placed there among the letters in which Constance Weber's young husband was trying every ingenious means of appeasing the paternal wrath.

In an introduction to his own two volumes on Mozart's musical life M. de Wysewa states that they are the fruit of ten years' patient and conscientious study of every source and document relating to such of Mozart's compositions as are dealt with therein; and after a perusal of the work I see no reason why his assurance on that point should not find willing acceptance. It is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that the late author apparently did not see fit to adopt the same method in regard to the *Iconography* of Mozart. Had he done so he would assuredly have refrained from making the statements above quoted which, I am sorry to say, will not survive the test of accurate research.

In order to prevent erroneous theories thus put forward by so well-known and brilliant a writer from finding acceptance, and at the same time to discuss and to endeavour to throw new light on

A



Constanza, Mozart's wife
From Vienna's Mozart Biography

B



Georg Nicolaus von Nissen
Second husband of Constanza, Mozart's widow
(from Nissen's Mozart Biography)

certain points which in my opinion have hitherto been either neglected or wrongly treated by other writers on the subject, I propose to make in the present article a study of the Iconography of Mozart, limited to the Master's adult age, which I think I may claim to be based strictly upon technical examination and historical and documentary evidence. For the sake of those not intimately acquainted with the subject it will be necessary, first to mention briefly some of the principle publications giving information of one kind or another on the Iconography of Mozart and in particular those, like Nissen's "Life," and the Catalogue of the Salzburg Mozarteum, that are specially referred to by M. de Wyzewa.

I. NISSEN'S LIFE OF MOZART:¹

George Nicolaus von Nissen (1781-1826), Danish Councillor of State, came to Vienna in 1797, six years after Mozart's death. He there represented his country as *Chargé d'Affaires*, and made the acquaintance of Mozart's widow (1763-1842) in whom he henceforth took a great interest, assisting her in her precarious situation, and eventually marrying her in 1809. Retiring from the State service in 1820, he settled at Salzburg and devoted the remaining years of his life to writing a *Life of Mozart* for which the mass of authentic material his wife was able to put at his disposal, proved of great importance. He died, however, in 1826, and before the completion of his work which was eventually published by his widow in 1828. Nissen, as the book shows, was an honest, wellmeaning, painstaking, and industrious writer, but altogether deficient in scholarly and scientific training. The "Life" contains the following lithographic illustrations

1. *Portrait of Nissen*, characteristically doing duty as frontispiece in accordance with the widow's "Directions to the Bookbinder" to be found at the end of the book. [Plate II B].

2. *Portrait Group* [Plate I], after the oil painting, 65 by 65 in., by J. N. de la Croce (1738-1819), painted at Salzburg in 1780, representing Wolfgang Mozart at the age of 24, together with Marianne, his sister, and Leopold, his father, the portrait of the mother, who was dead by that time, being shown hanging on the wall. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).

3. *Portrait of Mozart "as a boy of 7"* [Plate III C], in the gala dress presented to him by the Empress Maria Theresa in Oct. 1782, in Vienna. After an oil painting, 81 x 61 c.m., by an unknown artist. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).

4. *Portrait of Mozart "in his manhood"* [Plate IV]. Author unknown.

5. *Portrait of Constanze, Mozart's wife*. [Plate II A]. Author unknown.

¹Biographie W. A. Mozarts, von Georg Nicolaus von Nissen, nach dessen Tode herausgegeben von Constanza, Wittwe von Nissen, früher Wittve Mozart. Leipzig: G. Benz, 1828.

6. *Portrait of Mozart's two Sons: Carl (1784-1858) and Wolfgang (1791-1844) Plate III D].* After an oil painting, 70 x 58 c.m., by Hans Hansen. (Mozart Museum, Salzburg).

7. *Illustration of Mozart's ear.*

8. *View of the house in which Mozart was born.*

A list is also given, drawn up in somewhat haphazard fashion, of representations of Mozart then existing: monuments, medals, busts, and engraved portraits almost exclusively posthumous productions; followed by the statement that "the widow possesses several portraits of his painted in oils at different periods of his life."

II. JAHN'S LIFE OF MOZART:¹

In the original editions of this great biography, which will doubtless always rank as the standard work on Mozart's life and works, and as a model of musical and artistic biography, the Iconography does not receive special treatment, but valuable information is given on a few points which I shall mention later. The later editions, published after Jahn's death (1869) and edited by Prof. Deiters, contain, indeed, a chapter on the Iconography but this is based on well-known sources, and contains hardly any illustrations, and, therefore, requires no special reference here.

III. THE CATALOGUE OF THE MOZART MUSEUM (MOZARTEUM) AT SALZBURG.²

This, though unillustrated, and hardly commendable for scholarly writing, yet gives some valuable information in reference to local traditions concerning the Mozart family and to certain portraits of Mozart, left by his widow his sons and others to the Museum which was founded in 1842 and installed in the house of Mozart's birth, and contains a vast assemblage of portraits, autographs, and relics of all kinds of Mozart and his family.

IV. MOZART PORTRAITS BY E. VOGEL:³

This essay by the late Dr. Emil Vogel, Director of the "Peters Musical Library" at Leipzig, is the first attempt at an exhaustive study of Mozart Iconography. Adequately illustrated, it gives evidence of patient, scholarly work, and a competent scientific method which make it a valuable guide.

V. LETTERS OF MOZART AND HIS FAMILY BY DR. SCHIEDERMAIR:⁴

A very important work, as far as the first 4 vols. are concerned, which for the first time gives a complete collection of the letters of Mozart

¹Otto Jahn: *W. A. Mozart*, 1st Ed., 4 vols., 1856-1859. 4th Ed., 2 vols. 1905. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Haertel. English Translation, by Miss Pauline Townsend, 2 vols. London. Novello.

²J. E. Engl. *Katalog des Mozart-Museums*, 4th ed., Salzburg 1906.

³*Mozart-Portraits von Emil Vogel*, *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters für 1899*. Leipzig, Peters 1900.

⁴*Die Briefe W. A. Mozarts und seiner Familie*. Erste kritische Gesamtausgabe, von Ludwig Schiedermair. München. Georg Müller 1914.



Mozart "as a boy of 7"
(From *Nissen's Mozart Biography*)



Mozart's Sons, Carl and Wolfgang
(From *Nissen's Mozart Biography*)

and his family, edited from the originals on strictly critical lines. This work contains much sound scholarship, and altogether surpasses Nohl's,¹ and all other prior publications of the kind. I would like to say the same of the 5th vol. which is entirely devoted to "Iconography," and contains a large number of illustrations of the portraits of Mozart and his family and contemporaries, and of autographs, documents, and objects and localities connected with Mozart. But here, at any rate as far as portraiture is concerned the author does not seem to have attained sufficient technical mastery of his subject to enable him to form an independent opinion. To the unfortunate results of this I shall presently have to draw attention.

I can now return to the subject of these notes, *The Portraits of Mozart in his manhood*. Of these the following four portraits claim serious consideration, as we have documentary proof that they were done from the life:

(1) *Portrait Group in oils*: [Plate I] by J. N. de la Croce, representing Wolfgang Mozart at the age of 24, already described above (see page 177).

(2) *Silverpoint Drawing*. [Plate VI] 3 x 2 in., at the age of 33, done during Mozart's stay in Dresden in April 1779, by Dora Stock. (Peters Musical Library, Leipzig).

I consider this portrait to be by far the most authentic and life-like representation of Mozart, both on account of its known history and also because of its artistic excellence. It has every mark of a true and characteristic portrait and is of outstanding importance in the whole of Mozart's iconography. For in April 1789, on a journey from Vienna to Berlin, Mozart made a stay of six days at Dresden, where he was a frequent guest in the house of Gottfried Körner, father of Theodor Körner, the poet. It was here that he sat to Körner's sister-in-law, Dora Stock (1760-1832), a distinguished artist much appreciated at the time, who drew his portrait in silverpoint on ivory cardboard. At the back of the portrait are inscriptions showing that it was left by Körner's wife to the author and poet F. Förster, and by him to his adopted son, Karl Eckert (1820-1879), the well-known musician and conductor, after whose death it finally passed to the "Peters' Musical Library" at Leipzig. It seems to have been published for the first time as late as 1858 in an engraving by E. Mandel.²

(3) *Boxwood Relief*: [Plate VII E] 3¼ x 2 in., at the age of 33, by Posch, a well-known Austrian medallist of the time, said to have been

¹Ludwig Nohl: *Mozarts Briefe*: 1st ed. 1836, 2nd ed. 1878. English Translation by Lady Wallace, London, Longman, 1885.

²Vogel, *Op. cit.* p. 28 f.f.

can fail to perceive that the lithographic portrait in the biography [Plate IV] is the faithful reproduction of the upper part of the painting [Plate V] alleged to have been done in 1791.

The two portraits of Mozart and his wife here spoken of appear, indeed, in Nissen's biography, as will be seen from the list of illustrations contained in it given by me above [Plate IV and Plate II A], but no single reference, either by Mozart's widow or anyone else, as to their authorship, origin, or date of production, can be found in Nissen's biography! Nor is it permissible to describe the lithographic portrait of Mozart of the biography [Plate IV] as a faithful representation of the upper part of the oil painting [Plate V]. For, though the former is evidently based upon the latter, there is this marked difference between them: that the lithographic portrait shows a head erect and an aspect of good health, whilst in the oil painting the head is inclined and shows unmistakeable signs of illness and exhaustion. M. de Wyzewa, by persisting in speaking of these two portraits as of one and the same thing has, in fact become involved in a labyrinth of confusion and error from which I shall now make it my task to extricate him.

In a letter dated Vienna, April 3rd, 1783, Mozart, who in August of the previous year, then aged 26, had married Constanze Weber¹ against the wish of his father writes to the latter in Salzburg:

Herewith also the two portraits [of himself and his wife]. I only hope they may satisfy you. Both appear to me to be good likenesses, and all who have seen them are of the same opinion.

Of these portraits, which may be assumed to have been done after Mozart's marriage in 1782, both Jahn² and Vogel³ speak as "Miniature Pictures" (*Miniaturbilder*), adding that after the death of Mozart's father, Leopold, they came into the possession of his sister, Marianne, who kept them till her death, in 1829, when they disappeared. Both authors omit to state the source from which this information is drawn. I find, however, that in a letter dated Salzburg, July 2nd, 1819, to Dr. L. von Sonnleithner, in Vienna⁴ who had asked her for information about the portraits of Mozart, Marianne⁵ writes:

¹Constanze Weber, born 1763, married Mozart 1782, widow 1791, married Nissen 1809, widow again 1826, died 1842.

²Jahn, 4th ed., II, p. 356.

³Vogel Mozart Portraits, p. 28.

⁴Jahn, 1st ed., I, p. 227.

⁵Marianne Mozart, b. 1751 at Salzburg, m. 1874 Baron Berchtold zu Sonnenberg d. 1899 at Salzburg.

Plate IV



Mozart "in his manhood"

Lithograph

(From *Nissen's Mozart Biography*)

Plate V



Mozart, aged 35; by Joseph Lange, 1791

Oil, unfinished, 18 x 11½ in.

(*Mozart Museum, Salzburg*)

The one painted when he returned from Italy is the oldest [in her possession]. He was then only 16, but as he was recovering from a serious illness, the face looks sickly and very sallow. His portrait in the family group [Plate I], when he was 22, is very good, and the *Miniature Picture*, when he was 26, is the latest of his which I possess.

Her statement that her *Miniature Picture* represents Mozart at the age of 26 indicates 1782 as the date, the year of Mozart's marriage, and there would thus appear to be a strong presumption in favour of its being one of the pair of portraits of Mozart and his wife referred to in the letter of Mozart to his father above quoted. This also seems to confirm that the two *Miniature Pictures* had been in her possession. What were they, and what became of them? That they are not likely to have come into the possession of Mozart's widow after Marianne's death seems established by our knowledge that after Mozart's death, in 1791, she and the widow remained entirely estranged. According to a letter of Marianne's of July 2nd, 1819, to L. von Sonnleithner,¹

she had received no letter from the widow since 1801, knew nothing of her two sons, and only heard from others of her second marriage with Nissen.

Vogel² assumes that the *Miniature Pictures* also were the work of Mozart's brother-in-law, Lange. This may have been so as it is on record that Lange was in the habit of putting his talent at the service of the members of the Mozart family generally. Thus Leopold Mozart writes from Vienna, to Marianne in Salzburg on March 27th, 1785:

The husband of Madame Lange is a painter and last night drew my portrait on red paper; this shows a perfect likeness and is beautifully done.³

Nohl also mentions and publishes a portrait sketch by Lange of the latter's wife, Aloysia Weber, Mozart's sister-in-law.

Jahn, as well as Vogel, maintains that both the *Miniature Pictures* are reproduced in Nissen's biography without, however, offering any proof which would warrant such a statement; he also fails to perceive that the one representing Mozart [Plate IV] is evidently based on the Lange oil portrait [Plate V] which both authors admit to have been painted in 1791.

On examining these two portraits, as reproduced by Nissen, [Plate IV and Plate II A], it becomes clear that they cannot originally have formed a pair as they both face to the left. The

¹Catalogue of Mozart Museum p. 5, f.f.

²Op. cit. p. 28.

³Nohl: Mozart nach den Schilderungen seiner Zeitgenossen, Leipzig, 1880.

appearance of Constanze, indeed, well accords with the age of 19 which she would have reached when the two *Miniature Pictures* were done in 1782.

As already mentioned the portrait of Mozart, however, is unmistakably based on, or perhaps faked from the Lange portrait [Plate V]. M. de Wyzewa's contention that the original Lange portrait was painted in 1782, and was therefore one of the sketches, or *Miniature Pictures*, sent with Mozart's letter to his father, seems to be sufficiently disposed of by the fact that it is an unfinished oil painting of considerable size (13 x 11½ in.), that on comparing it with the well authenticated silverpoint portrait by Dora Stock of 1789 [Plate VI], representing Mozart at 33, it becomes impossible to assign to it a date which would make Mozart 26 when it was painted, and that the costume, mode of dressing the hair, and the record of the Salzburg Museum, all offer reasonable grounds for accepting 1791 as the date of its creation.

I have no hesitation, therefore, in declaring the Nissen portrait of Mozart [Plate IV] to be a *posthumous production*. To give my reasons for this it will be necessary to go into the history of the reproductions in Nissen's biography. In a letter dated Vienna, 17th Feb., 1802, Mozart's widow writes to Breitkopf & Haertel, in Leipzig, who at that time were in correspondence with her in regard to a Life of Mozart which they themselves intended to publish¹

I also mention for your information that Count Deym who some years ago, assuming the name of Müller, established an art gallery here, took a cast of Mozart's face immediately after death, and further, that the Court-actor, Lange, a very good painter, painted a portrait of Mozart in large size, but in profile, which painting he would probably be able to convert into a perfect full faced likeness with the help of the cast, the more so as he knew Mozart intimately.

We have here a direct reference to the Lange portrait, [Plate V]. The fact that the widow speaks of it in connection with the death mask, suggests the assumption that it was painted during the last period of Mozart's life, and was the latest portrait she possessed of him, and that it cannot, therefore, be one of the *Miniature Pictures* of 1782. But the passage also provides us with a clue to the intentions of the widow, entertained by her at that time already, to make it serve the purpose of posthumous reproduction.

Twenty six years later, when occupied with the final arrangements for the publication of the Nissen biography, the widow writes to Spontini, (1774-1851), at that time Royal Director

¹G. Nottbohm: "Mozartiana," p. 183, Leipzig, Breitkopf & Haertel, 1880.

Plate VI



Mozart, aged 33, by Dorn Stock, 1789

Silver-Point, 3 x 2 in.

(Peterson's Musical Library, Leipzig)

General of Music in Berlin, who took a warm interest in her project, in a letter dated Munich, June 14th, 1828:¹

I have been here for the last four weeks, and through the kindness of the Chevalier von Cornelius shall have real works of art made of the lithographic reproductions of all the paintings in my possession which are to appear in the 'Mozart Biography'. This great man, who, out of veneration for Mozart, and also for yourself my friend, received me with the greatest joy, is now making every endeavour to help me to make the illustrations as fine as possible so as to make them worthy to appear in the 'Biography.' Indeed, he assists with his own hands

The matter is also referred to in an entry of Dec. 22nd, 1828, in her "Diary," which has only quite lately come to light, and been published.²

With these lithographic reproductions of the Nissen biography before us [Plates IV and II A], it is difficult to decide whether they eventually fulfilled the widow's expectation of their turning out "real works of art," and it is not possible to ascertain whether the modification of the Lange portrait here reproduced [Plate IV] was the handiwork of Lange himself, or of Cornelius, or someone else. The participation of so great a master as Peter von Cornelius (1783-1867) may have been limited to good advice to the widow.³ Whatever the facts here, let us examine into the motives which decided the widow to choose this particular portrait to represent Mozart in the "Biography." In my opinion she must have refrained from using either the *portrait in the family group of 1780*, [Plate 1], or the *Posch Borwood Relief* [Plate VII E], (these were the only two authentic portraits of Mozart as a man she had to choose between at that time) because for her neither of the two possessed those qualities of actuality and characteristic resemblance which, as her letter of 1802 to Breitkopf proves, she attributed to the unfinished Lange portrait. The latter moreover, being the latest of the portraits, would appeal more immediately to all those who had preserved personal recollections of the master. The strongest reason of all, however, appears to me to be that what is unquestionably the most lifelike of all the Mozart portraits, the *silverpoint drawing of 1789, by Dora Stock*, [Plate VI] was unknown to the widow! Ever since its completion it had remained in private possession, in Dresden, and became generally known

¹Catalogue of Mozart-Museum at Salzburg, 1906, p. 4, footnote.

²Dr. E. Brücken "Tagebuch der Gattin Mozarts." Munich, J. Rosenthal, 1915.

³A lithographic reproduction from the Lange portrait, but fully completed, by E. Lehmann, which I have not seen, is mentioned by several writers as having been published by Hornemann & Erster, in Copenhagen, a fact which suggests the assumption that it was produced by direction of the widow during her stay in Copenhagen, from 1810 to 1820, with Nissen, her second husband.

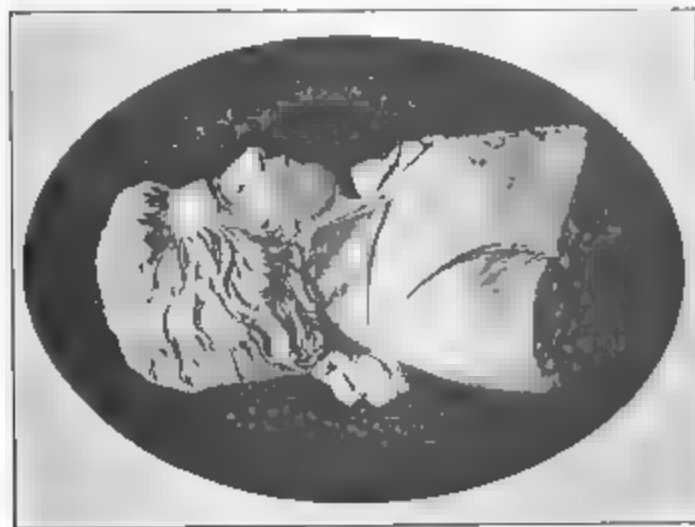
only as late as 1858, in which year an engraving of it was first published. On the other hand, the widow's objection to an exact reproduction of the Lange portrait can be easily explained on the ground that its pose, and the aged and morbid look on the face, would make it unfit for the purpose she had in view. Hence the changes made at her suggestion, the erect head, the attributes of youth, health and vigour, as we see them worked out in the modified portrait [Plate IV] which was now to do duty in the "Biography."

Resuming my account of the different portraits of Mozart's manhood, I now come to *Lithographic Portraits*, 38 x 2 in., unsigned, of Mozart, and of Constanze, his wife [Plate VIII G and Plate VIII H]. This pair of portraits, bearing no indication of authorship, is shown in the Municipal Museum, named the *Carolino-Augustum*, at Salzburg, (not to be confused with the *Mozartium* there). It will be seen that the one representing Constanze, Mozart's wife, is identical with her portrait published in Nissen's Biography [Plate II A], and already referred to. That of Mozart, on the other hand, as far as I have been able to ascertain has remained unknown hitherto and was reproduced for the first time in the lately published work of Dr. Schiedermair¹ above-mentioned. These two portraits show such evident signs of having been produced by one and the same hand, and as a pair, and the ages of 26 in the case of Mozart, and of 19 in that of his wife, seem to accord so well with the appearance of the persons represented, that I am inclined to conjecture that we may possibly see in them the reproductions of the lost originals of the *Miniature Pictures* of 1782. Mozart's widow must, I think, have possessed lithographic copies of them, and she probably made use of the one representing herself for the reproduction of her portrait in Nissen's "Biography," whilst she refrained from doing so in regard to the portrait of Mozart for the reasons given above already.

Dr. Schiedermair in his volume on Mozart Iconography, curiously enough, omits to reproduce these two portraits side by side, and has preferred to place them far apart in his book and to put the portrait of Constanze together with the Lange portrait of Mozart of 1791 [Plate V]. Without troubling himself further in the matter, and on the authority of M. de Wyzewa, he is content to accept the Lange portrait as dating from 1782 and as forming, with Constanze's portrait, the original pair of *Miniature Pictures*. Dr. Schiedermair also speaks of the *Carolino-Augustum* lithographic Portrait of Mozart [Plate VIII G] as a "free copy" after

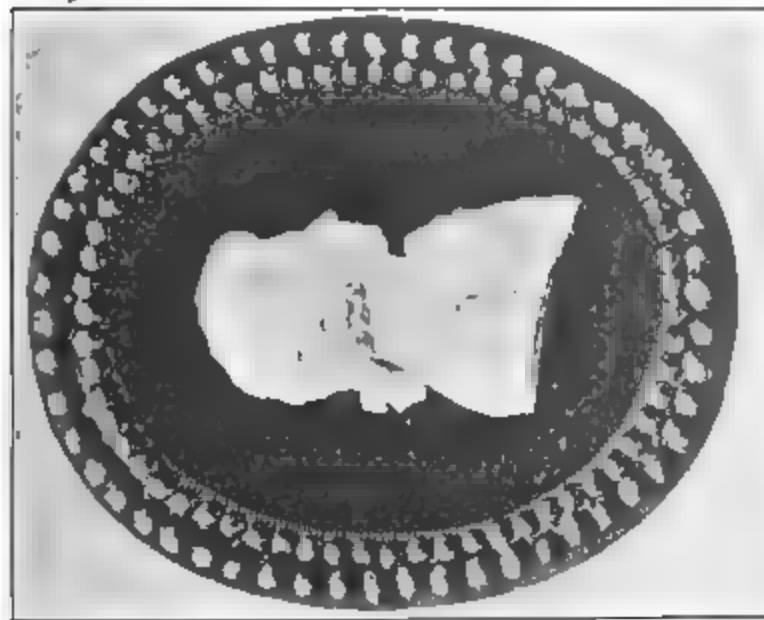
¹Op. cit., vol. V, Iconography, p. 26.

E



Mozart, aged 33, by Posch, 1789
Waxwood Relief, 9 1/2 x 2 in
(Mozart Museum, Salzburg)

F



Mozart, aged 35 ? Author unknown
Medallion Relief, 2 x 1 1/4 in Forming part of a belt-clasp
(Baroness von Grünkof)

the *Boxwood Relief*, by Posch, [Plate VII E]. I, myself, cannot see sufficient resemblance between the two to warrant such a statement. On the other hand, there seems to me to exist some affinity between this *Carolino-Augustum* Lithograph [Plate VIII G] and a *Medallion-Relief of Mozart*, 2 x 1½ in., [Plate VII F] which was first published in 1897.¹

The original was in the possession of Mozart's eldest son, Carl (1784-1858), in Milan, who, in 1856, made a present of it to the Baroness von Grünhof, well-known formerly as the Prima-donna Frassini. Modelled by an unknown artist in a composition of gypsum and wax, it forms the ornament of a steel clasp which, according to his son, Mozart had made in Vienna for his wife, who used to wear it on a belt. Carl Mozart accompanied the gift with a certificate in which he declares the Medallion "to have been acknowledged by Mozart's family and friends to be without exception the most complete likeness of all the portraits of his in existence."

Mozart's widow also put this Medallion at the disposal of Schwanthaler, the sculptor of the statue of Mozart at Salzburg, declaring it to be the "most nearly resembling portrait of her husband."² Whatever value one may feel disposed to attach to such pronouncements as these, there remains the evident resemblance between this medallion and the *Carolino-Augustum* Lithograph [Plate VIII G] which in my opinion may justify the assumption that the medallion was originally based on the *Miniature Picture* of 1782.

Finally we come to the so-called *Mozart Portrait by Tischbein* [Plate IX]. This oil painting, three quarter, 27 x 21 in., *unsigned and undated*, was found and acquired in Mainz in 1849, by C. A. André, of the well-known music publishing firm of Offenbach. It was said to have been painted in October 1790, in Mainz, where Mozart seems to have stayed a few days on the occasion of his journey, from Vienna to Frankfurt, for the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II, and its attribution to Tischbein was doubtless made merely in view of the fact that of the eight painters of that name, all of them contemporaries, one, Anton Wilhelm Tischbein (1734-1804), resided for the greater part of his life at Mainz. The assumption that the portrait represented Mozart was founded upon the declaration, which André had made before a notary by two contemporaries. Of these, one named Arentz of Mainz, a

¹Mittheilungen der Mozart-Gemeinde, in Berlin, Heft 4, Berlin 1897.

²Jahn, *Op. cit.*, 4th ed., vol. II, p. 858.

former member of the orchestra there, declared in 1850, then in his 83th year,

that he had not only heard Mozart play *very often* at concerts in Mainz, given at the Prince Elector's palace, but had also known him personally.

That little credence can be given to this evidence is proved by the fact that Mozart, as we know from his letter to his wife, dated Mannheim, Oct. 23rd, 1790, played only *once* before the Prince Elector during his short stay at Mainz, "receiving miserable 15 carolins [about £14] from him."

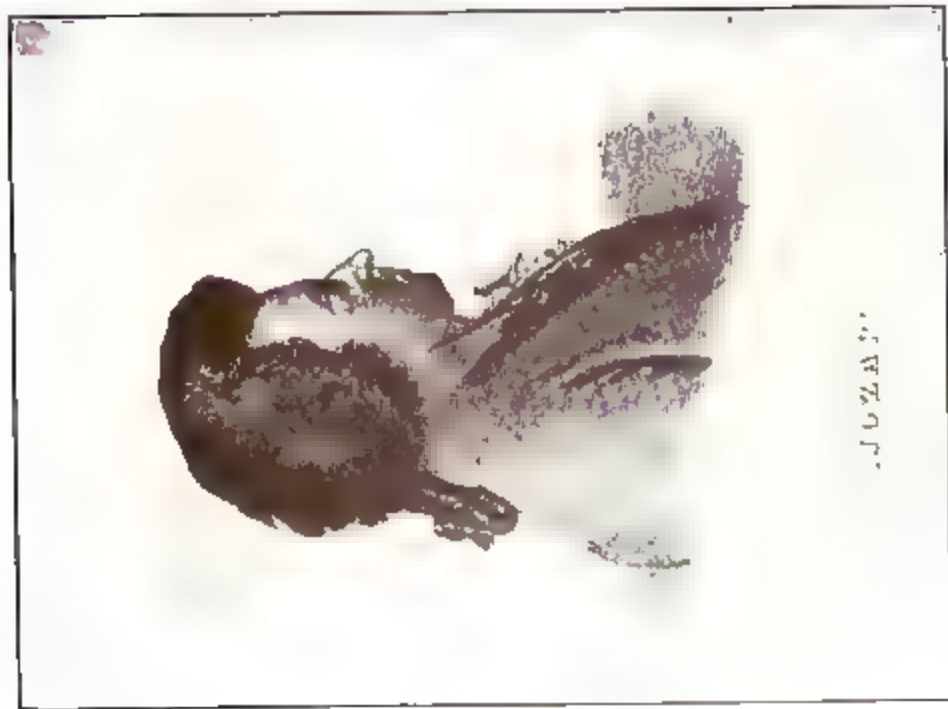
The declaration of the second witness, one Schulz (a former court organist at Mannheim) made in 1851, is of even less value as it refers in the vaguest terms to a pretended recollection of Mozart during the latter's stay in Mannheim in 1777-78, 73 years before!

The "discovery" of this "new Mozart portrait," loudly and enthusiastically announced by André, created a considerable sensation at that time. This is not to be wondered at because, if genuine, the world would at last and unexpectedly have come into possession of a portrait of Mozart's manhood which in dignity, artistic quality, and size, by far surpassed any other known portrait of that period of his life.

Otto Jahn accepted it as genuine and had it published in his epoch making biography of Mozart which first appeared soon afterwards; it was also widely reproduced in engravings and other mediums, and a distinguished sculptor of that time, Schmidt von der Launitz, (1797-1869), whose model of the Acropolis is still shown in the Elgin Marbles room at the British Museum, made an attractive bust from it for the Frankfurt Opera House. I also well remember Rossini standing before a cast of this bust (now in my possession), at my father's house, in 1856, and with tears in his eyes beckoning to his wife to "come and look at our dear great Mozart who blessed us with his divine music and whom the world had left to starve!" About that time, however, Schnyder von Wartensee, the Swiss musician, who is known to have been acquainted with Beethoven in his youth sent a copy of the "Tischbein" portrait to Mozart's eldest son, Carl, with a request for his opinion as to its resemblance, and received from the latter the following reply, dated Salzburg, Sept. 17th, 1856:

Retaining, as I do, a lively memory of my father, I regret to say that of a truth I am unable to detect even the smallest trace of resemblance in the painting in question; so little indeed, that unless it could be positively proved that Tischbein's portrait was really intended to represent my father, I should presume that a mistake had been made and that

G



Mozart, aged 26?
Unsigned Lithograph, 5 x 2 in
(Municipal Museum, Carolino-Augustum, Salzburg)

H



Constanza, Mozart's wife, aged 10?
Unsigned Lithograph, 5 x 4 in.
(Municipal Museum, Carolino-Augustum, Salzburg)

it is that of an entirely different person. Even in things of a secondary order, such as the dressing of the hair, there is a total divergence from the habits invariably followed by my father.¹

As Carl Mozart was in his eighth year when his father died, his statement deserves consideration. But apart from this, a comparison between the "Tischbein" portrait and the two best authenticated portraits of Mozart at that time of his life, i.e., the Dora Stock drawing of 1789 [Plate VI], and the Lange oil painting of 1791 [Plate V] will make it evident that the "Tischbein" portrait has absolutely nothing in common with the other two. It shows a broad, square, massive build of head against the elongated, oval shape in the others, and an entirely different formation of both nose and mouth, whilst such characteristic traits as the protruding eyes, the double chin, and the hair hiding the ears, displayed in the two authentic portraits, do not appear in it at all.

What with the damaging verdict of Carl Mozart, and the opportunities of gaining better knowledge of Mozart's features afforded by the reproduction and publication of the Dora Stock and Lange portraits, which only began to make their appearance about that time, i.e., towards the end of the fifties of the last century, the spectacular fame of the "Tischbein" portrait gradually waned. Its claim to be a portrait of Mozart has been denied for the last forty or fifty years by all competent judges and writers, with the solitary exception of the editor of the modern editions of Jahn's biography, published since Jahn's death, in 1869. No doubt a misplaced feeling of loyalty has prevented him from differing from the illustrious author of that great work, but it is really deplorable that so brilliant a writer as the late M. de Wyzewa should have attempted to galvanize into life again a fiction long since disposed of and buried.²

It will be remembered that Mozart's widow, in a letter of Feb. 17th, 1802, quoted above, speaks of a *Death mask of Mozart*, and an account of its history may therefore, perhaps, prove to be of some interest. There is in Nissen's biography³ a letter addressed to him by Mozart's sister-in-law, Sophie Haibl, née Weber,

¹Vogel, op. cit. p. 21, f.f., and Engl's Catalogue, op. cit. p. 22, f.f.

²What was evidently a copy, or rather a fake, of this "Tischbein" portrait, (with a view of Salzburg 'put in' in the background, no doubt in order to lend additional probability to the make believe that it really was Mozart that was represented) was discovered and acquired in Paris in 1900, and went to the United States where it was enthusiastically described shortly afterwards. Its fame, however, as in the case of the original, remained a short lived one.—This portrait is in the possession of Mr. Henry E. Krehbiel.—Ed

³Op. cit. p. 373, f.f.

in which, in describing the circumstances which occurred at Mozart's death, at which she was present, she writes:

After his death, Müller, the owner of the *Art Cabinet* (in reality Count Deym), came and took a plaster cast from his pale dead face.

Count Joseph Deym, an Austrian aristocrat, meeting with ill fortune in early life, had established in Mozart's time, in Vienna, a *Kunsteabinet*, with a collection of waxfigures and other curiosities. He was constrained in consequence to drop his title, and assumed the pseudonym of Müller. Mozart was acquainted with him, and composed some well-known and beautiful pieces for a "mechanical organ," one of the prominent attractions of the establishment. According to Nohl¹ an effigy of Mozart, modelled with the help of the death mask and wearing his own clothes, was shown in Müller's exhibition after Mozart's death, but nothing was known of what became of it.

Mozart's widow, as we have seen, possessed a cast of the death mask. Both Nohl² and the Catalogue of the Mozart Museum³ mention that in 1820, whilst she was dusting it, it fell down and got broken, and that she omitted to save the débris which might have been reconstituted. With this every trace of the death mask disappeared.

Of Mozart's outward appearance, Nemetschek, the author of the earliest biography we possess, published soon after Mozart's death, who had known him personally, writes as follows:⁴

The appearance of this extraordinary man was not at all remarkable; he was small, with an agreeable face which, however, with the exception of the large fiery eyes, did not impress one at first sight with the greatness of his genius. His look was unsteady, and vague, except when he sat at the pianoforte, when it changed into one of concentrated seriousness.

Whilst Nissen says:⁵

His eyes, rather dim and protuding, were large and well cut, with very fine brows and lashes. The head appeared too large for the body which itself, however, was well proportioned, as were his hands and feet. The nose was finely formed, and conspicuous for its length only whilst he was still thin, and during the first years after his marriage.

When we consider the large number of more or less important portraits existing of Mozart as a child, or youth, it may seem

¹Op. cit. p. 332.

²Op. cit. p. 393 footnote.

³Op. cit. p. 34.

⁴F. X. Nemetschek: *Lebensbeschreibung des W. A. Mozart*, Prag, 1st ed. 1796, 2nd ed. 1808.

⁵Op. cit. p. 322.

Plate IX



Portrait, said to represent Mozart, aged 34, unsigned
and undated; attributed to A. W. Tischbein

Oil, 27 x 21 in
(*Johann André, Offenbach*)

strange that we should possess so few authentic likenesses of him in his manhood, and that those which we have should be such comparatively inadequate productions as the unfinished oil painting by Lange, the silverpoint drawing by Dora Stock, and the box-wood medallion by Posch. It was only natural that many portraits should be made of the wonderful child who aroused such interest and curiosity in the course of his travels in his own country and through the greater part of Europe, and was hailed as the greatest musical prodigy the world had known. But by the time Mozart had grown into manhood and full mastership this interest in his person, the outcome of mere curiosity in something abnormal, had ceased to exist. Of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Gluck, and Beethoven, all of whom died past middle age, and not until their fame had been fully and widely established, we have numerous, adequate, and well authenticated representations, both in painting and in sculpture. Mozart, on the other hand, died young, and before his contemporaries had time to realize the greatness of his genius.

If to-day we are poor in the possession of images of his person, there is yet left to us the richer heritage of his glorious music of which it may be truly said that in course of time it has forfeited none of its pristine beauty, and we may add that in our own day the study of it has grown keener, the knowledge of it more intimate, and the appreciation of its supreme mastery higher than at any previous period during the one hundred and twenty-seven years since its immortal creator passed away.

BRITISH MUSIC THROUGH FRENCH EYES

By G. JEAN-AUBRY

THIS title in itself indicates clearly enough that one must not here expect to find a comprehensive account of the position of English music at the moment, but rather a French critic's opinions with regard to it, a critic who for some time past has made a careful study of this form of art in England and who here seeks to bring out some of its most salient features and to disengage what he considers its most important personalities and their works.

Doubtless I shall in many respects not be completely at one with a number of English critics, nor with the great majority of the British public. In my survey of English music of to-day I have naturally brought to bear many Continental ideas and sentiments. However, as I have had the privilege not only of taking my share in the French musical movement of the last twenty years, but also of being instrumental in the spreading of the work of the new Spanish and Italian schools in France, and as I am not ignorant either of Russian music, nor of the latest efforts of the young Hungarians, it is possible that I may introduce into my examination of English music other and wider points of view than such as could be reasonably expected from English critics or members of the musical public, who are perhaps less in a position to judge the art of their own country, on what one might call a European basis.

In a country where music of an original and personal order has for so long been strangled by foreign influences, as it has in England, the tendency has been to attach undue importance to works which made a sentimental or patriotic appeal rather than a purely æsthetic one.

I have for some considerable time been following the activities of young English musicians with a warm and living interest. It is my hope that this country may soon resume the magnificent place she formerly held in European music. No other country, I am convinced, has a greater future in store for her in this respect if she is willing to take the right path and rid herself of the asphyxiating influences which have suffocated her for so long a period.

About ten years ago when I first came to England I attempted to form an opinion of the musical resources of this country. I need hardly say that there is no possible comparison between what England was musically ten years ago and what she is to-day. There were some hesitating attempts at interesting work, but with few exceptions they lacked personality. Routine reigned supreme in all English institutions. In spite of the undoubted talent of certain individuals or rather because of it, musical England basked in an atmosphere of self-satisfaction and showed but a feeble interest for new forms of artistic expression.

The situation has improved considerably in ten years and still more since the war. But we must not attribute to the catastrophe of the war all the merit of the regeneration of English musical taste. Nothing would be more unjust. If the war has provided fresh opportunities, has dissipated a certain apathy, has admitted of the free development of several personalities, the reasons for the revival of music in England are to be sought in causes older, more complex and more profound. Beyond doubt the existence in England of music worthy of the name is one of those facts of which the entire continent of Europe had no suspicion. Up to quite recently, whenever I have asserted in France that there existed in England some musicians with a definite personality, I have met with almost universal incredulity. A similar incredulity is to be found, it must be admitted, even in England. How could it be otherwise? For more than a century and a half England has been devoid of genuinely national music. The slight interest shown in the riches of her old music, her remoteness from all that might seem to recall the days when life was a joy in itself, did not tend to convince other countries of its past existence.

Since the war all countries have been forced to reckon up as it were, all their resources, moral as well as intellectual and material. Patriotism in art has thus occasionally led to an intolerant and tiresome chauvinism which may, however, readily be pardoned if it proves to be the least aid towards valuable discoveries. The state of music in England has had the better chance of being revealed in the dazzling light of the war, in that it was the most simple, the most lamentably simple in any Western country. It is of no use to veil obvious situations with euphemism. Up to recently, and to a certain extent even to-day, it might be said without fear of exaggeration that England has been for at least a century and a half, as far as music is concerned, little else than a mere German colony.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that England since the middle of the eighteenth century has been without a genuine national music; the same thing happened to France. She, having enjoyed a great past in the days of Couperin and Rameau and even in those of the charming composers of "opéras comiques" from Dalayrac and Monsigny to Grétry and Boieldieu, saw all national characteristics disappear from her music under the repeated blows of Meyerbeer and Rossini, until the providential appearance of Berlioz, and of the movement better ordered and more easily accounted for, beginning with M. Saint-Saëns and M. Fauré and which is continued to-day with marvellous vitality.

In France, however, the German art of Meyerbeer was compelled to borrow much of the spirit of the French theatre—the innate taste for picturesque music of which Berlioz was to make such effective use, the successive and different influences of Chopin and Liszt, a critical sense which was on the alert, a fundamental love of contradiction, a burning desire to destroy "bastilles"—preserved under the surface, a spirit which re-awoke suddenly about the period of the war of 1870 and revived in France music which all too long had lain slumbering. In England it seems to me, this was not the case; the conquest was complete, absolute, the more so that it was based on political and moral grounds and that the advent of German influence in art coincided with that of the German influence in the conduct of affairs of the United Kingdom.

On examining from its earliest times, the history of English music, one cannot but consider the coming of Handel as one of the greatest calamities that have ever befallen the art of a country. However great the musical genius of the author of "The Messiah," and notwithstanding that his ashes were considered worthy of a resting-place in Westminster Abbey, it is beyond doubt that he was the first to pervert the true traditions of English music. There is a certain piquancy in noting at this moment an opinion dating from 1733 in the writing of the author of "Manon Lescaut," Abbé Prévost:

Mr. Handel has lately introduced into London a new kind of composition which is performed under the name of oratorio. Though the subject is religious, it forms as great an attraction as the opera. He combines all the styles, the heroic, the tender, the vivacious, the graceful. Some critics accuse him of having merely borrowed as a foundation a number of beautiful things from Lully and especially from some French cantatas which, they say, he has skilfully disguised in the Italian manner.

In truth, Handel, though he came to London as the leader of an Italian opera company, implanted there a conception of music essentially German. I agree that the German music of this period was infinitely superior to any that was to be found in England, then at the close of the movement which from Byrd, Gibbons and Purcell, down to Eccles, Richard Jones and Babbell had endowed her with a chamber music, emotional and delightful, at times even great, and usually profoundly national.

It is well known how dexterously Handel accommodated himself to the taste which then ruled and which the succession to the throne of England, first of the House of Orange, and then of the House of Hanover was destined to establish more and more firmly in the country. All the freedom, the charm, the joy of life, alternately rugged and dainty, vigorous and subtle, which had marked English art in the great period, vanished under the rod of German puritanism. In vain the Italianism of Clementi and the Irish reveries of Field attempted to shake off this tyranny. English sovereigns continued to look towards Germany whence they came. Just as English religious feeling was distorted *ad libitum* under the strong hand of Handel, so English sentimentality grew apace under the influence of Mendelssohn; then came the rule of Brahms, the worst of all.

It is startling to observe to how great an extent Handel, Mendelssohn and Brahms have become the household gods of English music during the course of the nineteenth century. It is not my purpose to dispute the undoubted genius of these three composers, but to lament the slavery to which England has been subjected by them and from which she is by no means completely set free. To suppose that this triple influence is at an end and that the war has thrown down the idols in the dust, would be a mistake. Particularly as regards Brahms, it would be well for England to commit a wilful injustice, and that public opinion should lay on one side for a considerable time, a composer whose influence appears pernicious to a degree to the free development of English music.

We have seen in France during the past fifteen years, composers and critics, including M. Claude Debussy, to mention only the one most deservedly famous, waging war against Richard Wagner, though well aware of his genius and the fertility of his imagination, simply because they saw that Wagner's influence threatened to be fatal to the rising musical generation. Even those who had learnt much from the teaching of Wagner were the first to advise turning away from him. The advice was good.

Because he was not sensible of the necessity of this course, Chabrier followed too closely in the footsteps of Wagner and failed to reveal the force of his personality in many a passage of "Gwendoline" and it is the same with Ernest Chausson in "Le Roi Arthur", but for this anti-Wagnerism in a man who had studied deeply the work of Wagner, we should perhaps not have had "Pelléas et Mélisande."

When shall we see a campaign opened in England against Brahms? In art it is sometimes necessary to be ungrateful for the sake of one's own salvation. If Brahms were laid aside for a dozen years he would be none the worse and England would be the better. It would then be possible to re-approach Brahms in an independent spirit, and no longer as now, in an atmosphere of fetish-worship which welcomes alike the good and the bad in this composer and keeps music teachers under the influence of ideas more and more "fossilized." To recopy to satiety the German classics and above all, Brahms, to initiate incessantly their thematic combinations, their structure, their spirit, their form, it is to this, in truth, that England's musical activity has for years, until quite recently, been almost entirely confined. With this, most of the academies and colleges where music is taught, are content.

During this period, a feverish musical activity prevailed in the four corners of Europe. Under the influence, conscious or unconscious, of Liszt, a movement towards the nationalization of music was on foot, which little by little robbed Germany of her artistic hegemony at the very moment when the genius of Wagner seemed likely to establish it for a long time. In turn, the Russians, the Scandinavians, the French, the Spaniards, the Italians rivalled one another in following this path; the musical characteristics of each race of each people showed themselves to the full with a variety, a richness, a subtlety more striking and more conspicuous than at any other time for several centuries. These different nations borrowed from one another means of expression which they assimilated, combined or distorted to suit their particular needs. Out of these interchanges and these divergencies were born works, picturesque or moving, full of colour or delicate in their beauty, which enriched the world of music with splendours unthought of and unnumbered.

Meanwhile England, sunk in her imitation of Germany, continued conscientiously to manufacture symphonies, quartets, trios in a mould hopelessly classical, without fresh interest or study, without concerning herself with what was happening outside

of Munich, Leipzig or Berlin. By following this course English musicians learnt music, but as a trade only, a decaying trade, comprised in superannuated formulas: as though you could learn the art of writing by copying perpetually the great classical tragedies.

Schools and students of music, musical diplomas, musical scholarships, musical works were multiplied with no great profit to English music. With the exception of Sir Edward Elgar no composer appeared whose work would stand exporting to the Continent with any chance—I do not say of success—but of arousing the interest of the musical public. Some attempts to acclimatize in France English symphonic music left only a memory of boredom, a memory which renders difficult even to-day the task of those who seek to make the latest English music known there.

Some people have gone so far as to assert that if the French public and the critics have shown a lack of enthusiasm for English works of this kind, the reason is that they are completely English and thus incomprehensible to us. The argument is weak in view of the manner in which for twenty years now the Russians, from Borodine to Stravinsky, the Germans, from Wagner to Richard Strauss, the Spaniards, from Pedrell to Albeniz, have been received in France. If English works of this period left nothing behind but a sense of ennui, they probably, with few exceptions, contained neither definite characteristics nor any marked individuality.

I have had opportunities of hearing several of them again during my recent visits to England, in English surroundings, and I must admit that the French public was not far wrong. I need mention no names. If English music of the Victorian era merits our respect, it is not calculated, in my opinion, to arouse enthusiasm. We must make up our minds on the point; we have done so in France: Benjamin Godard and Théodore Dubois no longer have many admirers.

In the whole Victorian era, the name and work of Edward Elgar alone survives. Here we have to do with a real musician, a composer thoroughly versed in the technique of his art. Several of his works are conceived on a grand scale and in spite of this are not superficial. But here again I regret to be unable to agree with my English colleagues. I fear that the case of Sir Edward Elgar in England is similar to that of M. Camille Saint-Saëns in France; there seems to me to be a great resemblance both from the historical and intellectual point of view, allowing for the

divergencies of their characters, and the different surroundings in which they worked. Just as there is a certain melodic line, certain recurring processes, typical of M. Saint-Saëns—I recently heard a young composer, one of the foremost, play something "in the manner of Saint-Saëns"—so there is assuredly in Sir Edward Elgar a special trait which makes it easy after a short time to recognise a page of his work. Nevertheless, I do not consider that in true originality Sir Edward Elgar surpasses M. Camille Saint-Saëns; in neither case, do I think that their work is destined to win a greater place than it has already achieved.

Certainly Sir Edward Elgar enjoys in England a reputation the more unassailable in that he had, it is said, to wait a long time for it. In the same manner, M. Camille Saint-Saëns is furnished with all the titles to which a composer can aspire. There is, let us add, no resemblance between the characters of these two composers, the one is as English as the other is French; but the part they have played has been in a measure the same.

Whatever may be the fate, in the future, of their works, it will be impossible to write the history of the music of either country without finding a place for them. As with M. Saint-Saëns in France, Sir Edward Elgar's greatest merit consisted in adapting German classical forms to the English cast of mind and modifying classical precepts to suit truly national requirements. In this light, the two *Symphonies*, the *Dream of Gerontius*, the *Violin Concerto*, are works which deserve a place equivalent to that held by M. Camille Saint-Saëns' *Symphony in C*. In both cases we are under the impression that these works were too readily hailed as masterpieces.

The residuum of real originality in these two composers is found in process of time and on further analysis, to be less than is often thought. It is not enough to have a vast knowledge and to manifest a supreme dexterity in your profession; it is also essential if not to express new thoughts, at any rate to show a certain freshness of attitude in regard to feelings and things, and that, I think, is as much lacking in Sir Edward Elgar, as in M. Camille Saint-Saëns. English music of the Victorian epoch has had neither its César Franck nor its Gabriel Fauré.

However, we must in justice to Sir Edward Elgar acknowledge his services in pointing out the path to young English composers just as M. Camille Saint-Saëns did for the generation which succeeded him. Not that either the one or the other were much concerned with what the generation which followed did or thought. The sight of Sir Edward Elgar ostentatiously holding

aloof from the movement which has been going on for several years in English musical life, would be surprising, did we not find in France M. Camille Saint-Saëns showing no interest in the younger French composers except to cry them down or attempt to discourage them. On the whole, the attitude of Sir Edward Elgar is preferable, but we must always regret that men holding their high position should not have thought it their duty to use it for the purpose of gathering round them the younger forces which are feeling their way, as César Franck did and as Gabriel Fauré is still doing.

One need only talk with some of the more venturesome amongst the younger English musicians to realize exactly the place that the composer of the *Dream of Gerontius* holds. No one denies his talent; the younger generation has a profound respect for him, but at the same time it is fully aware that henceforward no help or guidance is to be sought in his compositions.

Whilst Victorian composers pursued their work, completely under the spell of German influence, fresh currents were slowly but surely making their way. The policy of "splendid isolation" was at an end.

Meanwhile a king had ascended the throne who notwithstanding that his tastes were profoundly and essentially English, could at the same time when he chose, be continental, and who followed Stuart traditions more closely than those of the House of Hanover.

As France in 1715, after the death of Louis XIVth, felt the need of shaking off the tyranny of the rigorous "pietism" imposed by Madame de Maintenon, the weight of the "respectability," the strictness, and not to mince matters, the boredom of the Victorian era, began to seem intolerable even to the best drilled natures, when Edward VIIth ascended the throne. The need was felt of relaxing, of recovering a somewhat freer life. Literature was the first to exhibit these tendencies under the influence of fresh political currents.

In the world of music the matter was not so easy; each college and each academy was a strong fortress not easily to be reduced, under the direction of a staff belonging to a generation which was not only tenacious of its ideas and its privileges, but was obviously beginning to feel its position menaced. Thanks to the Entente Cordiale and an admiration for France, always dormant in spite of the wars between the two countries, and shown in the relations between the freer spirits in both countries, an interest in French music began to spread with some rapidity. The personality of

M. Claude Debussy exercised over Great Britain an instant and deep fascination bringing in its train a marked taste for the works of M. Maurice Ravel and the French modern school in general. This was sufficient to make the defenders of the old tradition (it is by this name we usually call people who merely defend the ideas of their youth) begin to rise up and declare that all the young English composers who had any originality, or aimed at originality, were doing nothing but imitate Debussy and that English music was in danger. It soon became apparent that the misfortune, if you are to call it so, was even greater and that it was not only the music of France but of the whole continent which was beginning to invade England, I hasten to add, to her great advantage.

As chance willed, there appeared at this moment a man of great enterprise whose endeavours, a little unsystematic at first, took shape little by little, and who thanks to his means, to his definite personality and his remarkable gifts as a conductor, soon played a part specially favourable to the development of English music, I refer to Sir Thomas Beecham.

Here we find a man who not only had borrowed practically nothing from German art, but was indebted to nature for the greater part of his taste and his talent. And his nature strongly disposed him towards the newest and subtlest forms of modern music wherever they were to be found in France, in Russia, in Italy. The manner in which Sir Thomas Beecham has staged certain works is open to discussion; some of his interpretations may be liable to criticism, but it is beyond doubt that the advent of this man in English musical life has largely contributed to its rehabilitation and that in the direction where improvement was most necessary.

It was high time for England to conceive a taste for works less heavy and of smaller dimensions. For the principle of quantity, imported direct from Germany, should rather be substituted that of quality; that the fascination of finesse, of irony of humour, which are at least as characteristic of the English nature as religious spirit and sentimentality, should be more clearly manifested in her music.

Sir Thomas Beecham combined a decided taste for the eighteenth century with a strong appreciation of the newest developments in French and Russian music, at the same time, he showed a desire to encourage fresh tendencies in English music. He has been a wonderful instrument and no more salutary influence could be desired by all those who regretted to see English music falling asleep under a routine which became more and more

depressing. Thanks to Sir Thomas Beecham concerts became more frequent where other things besides Tchaikowsky's "1812" were given, and opera seasons where it was possible to listen to something else than Wagner or Gounod. In less than ten years the English public was suddenly brought face to face with the whole of the European musical movement, a movement which had been going on for nearly half a century.

It is not therefore surprising that neither English composers nor the public are as yet very certain of their aims. Towards all these referred novelties the English public, as usual, assumed a polite and attentive attitude, waiting for the critics to furnish strong arguments and to lay down the law in a peremptory manner. Among English critics there were a few spirits at this moment who were not only studious but venturesome and gifted with great breadth of vision and intellectual avidity, such as Mr. Ernest Newman and Mr. Edwin Evans, whose opinions have in an advantageous manner seconded Sir Thomas Beecham's efforts.

In the generation which followed Sir Edward Elgar, there were without doubt certain individuals wider in their sympathies. I refer particularly to Mr. Granville Bantock, Mr. Joseph Holbrooke and Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Mr. Granville Bantock is in some measure the connecting link between the Victorian period and the present time. He has a taste for works of large dimensions, complicated structure, massed effects, all characteristics of the former period, and in his use of exotic colour, he has anticipated the latter. It happened that during his early years he led a roving life and came early into contact with other musical conceptions than those of England and Germany; an innate taste, as it seems, for Orientalism, from Persian to Chinese, has given him perhaps hardly the intuition of a Balakirew or a Debussy in the use of Asiatic atmosphere, but it has at least had the effect of heightening the tones of a palette which tended to become heavy. His important work "Omar Khayyam," symphony, oratorio and opera all in one, reveals these two opposing tendencies. We are bound to admire in Mr. Granville Bantock his constant effort to rid himself of his early teaching and his persistent search for new forms of expression. If he is not always successful, the fault lies with the narrow instruction of his youthful days, so general in England, but he is at least ceaselessly striving towards this aim, and when we measure his ideas by the standard of those which prevailed at the time when he was making his first essay at composition, it is impossible not to recognize how meritorious were his attempts.

As regards Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, what he lacks is simply concentration. For us who are accustomed in our composers to a very limited number of works, refined to an extreme point, Mr. Holbrooke's work often seems like those English novels from which a third could be cut out with profit. No one could be more gifted than Mr. Holbrooke, but in his exuberance he often drowns the deeper qualities of his nature. There is, perhaps, at this moment (with the exception of M. Conrado del Campo in Spain) no young composer more prolific and more unequal. Possibly the fact of his having been at the outset of his career a conductor in small theatres and also the possession of a great desire for originality, have saved Mr. Holbrooke from falling into academic routine but have not protected him from all the dangers that beset those who thirst for innovations. It is still very difficult to make a choice amongst all Mr. Holbrooke's works; certain of his compositions such as the songs to Edgar Poe's words, his *Second Quartet*, "*Impressions*," the *Clarinet Quintet No. 1 in D minor*, his symphonic suite "*Queen Mab*" are well worthy of notice.

However, it is perhaps legitimate to consider with still more attention the work and the personality of Mr. Ralph Vaughan Williams.

Mr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. Cyril Scott are certainly to-day amongst those rare composers whose names, if not their works, are known in France. The chief reason for this is that Mr. Vaughan Williams came to France to study with M. Maurice Ravel for a time. This fact in itself proved this young composer's point of view, for though it was usual to find numbers of Spanish, Italian and even Russian composers seeking help and instruction in the French musical "milieu," the example of Mr. Vaughan Williams is unique of its kind.

Mr. Vaughan Williams came to study with M. Maurice Ravel in Paris after having been a pupil of Sir Hubert Parry and Sir Charles Stanford in London and of Max Bruch in Berlin. This attraction towards many and often very contradictory influences is in itself a strong proof of the mental conflicts of the young English musicians scarcely ten years ago. Mr. Vaughan Williams still bears the impress of these different influences. It is difficult to form a final judgment of this composer, not only because he is still young and because his true personality is not fully developed, but because four years ago he voluntarily gave up composition for military service. However, taking into account only his older works, that is, those dating from 1902 to 1913, it is possible if not to form a complete estimate of the personality

of Mr. Vaughan Williams, at any rate definitely to recognise its existence and to regard him as one of the first musicians of a genuinely English type in the art of to-day.

Mr. Vaughan Williams was one of the first Englishmen to understand the real value of folk-song and the use to which it could be put. He was not, like others, satisfied with taking a folk-song theme, introducing it into a symphony and presenting it to the public arranged according to the recipes laid down in the manuals, which always impart to the folk-song theme the awkward and uncouth carriage of a peasant in a drawing-room. Mr. Vaughan Williams has made a zealous study of English folk-songs, but he has done more; he has so far entered into the spirit as to do for English folk-song what masters like Chopin and Albeniz did for Poland and Spain, that is to say, to invent themes with the character and colour of folk-song. He has perhaps been more successful in his attempts in this direction than in any other, so far; songs like the remarkable suite "*On Wenlock Edge*" for voice, piano and string quartet, which is in a fair way to become a classic in the best English musical circles, in "*The Roadside Fire*," in the charming "*Bright is the Ring of Words*";—it is in these songs and in the *Phantasy Quintet* that in our view we find Mr. Vaughan Williams best work and not in compositions like the *Sea Symphony* or the *London Symphony*.

In these symphonic works of large dimensions we certainly find a great knowledge of technique, co-ordination of the individual parts, an interest in new combinations of tone colour, but their length exceeds our French power of endurance. I have quite recently had an opportunity of hearing the *London Symphony* and to study its structure. The first movement seems to me, in regard to colour, balance, sureness of orchestration, originality of timbres, in the mingling of the picturesque and the emotional, one of the greatest successes in all contemporary English music, but the lengthy monotony of the three following movements drowns many a pleasing detail which merits a better fate. I think that if Mr. Vaughan Williams consented to remould this work, to condense its component parts, to concentrate the emotion, no one would be the loser and we also hope that he will give us still better work when peace comes once more. I place Mr. Vaughan Williams not only in the front rank of English composers of to-day, but on a line with those from whom we have a right to expect much.

In this respect it appears to me that he is far ahead of Mr. Cyril Scott in whom much hope was placed a little prematurely,

perhaps, a few years ago, because his works contained a certain number of new processes, invented by French composers, and with which the public in France felt quite at home, just as with an Englishman who speaks rather good French. I do not for my part see the good of young English composers going on copying slavishly Debussy's or Ravel's methods; very little would be gained if the yoke of Brahms were shaken off only to exchange it for that of another.

It is of course, impossible for a composer of to-day to write as if Claude Debussy had never existed; but there is assuredly a certain difference between this and following him too closely; what interests us is to discover in England works definitely English in character, reflections of some of the virtues or even defects inherent in the race or races which are mingled there, and not works too directly inspired by foreign influences. Without doubt Mr. Cyril Scott has been the means of introducing into England modern French compositions, particularly those for the piano, but also that his extraordinarily rapid power of assimilation, perhaps also a similarity of outlook, made him adopt sooner than any other in his country the new forms of expression first used by the French school. It seems as if Mr. Scott's individuality did not disengage itself sufficiently; as if, on the whole, his power of assimilation had been more a hindrance than a help. What drew us to him ten years ago already appears a little old-fashioned. One cannot help feeling that in Mr. Scott's work intellect and will play a more prominent part than the emotions and though it is true in art that emotion without craftsmanship soon becomes faded, craftsmanship without emotion is not slow in losing the freshness of its coloring. One can be certain of nothing in a nature as supple and singular as Mr. Scott's, but I do not see that he has enriched English music with any very personal elements, although he has facilitated its liberation, by the introduction of fresh documents borrowed from the music of other countries.

English music of to-day numbers, in my opinion, six talented composers whose arbitrary union forms what one might call the Modern English School; there are hardly any bonds between these composers. I am not even sure that they know one another, but they all possess besides their individual characteristics, common tendencies in their manner of thinking and in the aims they set up for themselves. They are Mr. Arnold Bax, Mr. Gustav von Holst, Mr. Frank Bridge, Mr. Roger Quilter, Mr. John Ireland and Mr. Eugene Goossens. Amongst these young men, Mr. John Ireland seems to me the strongest personality, one of whom much

may be expected and who before long may become a composer interesting not only to England, but to the world.

It is certainly ten years since I first heard of John Ireland, who is not a very young man as he is nearing the forties. On a first acquaintance with his work, I took him to be a receptive student, not a man of particular originality. Mr. Ireland's individuality was slow in developing, but this seems only to have made it all the more distinct. For my part, I think lightly of his first published *Sonata for Piano and Violin* and of his *Phantasy Trio* in A minor, and also of two of the *Songs of a Wayfarer*, all works written between 1908 and 1911; but since that time, Mr. Ireland has published a series of works which all merit attention and which are beginning to make him an important personality in England.

Mr. John Ireland is endowed with a sort of sceptical modesty and a philosophic irony which would put him on his guard against his admirers themselves. The rapid and well-deserved success of his last compositions will not have the disastrous effect that it might have had on another nature.

With the exception of *The Forgotten Rite*, an orchestral prelude of mystical character, all Mr. John Ireland's work consists of chamber-music. Of his work up to the present the most interesting and the most individual is without comparison the *Sonata in A minor*, which was almost at once warmly received. Well constructed as it was, the first *Sonata in D minor*, written in 1909, gave no idea of the personality which reveals itself in the Second dating from 1917.

For clever construction, solidity of thematic material, interesting sound combinations, and in a general way, the singularly English atmosphere which pervades it, from one end to the other, more especially in the Finale, the *Sonata in A minor* is one of the most characteristic works of the young English school. We find here a composer who is no longer content only with following scholastic precepts, of applying them dexterously, but the voice of a sensitive personality, a temperament, who without regard to schools, theories or dogmas, gives itself free play or restrains itself according to circumstances.

Mr. John Ireland's nature is made up of highly contradictory elements welded into a very distinct personality. There is in him an emotional side, not outward and romantic, not insipid and overflowing, as is too often the case with English musical emotion when under the dominion of the disastrous "ballad" tradition, but in his work he endeavours to express his feelings with great restraint and to balance a latent romanticism with a vein of irony.

Personally, I am thankful to Mr. John Ireland for not falling into the snare of following too closely in the footsteps of French music. He is as far removed from this as from the spirit of Victorian music; he has a well-developed sense of contrasts; he can in turn be ardent and serious as in his *Trio in One Movement* and amusing and ironical as in his *London Pieces* for the piano.

With the exception of Mr. Vaughan Williams, perhaps even more than this composer in the realm of chamber-music, Mr. John Ireland appears to me the most profoundly English of the rising generation, the one whose works are best fitted to give an idea outside of England of what English music can be. He produces this effect not only in the *Sonata in A minor*, but also in the *Rhapsody* for the piano, in several of his songs, such as *Sea Fever* and *Marigold* and in his recent works for the piano, *Preludes* and *London Pieces*.

Sea Fever to the poem by John Masefield is certainly in its expressiveness one of the most beautiful songs that have been written in England for a long time; one of those in which we find again that traditional love of the composer for his literary text as well as in regard to prosody, as atmosphere and psychological penetration.

It is impossible to deny that with but few exceptions English composers have for years not given much thought to the choice of words for their songs and they set to work writing music to any kind of nonsense. One has no idea of the wretched texts used by even the most serious composers of the previous generation. It is almost inconceivable, bearing in mind that England is probably the richest country in the world in lyric poetry, what poems or so-called poems composers have chosen. Happily, a tendency towards an in all respects healthy reaction has for some time now begun to make itself felt. People are no longer content with the eternal nightingale and the traditional garden. This new effort gives cause for rejoicing.

One must rejoice especially over the greater concern that composers are showing in regard to prosody. It would not be fair to throw the blame on them for the laziness of a certain number of executants who articulate badly; everyone knows that it is generally impossible even for natives to understand the words of an English song when it is sung. It is to be hoped that the reign of the ballad which has let loose such an immense amount of bad taste in England is ended and that it is banished with the old French "Romance," in its way not much better, to the darkest corner of musical history, where some crank could fish them out, if he is so minded.

Whether he chooses poems by Rossetti, by Ernest Dowson, by Masfield or Rupert Brooke, Mr. John Ireland uses his texts with a rare insight, for which he deserves unqualified praise. The attention and the careful precision with which he sets his poems to music is just the reason which makes their translation into another language difficult, but perhaps some day composers will appear, capable of giving the entire musical world the conviction that English is quite as singable with good music as any other occidental language.

The two *London Pieces* ("Chelsea Reach" and "Ragamuffin") for the piano, show that Mr. John Ireland has a sense of humor which up to this time has been rather wanting and of which, in my opinion, we can expect much. In themselves these two pieces are delightful, the one full of pleasant satire on English sentimentality, the other of the ease and carelessness of the London urchin; and I see in them signs of something still more important.

These same signs I find also in Mr. Eugène Goossens recent pieces for the piano. There is appearing in English music a truly youthful spirit and, moreover, a spirit truly national, these young composers, very skilled in their craft, educated in colleges whose dogmas they have happily rejected are beginning to banish entirely the fetish of the grand style and the religion of the serious at all price. They have no fear of being playful, satirical and humorous. They do not throw themselves into great works as if in duty bound; their compositions begin to breath the joy of living and thinking.

Perhaps I may be wrong, but I feel certain that in the line of musical humour, in true musical comedy, England is perhaps destined to go further than any other country from the day on which she is delivered from all the depressing influences which still weigh on her and when composers recognize that more genius and real greatness are required to write *Le Nozze di Figaro* than this or that monstrous symphony.

There is, in my view, in England a great element of "joie de vivre," a fantastic side, ranging from Falstaff to Ariel, which is only beginning to be applied to English music. In the music of the people there are endless riches in rythm and colour which could be used in an original manner. It would become a young composer to penetrate to the depths of this aspect of the English nature, or to partake of it himself and give it a natural expression; he will thus discover this mingling of imagination, sadness, comedy and a deep-seated irony from which springs the clown, an important personage, a type which could easily be ennobled. For

my part, I am expecting to see one of the young English composers attempting to write a comic opera rather than transposing the mechanism of the Tetralogy into Wales or Scotland. If humor in music has a future, and of this I am entirely convinced (have we not seen it in France in certain pages of Chabrier's work and in that little masterpiece, Maurice Ravel's *Heure Espagnole*) I think that it is in England we are to seek it.

Happily, as I have said, the fetish of great, dull works no longer haunts the composers of the new generation; neither Mr. Roger Quilter nor the Benjamin of English music, Mr. Eugène Goossens, (who is barely twenty-five) fall into this snare.

Mr. Roger Quilter, after having at the outset of his career inclined towards a somewhat facile and weak emotion, at times a little too seductive, has gradually come to expressing himself with greater depth, without losing any of his charm. His three last songs to William Blake's poems, give the full measure of his subtle and refined art, by turns melancholy and full of youthful freshness, attracted as he is in his art towards the simplest means, towards works of small proportions, towards the spirit of fairy-tales, of imaginings, supple and delicate.

With Mr. John Ireland, but endowed with a very different nature, Mr. Eugène Goossens has made his appearance in the firmament of English music, since the war. Prodigiously gifted, pianist, violinist, composer, and in spite of his tender age, one of England's best conductors, with a knowledge of almost the whole of music, conducting Russian operas quite as well as French symphonic poems, ignorant of nothing as regards his profession which he learnt certainly more by natural genius than by diligent study, Mr. Eugène Goossens who, by his Belgian antecedence is partly continental, is at a stage in his career when one could hardly expect him to give the full measure of his personality, stripped of all that draws him in various directions. He has assimilated the orchestral influence of Strauss as well as of Debussy; he has been ravished by Maurice Ravel's ingenious writing; he is not unacquainted with Scriabine's laboured refinement any more than with Stravinski's suggestive work; and, however, if his work bears traces of influence, one begins to discover these reflections of a personality destined certainly, to manifest itself vividly in future works.

He has already written several chamber-music works and several orchestral ones, which he looks upon as juvenilia, and a few songs. Of all his works, in my opinion, a place must be set apart for his *Quartet*, his *Trio* for flute, violoncello and piano, his

Rhapsody for violoncello, his last songs, two books of pieces for the piano, *Kaleidoscope*, a collection of twelve little pieces and an album *Four Concerts*.

The art of Mr. Goossens is naturally complex. I say naturally, not only because this is bound to be the case coming as it does from a youthful intellect open to all fresh impressions, but again naturally because Mr. Goossens' nature is composed of extremely subtle elements, of pointed irony, of smiling insight, and all this bathed in a veritable atmosphere of youth, not a youth that chatters at random but one that does not consider it necessary to take up a bored attitude, just because it already knows a great deal.

I ought probably to have spoken first of Mr. Frank Bridge and of Mr. Arnold Bax who for some time have been well-known in English musical circles, though they are both what is generally called young composers. Mr. Frank Bridge mingles very felicitously Victorian or classical traditions with modernism; his work is unequal but always carefully written. He has a special gift for chamber-music, though his work *Isabella* is one of the most characteristic works in the English music of his generation; but it is particularly his *Trios*, his *Sonata* for piano and violoncello, and his *Quintet* that deserve attention.

Mr. Arnold Bax possesses without doubt a sensitive and interesting individuality of which it seems to me he has hitherto hardly succeeded in conveying a complete impression. Perhaps Mr. Bax failed sufficiently to co-ordinate his indubitable gifts and to restrain his emotions which go out not in the direction of a scholastic development, but are carried away in a rapture that lacks moderation and would benefit by being more concentrated. His recent *Quintet*, not yet published, reveals a spirit full of ideas, bent on delighting us, and knowing how to express itself without being commonplace. Mr. Arnold Bax is certainly one of the most engaging of the composers of the new English school; but it is a pity that he is not sometimes more on his guard against being carried away by his talent.

Mr. Gustav von Holst, in spite of his Dutch name, must be counted amongst the most interesting composers of the younger generation of Englishmen. It is not, to tell the truth, because Mr. von Holst, like Mr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Roger Quilter or even Mr. John Ireland, seeks his musical inspiration from the well-springs of English tradition; the greater part of Mr. von Holst's work is devoted to oriental subjects, Hindu mostly, but one must not expect to find there the oriental colouring which so fascinated

will find again a sense, strong, beautiful and durable, of her veritable musical inheritance.

A people fighting for liberty is an absorbing spectacle, but it is no less absorbing to see an art liberating itself and discovering anew her genuine traditions. If one lacked prudence and a sense of the swiftness of modern life one might attempt to give dogmatic and precise opinions concerning a movement as indefinite as the one which has been going on for ten years and which from day to day manifests itself in a more marked manner in English music; but no other country with the exception of modern Italy perhaps, presents as fascinating a spectacle in regard to all the problems waiting for new solutions, the new hope to which it gives birth and the fresh energies which it calls to life.

How far will this new development go? It is impossible to foresee as yet, but already to-day England can boast of several composers who, particularly in the domain of chamber-music, can bear the test of being placed before a foreign public and command attention not only because of the works in themselves, but for the national characteristics which they contain.

It is high time for us to realize that English music has come into new powers and that a brilliant future may be in store for it.



John Ireland

JOHN IRELAND

By EDWIN EVANS

FOR the student of modern British music a peculiar interest attaches to the composers who were born in the seventies and early eighties. They do not stand for the dawn of the present "Risorgimento." They came later than that. But they came early enough to suffer, at least in their student years, from the disadvantages of the old régime, and few of them suffered meekly. They were a precocious generation and, whether their musical bias was orthodox or subversive, they were highly proficient, and impatient to plunge into creative work.

There were some prolific years which inspired sympathetic onlookers with such enthusiasm that they began to look upon the battle of English music as already won. This enthusiasm, which one may date at the beginning of the century, was premature, and already some of the men who were then hailed as deliverers are looking back upon their best work and upon the future that we then thought lay before them. They exorcised some of the devils that beset English music, but their ranks have been thinned by the demon of facility, and now, out of a score of names, perhaps some half dozen will occur to us as having escaped the dangers of success too easily achieved. Nor are they, generally speaking the names which provoked the greatest enthusiasm a dozen years ago.

Fortunately for himself John Ireland was not one of the brilliant young men of that heroic age. He did not plunge into his future when still a student. He stepped very gingerly into it with much searching and questioning of the spirit, of which there is ample trace in his work, for those who read beyond the notes. He never possessed the assurance that comes of facility, and there was no outpouring of prematurely born masterpieces. It was not the skill that was lacking. He could have assimilated, as did many others of his day, the modern resources with which efforts are made, but he was hampered with a conscience that compelled him to write nothing that did not correspond to what he felt and thought. It is rather a hampering conscience that stops one from saying a clever thing because one is not sure that one believes in it. Were it more general, the output of music would be considerably lessened. Artistic sincerity is not the quality most frequently apparent in modern music. The possession of it may even make

John Ireland seem a little "old-fashioned"—using the term with the affectionate tinge that clings to it—but, be that as it may, John Ireland is unquestionably one of the sincerest tone-poets of our day, and one of the most scrupulous. Moreover, it is his sincerity that is the reason why recognition came slowly. Had he been disposed to make concessions he would doubtless have met with an earlier reward, but he judges himself so severely that he casts aside all that he wrote before 1908, when he had arrived at an age when it is fashionable to be celebrated. These discarded works are numerous, and not unimportant, but we will respect his wishes by ignoring even the few of them that have found their way into print.

His career begins thus at his twenty-ninth year, for he was born August 13th, 1879, at Inglewood, Bowdon, Cheshire. His father was a literary man who enjoyed the friendship of such men as Leigh Hunt, Emerson and Carlyle, and edited the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. The family hailed on his side from Fife-shire and on the mother's from Cumberland—a Northern origin that may not be irrelevant to the ruggedness of John Ireland's best work. He studied at the Royal College of Music and was a pupil of Sir Charles Stanford for composition. His studentship came to an end in 1901, but, just as Vincent d'Indy makes a distinction between learning the composer's "métier" and his art, he served another six or seven years' apprenticeship to a master more stern than any teacher, his own fastidiousness. Judging from the first works that followed, the difficulty with which he had to contend was one that is not uncommon in the experience of modern composers. His musical thought was, not only by training, but constitutionally, if one may use the word, severely diatonic. The loose chromatic writing that justifies itself empirically, or by impressionism, did not fit into his scheme of things. Yet he is a modern of the moderns, and a rich harmonic texture is indispensable to him. The gulf between the simplicity of his structure and the richness of the texture in which he clothed it was one that his thematic material had to bridge somehow, and, being too much of an artist to grasp at the first superficially adequate expedient that presented itself, he was a long time solving his own particular problem. In fact, one might say that he never completely solved it until 1916, when the A Minor Sonata at last stamped him as a mature writer of the foremost rank.

Meanwhile he had written a number of important works. After the "discarded" compositions (which, by the way, included two Violin sonatas) the first to appear was a "Phantasy-Trio" in

A minor, due, like so many other works in this form, to the initiative of Mr. W. W. Cobbett. This was followed in 1909 by the Violin sonata (No. 1) in D minor; and, a year later, by a song-cycle, "Songs of a Wayfarer," of unequal merit but containing at least one song worthy to rank with its successors. The best of this music is contained in the sonata, which, although not of sufficiently assertive character to make an immediate sensation such as followed the appearance of the A minor, has qualities of a more intimate kind which cause it to retain its freshness unimpaired. For the present it is somewhat overshadowed, but, in the revised edition recently published, it should attain to repertory rank so soon as the A minor sonata ceases to be the "very latest." Regarded together, these three works constitute, as it were, the threshold of the most prolific period of John Ireland's work, from which they are separated by a brief pause, for 1913 is the date inscribed on his next compositions. Doubtless, however, some of them were in preparation.

That year saw the production of four very characteristic compositions: a prelude, "The Forgotten Rite," for orchestra; a set of piano pieces, "Decorations"; a song-cycle, "Marigold"; and a separate song, "Sea-Fever." In all these is unmistakable maturity, and in each the composer shows himself in some new aspect; in "The Forgotten Rite" he reveals a naturalistic tendency far removed from the realism of composers who wax lyrical over the coming of Spring. It is the message of a man who feels nature too deeply to "make a song of it" and yet sings in a subtle idiom that is, as it were, esoterically lyrical. It is a mood to which we owe much of Ireland's later music, notably the fine rhapsody "Earth's Call" for contralto and piano. The "Decorations" belong to another phase of his art, to which the title supplies the key. The literary suggestions—two from Arthur Symonds and one from Arthur Machen's fantastic book "The House of Souls"—are treated decoratively. The first of them, "The Island Spell," has become popular, but the second, "Moon-Glade," has a more subtle beauty. The third, "The Scarlet Ceremonies," is less elusive and more vivid, but not more seductive.

The two vocal works of 1913 again present contrasted aspects. The setting of Masfield's "Sea-Fever," which is perhaps the most frequently heard of John Ireland's compositions, is simple and direct—the forerunner in this respect of "The Soldier," "The Cost," and of that exquisite lyric "The Heart's Desire." "Marigold," on the other hand, belongs to the rich vein that leads to the "Sylvan Rhapsody." It comprises three songs: two settings of Rossetti,

"Youth's Spring Tribute" and "Penumbra," and one of a Dowson translation of Verlaine's "Spleen." The last is woven round a phrase so characteristic that, but for its unusually disturbed tonality, it might almost serve as a motto to Ireland's collected works. As a whole, the cycle is one of his most remarkable compositions, though it may perhaps be slower to attain to general acceptance than the succession of songs of which "Sea-Fever" is the type and whose appeal is more primitive.

The next important work is a trio in E minor for piano, violin and 'cello, a work at present unpublished, in which the composer seems to take a definite farewell of his earlier self, for it has phrases that might serve as connecting-links with his period of struggle for freedom in self-expression, and others which predict the complete emancipation of the later Sonata. Through its three movements runs a vein of connected inspiration which seems to reach its loftiest point in the introduction to the finale.

The year 1915 produced a "Rhapsody" for piano and a setting of Rupert Brooke's famous sonnet "The Soldier." The "Rhapsody," an uncompromising piece of work in which the "rugged honesty" of John Ireland's lyricism is perhaps more completely expressed than elsewhere, has, perhaps for that very reason, had to wait out of its turn for full recognition. Austerity is a quality that does not meet with quick appreciation from recital audiences—or, indeed, from pianists—unless it happens to be signed with a magic name that begins with B. But "airs and graces" would have been lamentably out of place in it. In fact they would sit ill upon most of John Ireland's work. That is what constitutes its greatest attraction, for it is not an everyday musical experience to come across a personal revelation so devoid of subterfuge. The setting of a sonnet invariably confronts the composer with a problem, for the shape of the poem is not an easy one to adapt to musical ends. The Rossetti sonnets which Ireland has included in "Songs of a Wayfarer" and "Marigold"—the second of which is formally far the better—are examples of this. In "The Soldier" he relies upon the intensity of meaning, expressed in the simplest of terms, rather than upon the actual form of the sonnet, deeming the soldier-poet's message of greater importance than the literary rôle of the sestet, for which he is content to draw upon the musical phrases of the octave. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a more effective setting, and one that adhered more faithfully to the form might have missed the substance.

This was the first of a small group of songs inspired by the war. Two others are bracketed under one title, "The Cost." In

the first of these, "Blind," the composer has reached a degree of poignancy that is almost painful. One has to go back to Moussorgsky to find anything equally magnetic. In "Savicha" and in some songs dealing with the peasant, the Russian composer, though hampered by technical shortcomings, attained to a tragic grandeur that has rightly been regarded as his loftiest vein. Here we have its English counterpart. Truthful, unadorned, and thus the more touching, is this simple, irresistibly appealing version of Eric Cooper's poem. In comparison the second song, with an unavoidable note of melodrama, is almost an anti-climax—but not unneeded to relieve the emotional tension.

These songs were an outward indication—or rather an indication prompted from without—that the events of these stirring times were clamouring for musical expression, not indeed in their external aspect, but through the channel of those deeper, as yet scarcely avowed emotions which they have aroused in the more sentient of our people. Is it going too far to look upon the violin Sonata in A minor as an expression of these emotions? That is as it may be, but it is at this date the most consummate work John Ireland has given us, and if the much maligned British public rose to the occasion, as it did beyond all question, it is at least permissible to believe that the music struck some latent chord of sentiment that had been waiting for the sympathetic voice to make it articulate. Never in the recent annals of British chamber-music has success been so immediate. The press was practically unanimous, and within a short time violinists, who as a rule do not fly to new works, found that this sonata, for their credit's sake, must be included in their repertoire. One feature of this success must be mentioned: a British work was actually included in our programmes not as a make-weight, or as a duty-task, but as the chief attraction from the box-office point of view, a position hitherto reserved for standard classics. It was indeed an excellent omen for the future. The sonata is in three movements which one might term respectively dramatic, lyrical, and a relaxation of the prevailing tension. The first section with its rugged vigour strikes a serious note, but its gravity is strikingly free from elements of questioning or of even momentary despondency, and if one quality more than other accounts for the spontaneously receptive attitude of the musical public from the first note, it is: confidence. It is the music of a man who feels deeply but who is sustained by confidence, not necessarily in the outward shapings of destiny, but in that ultimate faithfulness of events which is the creed of men of good understanding. The

slow movement, which maintains the same high level of sane idealism, is concerned with lyrical solace. "Even the humour of the last section gathers a flavour of the heroic from the context, much as the fun of our soldiers gathers it from their hardships."¹ The sonata is, in short, a worthy expression of the times that gave it birth, and one of the few great works of art hitherto resulting from the underlying impulses of to-day.

Another, almost equally important contribution to recent chamber-music, is the one-movement Trio in E minor for piano, violin and 'cello, not to be confused with the earlier, more extended, work in the same key. It was written in the spring of 1917, and bears the impress of the grim contrast between the season and the wastage of war at the very springtime of life. Here the atmosphere is more martial and one might suspect a glorification of the "panache" did not a touch of bitter emphasis remind one of the tragic futility that has overtaken the glitter of the armies of the past. One feels an element of rancour in the psychology of the work, yet it is not the morbid resentment of the weak, but the angry impatience that every one must feel who has not despaired of civilization. It is a poem of mixed emotions inspired by an attitude more critical than that of the sonata and expressing itself with more directness, though in terms into which one may read a note of sarcasm if one likes. The form is simple: a strain of thematic material progressively metamorphosed in the manner of free variations.

During the four years occupied with these various works a number of piano pieces were evolving towards completion, four of which are now grouped as "Preludes." The first, which is dated January, 1914, is entitled "The Undertone," and consists of a two-bar phrase treated as an "ostinato" with great harmonic variety but consistently in one definite mood. In its way it is a miniature *tour de force*. The second, "Obsession," might have been suggested by Edgar Allan Poe, or by the counsels of a witch's familiar. The mood it expresses is an evil one which most people prefer to fight or to throw off. One way of getting rid of it is to express it, just as one can be rid of an unwelcome train of thought by committing it to paper. This is what Ireland has done with singular felicity, if the word may be used in this connection. The third, dated Christmas, 1913, bears for title "The Holy Boy," and is almost like a carol in its naïve and simple charm, which is akin to that of some of the more direct songs, "Sea-Fever" or "The Heart's

¹*Poll Moll Gazette*, 7th March, 1917

Desire." The fourth prelude, "Fire of Spring," is a rhapsodical outburst the motive of which is sufficiently explained in the title.

Then followed the two "London Pieces," labelled "Chelsea Reach" and "Ragamuffin." These might be variously described as Cockney grave and gay, or excursions into the vernacular. The first is not a picture but a reverie in which the sentimental side of the Londoner—the side that takes "ballads" seriously—comes uppermost. This somewhat ingenuous sentiment being thoroughly honest in its unsophisticated way, deserves to be treated kindly and without irony, for the sake of its sincerity, and where the inevitable sugar seemed excessive the composer has used his harmonic skill to preserve the real flavour. It is a paradox in musical psychology, and an engrossing one. The "Ragamuffin," with his blatant animal spirits, is a welcome counter-irritant, and the two pieces should invariably be played together, lest the sentiment of the first should be taken too literally.

The last compositions issued include a song, "The Heart's Desire," which is a setting of the "March" poem in A. E. Housman's "A Shropshire Lad," and one of the most sympathetic musical versions inspired by that famous volume of lyrics; another a setting of Rupert Brooke, "Blow Out, you Bugles"; and finally "Earth's Call," the sylvan rhapsody for contralto and piano referred to above, which is too ambitious in design to be adequately described as a song, although its text, like that of many of John Ireland's songs, is a sonnet, this time of Harold Monro. It is in the naturalistic mood of "The Forgotten Rite," though much more directly assertive, and the manner is the more complex of the two into which all the composer's vocal works can be classed. "Earth's Call" demands great powers of interpretation on the part of the singer, for it is music writ large, but although not easy of access the reward is correspondingly great. There is a dearth in the repertoire of compositions ranging in length and calibre between the ordinary song and the dramatic scena. Apart from its great merits here is another reason for welcoming it.

We have arrived at the end of this survey, too brief to be adequate, of ten years' work of one of the most remarkable of present-day composers. It should be noted that although the importance of the compositions has varied, their honesty of purpose has not, for there is not one in this comprehensive list that is not the outcome of the need of the artist to express himself—not one that is either a concession to a taste more vulgar than his own, or an attempt to set commercial before artistic considerations. The probity of musicians and their sense of responsibility towards

the art they serve has seldom been so completely proof against temptation to "make an effect," or to secure an easy material benefit. This probity is associated in John Ireland with a fervid sincerity and love of artistic truth that will tolerate no meretricious blandishments, and a scrupulousness that rejects anything that is arbitrary or fortuitous. Thoroughly English in his outlook and in the directness of his method, he has one point of contact with the French, and one only, in the meticulous care which he devotes to detail. His is no feverish productivity. He never will be, as many composers have been, the victim of a fatal facility. He is content to spend days on a single passage, so that he give it the one ultimate form which will afterwards prove to be the inevitable form it should take. Yet this constant preoccupation with precision in detail has nowhere resulted in laboured writing. His harmonic texture may be complex or simple, suave or acrid, smooth, or, as it is more often, rugged and sharply defined, but it is constantly adjusted to the needs of the composition, and, although he is not given to finicalities, his taste in these matters is no less acute than that of those who trade in them—over all of which, rightly understood, it is in the end one quality that predominates: sincerity.

STAGE-FRIGHT

By EUGENE GRUENBERG¹

STAGE-FRIGHT is the name given to a certain condition of the human mind and body, as yet not fully defined. It is not restricted to any age, nor to any rank. Anybody may be a victim of that most singular fright: a king or a pope, when receiving homages; a general or an admiral, when giving the "ordre de bataille;" an actor or musician, when going on the stage; a surgeon when getting ready for an operation; a beautiful girl, when entering the ball-room; and even a waiter, when bringing the orders.

At "*Brébant*," the famous Paris restaurant, there was a waiter whose chronic perplexity became proverbial and a topic of much comment among the patrons of that establishment. When you called him, he blushed; when you gave your order, he turned pale; and when you asked him questions as to the menu, he lost all control of himself. He was at his worst, however, when compelled to wait on ladies. Then he either lost his power of speech altogether, or he just managed to stammer and to utter some florid nonsense. He mixed up the orders, exchanged the soup with the desert and brought you spinach instead of oysters. At a wedding banquet, he succeeded in dropping a full plate of tomato soup on the bride's lap and a dish of wild duck with mushrooms and brown gravy on the bridegroom's head.

We have reported this elaborate story to its full length in order to illustrate to what extent stage-fright can possess its victims. We may add that it can be encountered in many varieties and forms, under as many different names; e.g., audience fright, lamp fever, scene fever, pulpit fever, cannon fever, travelling fever, examination fever (driving not a few to suicide), and even stage-fright by proxy, as Mr. Kielblock has termed it. He tells the following incident:

A lady had consented to let Thalberg, the great pianist, use her piano, as his own instrument did not arrive in time. Long before the recital she began to feel uneasy, and this sensation kept growing, until, when her piano was at the platform and exposed

¹For the material used, the author is indebted to E. Kielblock's booklet, "Stage-Fright," as well as to several stray articles found in divers magazines, papers and books.

to the concentrated gaze of many eyes, it culminated in an outburst of a most malignant type of "lamp fever," which seems so much more remarkable, as the lady was not even present at the concert!

The fact is known that men of matchless bravery lose their countenance when they have to address an audience orally; and that novices on the stage easily become victims of a more or less stubborn spell of fright. That veterans of the stage who hardly knew what stage-fright meant, all of a sudden become afflicted with that trouble, is less known and harder to understand.

Charles de Bériot, the worshipped master of the violin, after travelling for years all over Europe, flying from triumph to triumph, when settling down as a teacher at the Brussels Conservatoire, became possessed by stage-fright so much that he could not be induced to play to an audience or even to his pupils.

It is hard to believe that artists like Paganini, Liszt, Edwin Booth or Sarah Bernhardt could ever have been victims of stage-fright, and it certainly would be interesting to discover whether that evil was known to the ancient nations and felt by their celebrated orators, musicians, actors and gladiators.

We are confronted with a mysterious phenomenon and ask ourselves: What is it? Is it nervousness, embarrassment, confusion, disconcertedness, shyness, diffidence, agitation, timidity, presentiment, hypochondria, superstition, or all, or none of them?

Darwin calls it "the consciousness of a great coming exertion with its associated effects upon the system."

It is not real fear one feels when confronted with the "concentrated gaze of many eyes." It is something appalling to most, at least for the first time. Some never get over it, and some begin to suffer from it in later years. It seems to be some magnetic or other influence which goes out from a crowd to an individual, as some American writer said. "One against a thousand," to quote Mr. Kielblock, "no wonder that the debutant is overcome by a sense of isolation, or forlornness, or helplessness and ready to sink through the ground."

That stage-fright is a *disease*, pure and simple, has been almost universally accepted among scientists. But, unfortunately, they have omitted to make the diagnosis complete by stating the very nature of the disease.

After devoting much time and study to this problem, I have arrived at the conclusion that stage-fright is nothing else but a species of *temporary insanity*, impairing the correct balance of

the mind to such an extent as fundamentally to annihilate the control of all the mental and physical capacities and energies for the time being.

The victim, when at home, is at his best and able to perform to perfection. On the stage, he is given up to paralyzing influences of the "bacillus of fright." He is utterly unable to rule his nerves; he trembles all over; and is actually unfit to accomplish the first and simplest requirements of technique, not to speak of the demoralized condition of his memory which makes it impossible to deliver his task with authority, skill and soul. He is enwrapped in the most dreadful conglomerate of dismal thoughts, and he feels as one who expects to receive the death blow any moment, or, at least, to become the sufferer of some unspeakably terrible accident. He is surrounded by enemies who are dying to see him break down and get into every kind of trouble which can be found under the sun. He cannot get rid of the idea: how awful it would be if he should forget his part; or, if the string should break; or, if something else should happen to him. And also he is tortured by the thought that Mr. X., the most severe critic in town, is present, as well as Miss Y. and Mr. Z., his acknowledged and hateful rivals. Even people of keen personal courage become the most pitiable cowards, when under the influence of the stage-fright bacillus.

Now, as the existence of that "bacillus" can hardly be questioned, it remains for the observing scientist to examine and to study its nature and the means of its eventual extermination, in order to eliminate or to cure a disease which is bound to destroy all chances of any success, well deserved as it may be.

To begin with, it is known that thousands of players and singers who could perform their part to perfection *before* the public appearance, made often an utter failure when on the stage. Also, that *most* of these soloists, after being through with such a wretched performance, have declared that, were they allowed to play or sing their piece over again, *on the spot*, they were sure they could render the solo to the greatest advantage and satisfaction. What follows? That the germ of the disease is of a very short-lived capacity; viz., that it does not exist before or after the performance. At least, this may be considered to be the rule, while there is no doubt that, in some cases, the disease makes itself felt for some time before, but hardly ever after the performance.

It also seems evident that the bacillus must be created by some irregularity within the body and mind, the condition of which cannot possibly be called sane.

It stands to reason that, according to the famous sentence: "Mens sana in corpore sano," every possible care and precaution should be taken by the soloist to observe all such rules and devices as are indispensable for the establishment of a most normal, sane and comfortable condition of the body.

Although we do not intend to recommend the extensive use of any other but the most simple and natural means as *possibly helpful* remedies, it may not be out of place to mention a few of the styles favored by some great artists in order to overcome the dreaded evil.

In the long list of preventives, we find several of a harmless nature, as water, milk, raw eggs, lemonade, chocolate, malt-extract, ice cream and bonbons; then those of a less innocent reputation, as coffee, tea, cigarettes, snuffing tobacco, beer, porter and champagne; and lastly, those which are positively injurious; viz., whiskey, morphine and opium.

Among all the special advices given by acknowledged celebrities, the following appear to be conspicuous:

Mrs. E., one of the greatest singers, made it a rule, before going on the stage, to take off her stockings and have her soles patted, as a sure means to put to flight any trace of fright or nervousness.

Fasting a whole day is the remedy used by Miss L., a famous vaudeville star, as a positive protection against any symptoms of stage-fright.

Mrs. B., the wonderful actress, never wears a corset when playing, as it may have a tendency to cause a very troublesome congestion in the head.

Mr. R., the famous tenor, insists on a most extensive practice of breathing exercises, while one of his colleagues declares nothing can compare with the beneficial influence of gymnastics.

All seem to agree that *flowers* are very injurious, especially to singers. Nilsson and Calvé, as well as other authorities, have directly warned against the use of hyacinths, violets, lilacs and many other flowers as a means of trimming.

If we were to decide which of the many remedies is to be considered the best, we would answer as the old sea-captain did when asked which one of the 28 unfailing remedies against seasickness he thought to be the best. "Don't use any of them!" he said.

Once more, we may point to the necessity of keeping one's health in good order, and to the wisdom of favoring the simplest and most natural means in every possible way. Over-exertion

of any kind should be avoided; also in the line of professional occupation. To practice ten or twelve hours a day may qualify the player automatically to perform a piece, even in the case of being prevented by stage-fright from properly directing the fingers; but this course is bound to prove fatal to the health, and it will hardly ever insure an inspired rendition of the task.

Frequent walks, breathing exercises, gymnastics, good food, plenty of rest and, speaking in general, regularity and moderation will, without any doubt, bring about a bodily condition as normal and comfortable as desirable and conditional for the success of a soloist.

We have tried to prove the necessity of a perfectly healthy condition of the *body*. But we shall see that it is still more important to use all means in order to bring the *mind* into a state of steel-like strength and sanity.

The simplest task requires undivided attention—absolute concentration. If we allow our thoughts to desert the subject of our present occupation, and to indulge in a wandering trip around the world, the work accomplished will not be a success, but a failure, especially on the stage.

Unfortunately, it is almost the rule that, instead of devoting every bit of the intellectual capacity, which means the concentrated power of logic and energy, towards the solution of the task, a soloist will waste most of his thinking upon ghostly phantoms of imaginary dangers, which are only useless speculations, exciting, detracting and leading astray. That will never do. *Concentration* is the key to success.

But there is another element of equal importance, and that is *inspiration*. There is no blessing on a performance without inspiration. A performer must draw happiness and delight from every tone he produces, as the nightingale does. And it is safe to believe that the very source of the beauty and powerful influence of Orpheus' music upon men, beasts and stones was inspiration. Why did Orpheus sing? Because inspiration drove him to do so, and because he delighted in it. And why does the nightingale sing? Because she delights in it. And therefore, we delight in her song. Before starting her lovely performance, she is not looking around to see who is going to listen, and whether the leading critic of the town is present. Nor does she indulge in the use of any stimulants, like café noir, cigarettes or champagne, to improve her courage. She gets her courage out of the open air she is breathing. You should do the same. But you do not know how to breathe. *Very few people do!* The air feeds

the body and keeps us alive. Many think they are living, but the fact is that they are dying by degrees, because they do not breathe enough.

It is not hard to guess how a person will play on the stage after having been lingering around in the stuffy atmosphere of the "Green Room" or behind the stage, like a culprit, waiting for his decapitation or electrocution, and shaking in his shoes like an eel in jelly.

Now, inspiration is a unique phenomenon which appears like a meteor and which is not always on hand, but which often has to be created artificially, even by the best; and everybody should endeavour to discover his individual source of inspiration. We know that all the great ones of this world had their own way of finding as much inspiration as they needed for their work. Here are a few facts which have been reported of some men conspicuous in the kingdom of art.

Haydn took refuge in prayer and rosary; Beethoven in the open air and nature; Mozart in paper and ink—that was all he needed. By the way, Alexandre Dumas (father) declared that a fine quality of paper was a real source of inspiration to him. Wagner depended on costly robes of silk and velvet, saturated in rich colors; Rossini on orgies of a culinary order; Tchaikowsky needed air and trees; Halévy the noise of a tea-kettle; Auber a horseback ride; Johann Strauss wine and cigars or a game of "Tarok;" Suppé a good dose of snuffing tobacco. Donizetti was at his best when fixing his eyes at a distant point; Ambroise Thomas, when lying in bed; Balzac, when clothed in a monk's cassock; Châteaubriand, when walking around barefooted; and Gluck, when at his piano, placed in the midst of an open field, in sunshine.

Travelling as a "star" involves a grave danger for the inspiration. The artist who goes from place to place uninterruptedly and who finds his home in the sleeping car or in the hotel, finally loses that tender and delicate sensation which really creates the warm interest for the problems of his art. To him, the listeners are but two-legged numbers and the concert-pieces he plays only the samples of a travelling drummer. To be sure, there is no such thing as stage-fright for that artist, but alas, there is no artistic impression either, nor spontaneity of enthusiasm. Everything becomes just a matter of financial speculation. Otherwise, art and public are quantities of no interest to him.

To be spared the sufferings of stage-fright would indeed be a gain, but with the price mentioned above, it would certainly be

paid for too dearly. The performing artist must never lose his *sympathy* for the work he is to deliver, and he should, therefore, never attempt to perform without trusting himself to the blessed influence and protection of inspiration.

Many artists are victims of an incredible *superstition*. In their conviction, the loss of a button, or the tearing of a seam, must not, by any means, be repaired by needle and thread, or something is bound to happen. Rather remedy the trouble with one hundred safety pins.

To wish a soloist good luck, before his facing the audience, is also considered a thing very dangerous and to be avoided and, of course, Friday and the number 13 are features dreadful to many.

To wear new shoes the first time at a performance is a daring which will prove most fatal, indeed, unless one puts the right shoe on the left foot and vice versa, which positively brings good luck; and, generally speaking, to put on any piece of cloth or garment *wrong side out* is always an assurance of excellent luck.

Very common is the use of charms, amulets and talismans, all of which are supposed to protect most powerfully the owner against any kind of mishap. These objects of superstition are indispensable in the household of several nations, especially in Italy and in the Balkans. Of course, superstition is incurable, when inoculated from early childhood.

In the spectacle called "public appearance," there are two more quantities to be taken into consideration: the *audience* and the *critic*. There are different audiences and different critics.

An *audience* can be warm, cold, enthusiastic, blasé, well-trained, ignorant, appreciative and generous or reserved as to applauding. But there is hardly an audience which could not be *influenced* by certain circumstances, like political or social events, by critics, good or bad, and last but not worst, by the so-called "claque."

Sometimes an audience is misunderstood. The Leipsic and Boston audiences, for instance, have often been called cold. But surely, they are not cold. Their almost icy reserve is only the surface of most passionate under-currents. It is hard to imagine more tempestuous and boisterous demonstrations of applause than those we have witnessed in these two art centers after many of their favorite performances.

It is dangerous to speak of *critics*, but we may venture the risk.

We can learn a great deal from a fine and experienced critic, and we may learn something from a poor one, too, as he may, like

a blind hen, find a kernel here and there. Therefore, one should carefully read all criticisms. But one should not take all of them to heart too seriously. Not all critics are reliable. Some are prejudiced, moody, easily influenced by personal sympathy or aversion, not to mention those who are directly dishonest. Many a career has been checked, if not ruined, by the attacks of certain critics who have become more influential than they should have been. And not everybody is as great as a Richard Wagner who gloriously outlived his critics.

How much, or rather, how little some critics deserve to be taken seriously, can be seen from a characteristic remark which was made with regard to Mr. S., then one of the best known critics of Vienna. It was after the performance of a new and ultra modern piece, when director H., the famous wit, exclaimed: "That fellow would pay a fortune, if he knew whether he likes it or not!"

This is what Alexandre Dumas (fils) has to say about the critics in the "Figaro":

Certain works appeal to certain temperaments of a certain age and milieu. What seems a masterwork to some, is rot to others. Immortal poets, composers and artists have been condemned by some of the most acknowledged contemporary authorities.

But nobody's place in the gallery of fame will be decided upon by the labels pasted upon him by the honorable critic.

There is no old and no new school. But there is such a thing as inspires, delights and consoles, and which remains beautiful and good and which will not perish.

It would be very unwise to start any argument or controversy with a critic. Critics may be good or poor, but we need them and we should try to benefit by their utterances, whatever they may be.

Disciples and artists of the younger generation should remember that their best and truest critic will always be their *teacher*. His severe judgment will never fail; it will decide whether you are up to the mark of your task. If he finds you are sufficiently prepared, you may feel encouraged by the thought that the responsibility rests almost entirely upon him.

To summarize: We believe that stage-fright is a disease and also that it is curable. It must be fought more with the mind than with the muscles.

As in every other disease, favorable conditions will facilitate the solution of the healing problem. Such favorable conditions must be created in many directions; viz.:

(1) *Know your task.* Do your best to prepare yourself as well and to come as near perfection as may be.

(2) *Secure a perfectly correct and comfortable condition of the body* by observing all rules and precautions of a sanitary order.

(3) *Forget the audience*, when you enter the stage.

(4) *Depend on Concentration and Inspiration.* Concentrate your mind upon your task, and thinking of its beauty, try to do justice to it, so you may yourself enjoy it to its full extent.

(5) *Have an excellent accompanist*, and be sure to arrange for as many rehearsals as necessary.

(6) *Plenty of breathing exercises* near an open window, before going on the stage, will marvelously enliven, strengthen and inspire you.

Discipline yourself to control your nerves, your will power. People paying for admission expect to receive satisfactory impressions, not only upon the ear, but also upon the eye. A person shaking like an aspen leaf and showing the expression of a candidate for suicide is no pleasant sight. The audience does not feel inclined to sympathize with one imploring their pity and who should have staid at home instead, as they think.

A few encouraging, cheering words from a friend or mentor, and the affectionate pressure of a chum's hand, just before going on the platform, will be a helpful assistance to the bashful debutant.

The opportunity of confronting an audience as often as possible should be earnestly sought for. It is the very best means of preventing the fatal "mal de stage." To face an audience should strike the soloist like an every-day occurrence.

It should not make any difference to the soloist whether he has to play for kings or popes, for angels or devils, or just for an ordinary audience.

It is an excellent plan to invite a few friends and play for them, first in concerted music, and then as a soloist. The oftener and the earlier in life this is done, the better it will work in the end.

Very welcome are also such preliminary performances as the so-called public rehearsals, helping the player immensely to abstract his thoughts from all that the mind may otherwise constantly and morbidly be dwelling upon.

Minor shortcomings, caused by the influence of heat, dampness or other circumstances, should never be taken to heart so much as to ruffle one's serenity. Even mistakes of a stronger calibre happen to great artists. As a rule, they are hardly noticed by the audience, and it certainly does not impair one's success, if

there is a little squeaking of the strings or any mishap of a similar order.

Try to remember the old and good saying: "Nothing is bad, but thinking makes it so." Therefore, do not torture yourself by thinking day and night of the accidents and troubles which may or may not happen.

Know your task well, and you will enter the stage with all the confidence and pleasure you enjoy when taking a refreshing swim on a hot August day.

If you succeed in this, you will always be in full control of the situation, you will never fail to give your very best, and you will have solved the problem of establishing for yourself a condition of absolute immunity against the attacks of "stage-fright."

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF MUSIC

By ERNST C. KROHN

ABOUT seventeen years after Fust and Schœffer printed their first dated book, the "Psalterium" of 1457, Joannes Tinctoris, a Belgian scholar and musician, published the first printed book on music, the "Terminorum musicæ diffinitorium." This thin quarto volume of fifteen leaves, of which only three copies are known to exist, contained two hundred and ninety-one definitions of musical terms and was one of the first dictionaries of any kind to be printed. It is profoundly significant of the general interest in music, that a book on music should appear so early in the history of printed books. Equally significant is the fact that the first dated book on music, the "Theoricum opus armonice discipline" of Franchino Gaffurio, printed at Naples in 1480, had to be reprinted in 1492, and Gaffurio's "Practica musicæ", first issued in 1496, went through at least four editions. Probably the earliest example of printed notation occurs in Jean Charlier de Gerson's "Collectorium super Magnificat" printed by Conrad Fyner at Esslingen in 1473. This work contains a music illustration consisting of five printed notes, the staff lines being ruled in by hand. The Fust and Schœffer "Psalterium" of 1457 contained printed staves, but no notes, it being customary either to write them in by hand or to print them in by means of a hand-punch. Ulrich Hahn printed a missal at Rome in 1476, in which the music was produced in two printings, the lines in red, and the notes in black ink. It was not until 1525 that Pierre Haultin, of Paris, contrived a font of metal type by which music could be printed in one impression. Petrus Sambonetus seems to have been the first to print music from engraved copper plates, his first publication by that method being the "Canzone" printed at Sienna in 1515.

The literature of music begun thus auspiciously, continued to grow and expand through the following years. It evidently paid to advertise even at that early date, for in 1469 Johann Mentel of Strassburg issued a modest little book advertisement. His contemporaries took up the idea and in due course of time evolved the modern catalogue. A typical old music catalogue is the "Omnes libri musici, qui hactenus Norimbergæ in officina typographia Gerlachiana impressi sunt modo venales prostant," which

listed the publications of Dietrich Gerlach of Nuremberg and was printed in 1609. Georg Willer's catalogues of the Frankfort book fair listed contemporary music publications, a collected set of the catalogues issued from 1564 to 1592 containing a list of "*Libri musici variaeque cantiones, latine potissimum, tam sacre quam profane, quæ ab 1564-1592 typis divulgatæ sunt.*" The extent of early music production may be judged from the fact that the "*Bibliotheca classica sive catalogus officinalis*" compiled by Georg Draud (or Draudius), and printed at Frankfort in 1625 (second edition), contained a list of approximately twelve hundred music books with about ninety titles of books about music. Lists of "*Libri musici Gallici*" and "*Libri musici Italici*" appeared in Draudius' "*Bibliotheca Exotica*," issued at Frankfort in 1610; and the "*Bibliotheca librorum Germanicorum classica*," published in 1611, contained a list of "*Teutsche musicalische Bücher, darinnen die Materien in ihre classes, so wohl auch der Autorum Zunamen, nach Ordnung des Alphabets disponirt werden.*" The seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries witnessed a marvelous increase in the number of collections of books, and, quite naturally, along with the spread of libraries went the necessity of cataloguing them. The accumulation of publishers' booklists and of catalogues of private libraries provided the necessary source material for more extended bibliographical treatment of the various special fields of knowledge. Another source of bibliographical information were the numerous musical journals which suddenly sprouted up around the middle of the eighteenth century. They provided a medium of communication upon current topics and afforded an opportunity for the critical discussion of contemporary books and music. One of the earliest of these journals was Johann Mattheson's "*Critica musica. D.i. Grundrichtige Untersuch- und Beurtheilung vieler theils vorgefassten, theils einfältigen Meinungen, Argumenten und Einwürffe, so in alten und neuen gedruckten und ungedruckten musicalischen Schriften zu finden. Zur möglichsten Ausräutung aller groben Irrthümer, und zur Beförderung eines bessern Wachsthums der reinen harmonischen Wissenschaft,*" which was issued at Hamburg in twenty-four numbers from 1722 to 1725. Also deserving of notice is Lorenz Christoph Mizler von Kolof's "*Neu eröffnete musikalische Bibliothek, oder Gründliche Nachricht nebst unpartheyischem Urtheil von musikalischen Schriften und Büchern,*" published at Leipzig in fifteen parts running from 1736 to 1754.

A really remarkable bibliography of books on music was compiled by Sébastien de Brossard and included in his very

original and scholarly "Dictionnaire de musique, contenant une explication des termes grecs, latins, italiens, & françois les plus usités . . . Et un catalogue de plus de 900. auteurs qui ont écrit sur la musique," published at Paris by C. Ballard in 1703. The first attempt at a separate bibliography of music, appears to have been made by Johann Sigmund Gruber, a lawyer and amateur musician. In 1783 he had printed at Nuremberg his "Litteratur der Musik, oder Anleitung zur Kenntniss der vorzüglichen musikalischen Bücher, für Liebhaber der musikalischen Litteratur bestimmt. Hrg. von einem Liebhaber der Musik." In 1785 he published "Beyträge zur Litteratur der Musik," which were based on an unpublished list compiled by Carl Sebastian Zeidler. Revised editions of both works were issued in 1790 and in 1792. Gruber's efforts possess little value, possibly owing to his lack of musical scholarship. A work of far greater value was produced by Johann Nicolaus Forkel, the fourth in that brilliant circle of historians, Martini, Burney, Hawkins and Forkel. His very scholarly bibliography, the "Allgemeine Litteratur der Musik; oder, Anleitung zur Kenntniss musikalischer Bücher, welche von den ältesten bis auf die neusten Zeiten bey den Griechen, Römern und den meisten neuern europäischen Nationen sind geschrieben worden. Systematisch geordnet, und nach Veranlassung mit Anmerkungen und Urtheilen begleitet," was published at Leipzig in 1792. It has been pronounced an epoch-making work by no less an authority than Hugo Riemann.

Passing over into the nineteenth century, we must notice Dr. Peter Lichtenthal's "Dizionario e bibliografia della musica," published in four volumes at Milan in 1826, the last two volumes containing an excellent bibliography of music literature. In 1836 Karl Ferdinand Becker, an organist at Leipzig, undertook to issue a revised edition of Forkel's work. The result was his "Systematisch-chronologische Darstellung der musikalischen Literatur von den frühesten bis auf die neueste Zeit. Nebst biographischen Notizen über die Verfasser der darin aufgeführten Schriften und kritischen Andeutungen über den inneren Werth derselben," a supplement to which was issued in 1839. An extension of Becker's work was formed by Adolph Büchting's compilation "Bibliotheca Musica, oder Verzeichniss aller in Bezug auf die Musik in den letzten 20 Jahren, 1847-1866, im deutschen Buchhandel erschienenen Bücher und Zeitschriften," published at Nordhausen in 1867. A supplementary volume covering the literature of 1867 to 1872, was issued in 1873. The gap between Becker and Büchting was bridged by Robert Eitner in the volume issued

by Breitkopf & Härtel in 1886, "Bücherverzeichniss der Musikliteratur von 1839-1846 im Anschluss an Becker und Büchting."

The precious old manuscripts antedating the introduction of printing, have formed the theme of many interesting and valuable studies. They have been quite completely catalogued in the bibliographical works devoted to the libraries of Europe. The early printed music has been listed in Karl F. Becker's work, "Die Tonwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts, oder systematisch-chronologische Zusammenstellung der in diesen zwei Jahrhunderten gedruckten Musikalien," published at Leipzig in 1847. A second edition of this work appeared in 1855, the added matter being a summary of the contents of Rimbault's "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana." The early collections of printed music, containing compositions by more than one writer, have been excellently catalogued in the "Bibliographie der Musik-Sammelwerke des XVI. und XVII. Jahrhunderts," which was compiled by Eitner, Haberl, Lagerberg and Pohl, and published at Berlin in 1876. Early Italian secular music has been admirably listed in Emil Vogel's "Bibliothek der gedruckten weltlichen Vocalmusik Italiens, aus den Jahren 1500-1700", printed in two octavo volumes at Berlin in 1892. Rimbault's "Bibliotheca Madrigaliana. A bibliographical account of the musical and poetical works published in England during the 16th and 17th centuries," London, 1847; Bohn's "Bibliothek des gedruckten mehrstimmigen weltlichen deutschen Liedes vom Anfange des XVI. Jahrhunderts bis circa 1640", issued as a supplement to his "Fünzig historische Concerte," Breslau, 1893; Steele's "The earliest English music printing. A description and bibliography of English printed music to the close of the 16th century," London, 1903, are but a few of the many excellent works dealing with the early prints. Early music-dealers' catalogues, such as have survived the ravages of time, are naturally very interesting sources of bibliographical information. A rare specimen is the "Catalogue of all the Musick Bookes that have been printed in England, either for Voyce or Instruments. London, Printed, and are to be sold by John Playford at his shop in the Inner Temple neare the church doore or at his house in Three Leg Alley in Fetter Lane, next doore to the red Lyon," issued about 1675. The numerous monographs dealing with the evolution of music typography and the early printers, are of course indispensable in any comprehensive study of the bibliography of this period.

A bibliographical series of great practical value was inaugurated by Anton Meysel, a Leipzig publisher, who in 1817 brought

out a "Handbuch der musikalischen Literatur oder allgemeines systematisch geordnetes Verzeichniss der bis zum Ende des Jahres 1815 gedruckten Musikalien, auch musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen, mit Anzeige der Verleger und Preise." This comprehensive catalogue of music and literature pertaining to music filled a long felt need and its popularity led the publisher to issue nine supplements, bringing it down to 1825. A thoroughly revised second edition appeared in 1828, bearing the name of Karl Friedrich Whistling as compiler. Supplementary volumes to this edition were issued in 1829, 1834 and 1839. Adolph Hofmeister prepared a third edition in 1845 and also compiled three additional supplementary volumes. The Leipzig publishing house of Friedrich Hofmeister has published further supplements, bringing the Handbook quite up to date. The same firm has issued since 1829 a "Musikalisch-literarischer Monatsbericht neuer Musikalien, musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen," and since 1852 a "Jahresverzeichniss sämtlicher in Deutschland und den angrenzenden Ländern gedruckten Musikalien auch musikalischen Schriften und Abbildungen, mit Anzeige der Verleger und Preise." Other shorter lived ventures both French and German might be mentioned, but Hofmeister's colossal publication has remained "the Handbook," though of course for French music the "Bibliographie musicale" issued since 1875, in Paris, by the Chambre Syndicale du Commerce de Musique remains our principal guide. Worthy of record is the extremely ambitious attempt of the Viennese publisher, Franz Pazdirek, to unite the entire extant mass of printed music in one immense "Universal Handbuch der Musikliteratur aller Zeiten und Völker." Thirty-four volumes have appeared, completing the first section of this undertaking, namely, "Die gesamte, durch Musikalienhandlungen noch beziehbare Musikliteratur aller Völker." Of great practical utility are the all too rare music-trade catalogues, such as the "Gesammelte Verlagskataloge des deutschen Musikalienhandels," compiled and published by the German Music Dealers' Association from 1895 to 1897 in eight volumes. The first and apparently the last American trade catalogue was issued in 1870. It must not be forgotten that a wealth of bibliographical information is to be found in such governmental publications as our "Catalogue of Copyright Entries," which lists all music, American or European, copyrighted at Washington, since 1891, and the British Museum "List of Accessions of Modern Music", published since 1884.

By far the most useful of recent bibliographies was compiled by Michel Brenet (Marie Bobillier) and printed in the third annual

volume, 1913, of "L'Année Musicale", published by Félix Alcan at Paris in 1914. This comprehensive, though not absolutely exhaustive, "bibliography of music bibliographies" lists all works of a bibliographical nature or which contain important bibliographical matter. The material is divided into five classes: General Works, listed by authors, Individual Bibliographies, Public Library Catalogues, listed by cities, Private Library Catalogues, listed by owners, and Catalogues of Music Publishers and Book Dealers. An excellent annual bibliography of the literature pertaining to music, forms part of the "Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters," published since 1894 by C. F. Peters of Leipzig. A "Catalogue annuel de musique et des livres relatifs à la musique publiés en France" is to be found in the "Annuaire international de la musique," the first volume of which was issued at Paris in 1897, an excellent selected annual bibliography with critical annotations is contained in the volumes of "L'Année Musicale." An annual bibliography also forms part of the "Musikbuch aus Oesterreich," published at Vienna since 1904. James E. Matthew's book on "The Literature of Music," published at London in 1896, is an extremely valuable guide to the older standard literature of music and to the rare early books on music. The fact that Mr. Matthew was the owner of one of the largest private music libraries in the world, lends additional authority and interest to his work. An admirable "Bibliography of Biography of Musicians in English" was compiled by Arthur Low Bailey and published in 1899 as Bibliography Bulletin Number 17 of the New York State Library. A few really excellent and a great many very poor and superficial bibliographies are available in the standard text-books and histories of music. Useful to the general reader are such works as Waldo S. Pratt's "Class Notes in Music History" (New York, G. Schirmer, 1908); Edward Dickinson's "The Study of the History of Music" (New York, Scribner, 1905, 1908 and 1914); Henry E. Krehbiel's selection from the literature of music, in Sturgis and Krehbiel's "Annotated Bibliography of Fine Art" (Boston, 1897); Louisa M. Hooper's "Selected List of Music and Books about Music for Public Libraries" (Chicago, American Library Association, 1903), and the A.L.A. Catalogs of 1904 and 1904-1911. The historical volumes of "The Art of Music" (New York, 14 volumes, 1913, Daniel Gregory Mason, editor-in-chief) contain several excellent "literature lists." Aside from individual bibliographies, library catalogues and periodical indexes, which will be considered later, a few little known sources of information exist. The "Monthly Record of

Current Educational Publications" issued by our Bureau of Education since 1913, and the earlier "Bibliography of Education" for 1907, 1908-09, 1909-10, 1910-11 and 1911-12, contain very valuable references to the recent literature on music in the schools. An interesting selected bibliography of "Music in Schools and Colleges," by Vivian Gray Little, is contained in numbers 2, 3 and 4 of volume three, and numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4 of volume four of the "Music Supervisors' Journal" issued at Madison, Wisconsin, by Peter W. Dykema. The series of "Writings on American History" prepared by Grace Gardner Griffin in annual volumes covering the literature since 1906, contain valuable references on the history of music in America and especially on the music of the Indians. A fairly exhaustive bibliography of American writings on the music of the North American Indians was prepared by Mr. Sonneck for Julien Tiersot and incorporated later in his monograph on 'La musique chez les peuples indigènes de l'Amérique du Nord,' published 1910 in the *Sammelbände* of the I. M. G. and subsequently issued separately by Breitkopf & Härtel. An excellent bibliography of aboriginal music and primitive instruments is to be found in the "Catalogue of the Musical Instruments of Oceania and America" by Frances Morris, issued in 1914 by the Metropolitan Museum of Art as the second volume of the "Catalogue of the Crosby Brown Collection of Musical Instruments." A number of valuable studies in the psychology of music are listed in the annual "List of American Doctoral Dissertations" issued by the Library of Congress since 1913.

The master musicians have formed the theme of many an excellent piece of bibliographical work. The immense literature written about Richard Wagner has been catalogued by Nikolaus Oesterlein, an enthusiastic collector of Wagneriana. His "Katalog einer Richard Wagner-Bibliothek; nach den vorliegenden Originalien systematisch-chronologisch geordnetes und mit Citaten und Anmerkungen versehenes authentisches Nachschlagebuch durch die gesammte Wagner-Litteratur," fills four large octavo volumes, which were printed at Leipzig from 1886 to 1895. The modern literature on Wagner has been noted in Ludwig Frankenstein's "Richard Wagner Jahrbuch," five volumes of which have appeared since 1906. The existing literature on Beethoven has been catalogued by Emerich Kastner in his "Bibliotheca Beethoveniana, Versuch einer Beethoven-Bibliographie," published in 1913 by Breitkopf & Härtel. Max Schneider compiled an excellent Bach bibliography. It has been published in the second and seventh volumes of the "Bach-Jahrbuch," which has been

regularly issued by the New Bach Society since 1904. Otto Keller has compiled several very comprehensive bibliographies for that excellent music journal *Die Musik*, as, for instance, of Gluck, in volume 32, pages 23 to 37 and 85 to 91; of Anton Bruckner, in volume 36, pages 158 to 171, and 217 to 226; of Johannes Brahms, in volume 45, pages 86 to 101 (with a supplementary list by Arthur Seidl on pages 287 to 291); and of Gustav Mahler, in volume 39, pages 369 to 377, also supplemented by Arthur Seidl in volume 40, pages 154 to 158. The literature on Mozart forms the theme of Paul Hirsch's "Katalog einer Mozart-Bibliothek," issued at Frankfurt in 1906, and of Henri de Curzon's "Essai de bibliographie mozartine," published at Paris in 1906. Curzon's "Franz Schubert, Bibliographie critique" was issued at Paris in 1897. The literature in English on Debussy, Puccini and Richard Strauss has been carefully listed by Fanny E. Marquand in the sixth volume of the "Bulletin of Bibliography" issued by the Boston Book Company. These lists have been reprinted in "Modern Drama and Opera" (Boston, 1911) and also appear in the second volume (Boston, 1913) of this work, but rewritten and expanded by Edna M. Sanderson. The latter volume also contains excellent reading lists on Humperdinck, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Massenet and Saint-Saëns, which have been compiled by Justus H. Dice. Luigi Torri published a comprehensive bibliography of Verdi in the eighth volume of "Rivista Musicale Italiana," pages 379 to 407. Valuable bibliographies are to be found in most of the standard biographies and in such publications as Daniel Gregory Mason's biographical series "Masters in Music." Of the utmost value are the many critical book reviews scattered through the standard music journals, especially *Die Musik*.

The critical study of the works of the great masters is greatly facilitated by the use of accurate thematic catalogues. Breitkopf & Härtel have published a number of these, which have become classic. First and foremost stands the monumental "Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichnis sämtlicher Tonwerke Wolfgang Amadeus Mozarts," compiled by Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, an enthusiastic botanist and mineralogist and a passionate collector of Mozartiana. The first edition of this work appeared in 1862, the second edition, revised and augmented by Paul Graf von Walderssee, was issued in 1905. An indispensable supplement to Köchel has been published in that masterly work "W. A. Mozart. Sa vie musicale et son œuvre de l'enfance à la pleine maturité, 1756-1777," by T. de Wyzewa and G. de Saint-Foix (Paris, in two volumes, 1912). Beethoven's works have received

bibliographical treatment at the hands of two experts of the highest order, Alexander Wheelock Thayer and Gustav Nottebohm. Thayer's "Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethovens" appeared in 1865. Nottebohm's "Thematisches Verzeichnis der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Ludwig van Beethoven" has gone through three editions, the first appearing in 1851 and the last in 1913. Nottebohm also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der im Druck erschienenen Werke von Franz Schubert," which was published by Schreiber at Vienna in 1874. Additions and corrections to this catalogue are incorporated in Max Friedländer's "Beiträge zur Biographie Franz Schuberts," issued at Berlin in 1889. The works of Bach have been catalogued by Alfred Dörffel in a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Instrumentalwerke," published by C. F. Peters, Leipzig (second edition 1882); and by Carl Tamme in his "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Vocalwerke," also issued by Peters about 1889. Dörffel also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Kirchenkantaten," which was issued in 1879 as part of the 27th Jahrgang of the Bach edition of the old Bach Society. The remaining works embraced in this magnificent edition are indexed in the 46th Jahrgang. A thematic catalogue of Händel's works forms the 100th volume of the monumental edition of Händel's complete works issued under the auspices of the German Händel Society but actually published by Dr. Friedrich Chrysander, who devoted his life to the accomplishment of this colossal task. Alfred Wotquenne, the noted Belgian bibliographer and librarian of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels, is the author of an excellent "Thematisches Verzeichnis der Werke von Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach," issued in 1905, and is also responsible for that invaluable work "Catalogue thématique des œuvres de Chr. W. von Gluck," published in 1904. Additions and corrections to the Gluck bibliography were made by Josef Liebeskind in "Ergänzungen und Nachträge zu dem thematischen Verzeichniss der Werke Glucks von Wotquenne" (Leipzig, Reinecke, 1911), and by Dr. Max Arend in "Die Musik," volume 49, page 288. No complete thematic catalogue of Haydn's works has ever been printed, although several manuscript copies are in existence of a catalogue drawn up by Haydn. Thematic catalogues of the symphonies are printed in the first volume of the *Gesamtausgabe* in course of publication by Breitkopf & Härtel and also in the second volume of Wotquenne's catalogue of the library of the Royal Conservatory of Music at Brussels. A thematic catalogue of his compositions up to 1790 is published in Karl F. Pohl's biography of Haydn. Constantin Albrecht

prepared a thematic catalogue of the string-quartets which was published at Dresden. Albrecht also compiled a "Thematisches Verzeichniss der Streich- und Klavier-Trios, Quartette und Quintette von Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn und Schumann," which was published by Jurgenson in 1890.

A work ranking with Köchel's Mozart bibliography is Friedrich Wilhelm Jähns' "Carl Maria von Weber in seinen Werken, Chronologisch-thematisches Verzeichniss seiner sämtlichen Compositionen," published in 1871 at Berlin by Schlesinger. Jähns spent a lifetime gathering material bearing on Weber, his wonderful collection eventually going to the Royal library at Berlin. Thematic catalogues of the printed compositions of Chopin, second edition 1888, of Mendelssohn, third edition 1882, and of Liszt, third edition 1912, have been issued by Breitkopf & Härtel. A "Thematisches Verzeichniss sämtlicher im Druck erschienenen Werke Robert Schumanns" was published by Schubert at Leipzig, which has gone through four editions. Peter Jurgenson of Moscow issued in 1897 a thematic catalogue of the works of Tchaikowsky, A. Durand et fils, in the same year, one of the works of Saint-Saëns, and a thematic catalogue of the works of Brahms was published by Simrock at Berlin, the second edition appearing in 1902. Thematic catalogues exist of the works of a great many lesser lights, while title lists are available of the compositions of every writer of any consequence at all, not to mention the vast array who are of no consequence whatever. Needless to say, all of these catalogues are of bibliographical value and merit collection and preservation for future study.

If the catalogues of individual writers are bibliographically valuable, how much more so are the complete catalogues of all publishers of worth. In the absence of an American trade catalogue, this is particularly true of our music publishers. For the sake of future investigators in the fascinating realm of music bibliography, it is to be hoped that American libraries will systematically collect, and preserve for future reference, the published catalogues of all American music publishers. Aside from music catalogues, a number of very interesting book catalogues merit our attention. G. Schirmer issued in 1902 a very valuable "General Catalogue of English, German and French Musical Literature and Theoretical Works," with a subsequently issued supplement covering later works. Several years ago Charles Scribner's Sons published a very comprehensive "Musical Literature List." In 1913 Breitkopf & Härtel printed "Das Musikbuch," an extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated catalogue of the more

important books on music published by them. The "Mitteilungen" issued by Breitkopf & Härtel since September, 1876, are valuable not only for the bibliographical material they contain, but also for the historical and biographical data they present. If the "Bulletin of New Music" published by G. Schirmer were numbered serially and consecutively paged, it would be of more practical value for purposes of reference, inasmuch as it contains very much interesting information relative to newly published modern works. Catalogues of dealers in old books are a fascinating source of bibliographical information, especially when they are drawn up with such skill and accurate knowledge as are those of Leo Liepmannsohn of Berlin.

The more authoritative music dictionaries and encyclopedias are very valuable sources of bibliographical information. The works of Brossard and Lichtenthal have already been noticed. Of extreme importance for the period they cover are Johann Gottfried Walther's "Musicalisches Lexicon, . . . darinnen . . . die Musici, welche so wol in alten als neuern Zeiten, ingleichen bey verschiedenen Nationen durch Theorie und Praxin sich hervorgethan, und was von jedem bekannt worden, oder er in Schriften hinterlassen, mit allem Fleisse und nach den vornehmsten Umständen angeführet" published at Leipzig in 1732, and Johann Mattheson's "Grundlage einer Ehren-pforte, woran der tüchtigsten Capellmeister, Componisten, Musikgelehrten, Tonkünstler &c. Leben, Wercke, Verdienste &c. erscheinen sollen," published at Hamburg in 1740 and reprinted, with additions, by Max Schneider in 1912. Walther's work formed the basis of another work of real value, the "Historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler" of Ernst Ludwig Gerber, first issued in 1790-92 and in a supplementary edition in 1812-14 as "Neues historisch-biographisches Lexicon der Tonkünstler." The great Belgian musicologist François-Joseph Fétis was destined to produce the greatest source work of them all. The "Biographie universelle des musiciens et bibliographie générale de la musique" displays an amount of research and erudition that is simply stupendous. It first appeared at Brussels in eight octavo volumes issued from 1835 to 1844. A second edition came out between 1860 and 1865. Under the editorship of Arthur Pougin, two supplementary volumes were brought out in 1878 and 1880. Supplementary to Fétis are also the specifically national bio-bibliographical works such as Brown and Stratton's "British Musical Biography" (Birmingham, 1897); Baptie's "Musical Scotland, being a dictionary of Scottish musicians, to which is added a bibliography of musical publications

connected with Scotland from 1611" (Paisley, 1894); Saldoni's "Diccionario biográfico-bibliográfico de efemérides de músicos Españoles" (Madrid, four volumes, 1868-1881); Pedrell's "Diccionario bio-bibliográfico de los músicos Españoles" (Barcelona, incomplete, 1894); Sowinski's "Les musiciens polonais et slaves. . . dictionnaire biographique. Notices sur la bibliographie musicale polonaise. . ." (Paris, 1857); Vasconcellos' "Os músicos portugueses: biographia-bibliographia" (Porto, two volumes, 1870); Gregoir's "Biographie des artistes-musiciens néerlandais des 18^e et 19^e siècles" (Antwerp, 1864) and his "Galerie biographique des artistes-musiciens belges du XVIII. et du XIX. siècle" (1862, second edition 1885 with supplements in 1887 and 1890); Letzer's "Musikaal Nederland, 1850 bis 1910, bio-bibliographisch woordenboek van Nederlandsche toonkunstenaars" (Utrecht, 1911); Lianovosani's "Saggio di rettifiche ed aggiunte al supplemento Fétis, Vol. I, Riferibilmente a' Maestri italiani e relative opere" (Milan, Ricordi, 1890); Radiciotti's "Aggiunte e correzioni ai Dizionari biografici dei musicisti" (in the Sammelbände of the I.M.S. volume 14, pages 551-67 and volume 15, pages 566-86). The "Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften" in seven volumes, issued at Stuttgart from 1835 to 1844 under the editorship of Gustav Schilling, and the "Musikalisches Conversations-Lexicon" edited by Hermann Mendel and August Reissmann and published at Berlin in twelve volumes, from 1870 to 1883, are both very useful source books. An absolutely indispensable work is Hugo Riemann's one volume, "Musik-Lexikon", which has gone through eight successively revised and enlarged editions. In spite of its shortcomings, Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" will ever be a valuable source of bibliographical information. The first edition in four volumes was published at London from 1879 to 1889, an additional volume indexing the whole work, appearing in 1890. A new revised and augmented edition in five volumes was brought out in 1904-1910. The same may be said of the third edition, revised and augmented by Alfred Remy, of Theodore Baker's "Dictionary of Musicians" (New York, 1919). In this edition much more attention has been paid to bibliographical matters than was in the first edition of 1900. Another useful American work is Champlin and Apthorp's "Cyclopaedia of Music and Musicians," issued at New York in three volumes, 1888-90. An interesting bibliography of English writings on music forms part of James Duff Brown's "Biographical Dictionary of Musicians", Paisley, 1886. Bibliographical data pertaining to contemporary musicians will be found in

César Saerchinger's very useful "International Who's Who in Music" (New York, 1918).

A monumental work of the utmost importance was produced by Robert Eitner, the noted German bibliographer. Basing his work on a combination of the contents of all the available catalogues of European libraries, he published, from 1900 to 1904, the "Biographisch-Bibliographisches Quellen-Lexicon der Musiker und Musikgelehrten der christlichen Zeitrechnung bis zur Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts," in ten large octavo volumes. As was to be expected in such a vast undertaking, despite its general accuracy, it was spiced with errors of various sorts. Eitner had, however, tackled the job in the right way, and deserves great credit for having indicated, for future solution, the problems peculiar to the scientific study of source material. The discussion of these problems at the Second Congress of the International Music Society at Basel in 1906, resulted in the appointment of a Bibliographic Commission. It was at first intended to catalogue the entire older music literature, but as the possibility of successfully doing this appeared very remote, and moreover as the financial support was not forthcoming, this plan had to be abandoned. The Third Congress, held at Vienna in 1909, directed the Commission to formulate a plan by which the necessary corrections and additions to Eitner's Lexicon could be made. The London Congress in 1911 sanctioned the plan of the Commission, which provided for the publication in quarterly form of the results of the Commission's systematic revision of the "Lexicon," and also of its compilation of modern scientific literature supplementing Eitner. At least eight quarterly numbers of this publication have been issued. It is known as the "Miscellanea Musicae Biobibliographica, Musikgeschichtliche Quellennachweise als Nachträge und Verbesserungen zu Eitners Quellenlexicon," and is published by Breitkopf & Härtel under the supervision of Hermann Springer, Max Schneider and Werner Wolffheim.

The action of the International Music Society in relation to Eitner's work, brings up the question of solving other bibliographical problems through coöperative action. Of prime importance is the task of properly cataloguing the music treasures preserved in the libraries of the civilized world. In 1908, leading Italian musicologists founded the "Associazione dei Musicologi Italiani" for the express purpose of publishing an up-to-date catalogue of the music collections in both public and private libraries. The "Bollettino" of the association has been regularly issued since 1909 and has presented a "Catalogo Generale" of

the collections at Parma, Bologna, Milan, Florence and Rome. It must not be forgotten that Gaetano Gaspari, with the subsequent assistance of Parisini, Torchi and Cadolini, compiled an excellent catalogue of the splendid library of the Liceo Musicale at Bologna, which the municipality had printed in four handsome volumes, from 1890 to 1905. The "Indici e Cataloghi" published by the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, contain, in volumes seven, eight, thirteen and fifteen, catalogues of collections in Florence and Milan. Volumes three to six and nine of the "Rivista delle Biblioteche" contain bibliographies of libraries at Turin, Parma, Modena, Bologna and Fabriano. Other collections at Florence are noted in the works of Fossi, Palermo, Bartoli, Burburc, Bandini, Casini, DeLisle, Gandolfi, Kade, Morpurgo and Parigi; the libraries at Rome are catalogued by Haberl, Ehrensberger, Stevenson, Cozzo, Vattasso, Cavaleri, Stornojolo, Roasi, Danjou, Fétis, Manzoni and Wolf; at Milan by Guarinoni; at Modena by Catelani; at Padua by Tebaldini; at Cesena by Muccioli and Zasseri; at Verona by Guiliari and Biadego; at Venice by Wiel; at Assisi by Cellini; at Bologna by Haberl, Liuzzi and Colombani; at Brescia by Valentini; at Ferrara by Antonelli, Cavallini and Cittadella; at Genoa by Neri; at Naples by Florimo; at Noto by Ruaso; at Novara by Fedeli; at Oristano by Pisani; at Sienna by Ilari; and at Volterra by Pisani.

The magnificent music collections of Germany have been catalogued in the thirty-seven volumes of the "Monatshefte für Musikgeschichte" and in the bibliographical works of Altmann, Barack, Becker, Bellermand, Benndorf, Bohn, Bölsche, Botstiber, Carstenn, Dehn, Döring, Eckardius, Écorcheville, Ehrensberger, Eitner, Förstemann, Gmeiner, Grupp, Günther, Halm, Hauser, Holder, Israel, Kade, Killing, Ludwig, Maier, Mau, Mayer, Meier, Mettenleiter, Mühlfeld, Müller, Neubaur, Petersen, Pfudel, Praetorius, Raspe, Schulz, Schwarz, Seidl, Stiehl, Stüss, Täglichsbeck, Thouret, Uhlig, Vogel, Vogeles, Walter, Walther and Weinmann. The valuable music collections at Vienna have been listed and described by Mantuani, Adler, Koller, Bruyck, Hübl, Kandler, Mandyczewski, Mayer, Rietsch, Modern and Roulland, those at Prague by Eitner, Podlaha and Prochazka. The bibliographies of Czerny, Huemer, Manara and Wislocki cover several smaller Austrian libraries.

The rich French national collections at Paris have been catalogued by Écorcheville, Gastoué, Castan, Curson, DeLisle, Hervé, Lajarte, Lamouroux, Marsand, Martin, Nutter, Omont, Poirée, Pougin, Raynaud, Taschereau, Thierry-Poux, Vincent,

Wasielewski, Weckerlin and Zurlauben. The priceless manuscripts at Aix, Amiens, Arras, Avignon, Besançon, Bordeaux, Carpentras, Douai, Foix, Grenoble, Marseilles, Montpellier, Orleans, Paris, Rouen, Tours, Valenciennes and Versailles are recorded in the forty-odd volumes of the "Catalogue Général des Manuscrits des Bibliothèques Publiques de France" published from 1849 to 1903. The music literature in the libraries of Agen, Amiens, Besançon, Chantilly, Lille, Lyons and Versailles has been catalogued, the old music and books preserved at Avallon have been noted by Villetard, at Bordeaux by Delas and Delpit, at Caen by Carlez and Lavalley, at Cambrai by Coussemaker and LeGlay, at Dijon by Morelot and Nisard, at Dunquerque and at St. Dié by Coussemaker, at Embrun by Fazy, at Lyons by Vallas, at Mirepoix by Ducos and Palustre, at Montpellier by Blanc, Coussemaker, Delhoste, Koller, Nisard and Villetard, at Rheims by Jadart, at Rouen by Licquet, at Tours by Dorange, at Troyes by Socard, and at Valenciennes by Mangeart.

The treasures of the Royal Conservatory at Brussels have been excellently catalogued by Wotquenne, Lamperen and Mahillon, those of the Royal Library by Aloin, Voisin, Eitner and Gheyn. The valuable collections at Antwerp, Liège, Ghent and Oudenaerde have also been listed, as well as the Dutch libraries at the Hague, Amsterdam, Dordrecht, Leyden, Haarlem and Utrecht. The library of the Royal Academy of Music at Stockholm has been catalogued by Lunstedt and Bohemann. The former has also compiled a catalogue of the library at Finspong. A splendid catalogue of the priceless old prints in the library of the Royal University at Upsala has been compiled by Rafael Mitjana. Printed catalogues exist of several Russian collections, while several Spanish libraries have been accorded bibliographical treatment (Pedrell's excellent Barcelona catalogue deserving special mention), as well as the Swiss libraries at Basel, Bern, Einsiedeln, Geneva, St. Gall and Schaffhausen.

Of the immense collection of music and books on music in the British Museum, only the music has been catalogued. The "Catalogue of Printed Music published between 1487 and 1800" in two volumes, was compiled by William Barclay Squire in a masterly manner, as was to be expected. The very informative "Catalogue of the Manuscript Music in the British Museum," prepared by Augustus Hughes-Hughes, has appeared in three volumes. The splendid library of the Royal College of Music is being catalogued by Squire, volume one, listing the printed music, having appeared in 1909. That portion of the

library which formerly belonged to the Sacred Harmonic Society has been thoroughly catalogued by W. H. Husk. Squire has also listed the music in the library of Westminster Abbey, the manuscripts of which are also dealt with in James and Robinson's "The Manuscripts of Westminster Abbey" (Cambridge, 1909). The "Angelina Goetz Library", a section of the library of the Royal Academy of Music, has been catalogued by A. Rosenkrans (Novello, 190-). Printed catalogues exist of the libraries of the Philharmonic Society, the Plain-Song and Mediæval Music Society and the Society of British Musicians. A portion of the music in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge has been catalogued by Fuller-Maitland and Mann, and the collection at St. Peter's College has been listed by the Rev. Dr. Jebb. The manuscripts in the Bodleian Library at Oxford are catalogued in volumes four and five of the "Summary Catalogue of the Western Collections" by Madan and Nicholson, and G. E. P. Arkwright in 1915 published a catalogue of the valuable library at Christ Church College. Sir John Stainer issued an interesting catalogue of his collection of old English songbooks in 1891. The public libraries at Cardiff, Dundee, Hampstead, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and Wigan have published catalogues of their music collections. Graves' catalogue of Mrs. Miller's music library at Britwell, a very poor catalogue of the Ewing Library at Glasgow, a catalogue of the Halliwell-Phillips collection of old popular songs in the Chetham Library at Manchester, Abbot's catalogue of the valuable manuscripts in Trinity College at Dublin, Frere's "*Bibliotheca musico-liturgica*," Dickson's "Catalogue of Ancient Choral Services" in the Cathedral Church at Ely, and Floyer and Hamilton's "Catalogue of Manuscripts" in the Worcester Cathedral Chapter Library, are striking evidence of the bibliographical labor bestowed on Britain's music libraries.

Few Americans realize the extent and importance of the music collections of the Library of Congress at Washington. Under the deft guidance of the present librarian, Herbert Putnam, this institution has become not merely a library for Congress but a National Library ranking with the greatest European libraries. To Oscar G. Sonneck is due the tremendous expansion of the Music Division. Within fifteen years he converted a mass of copyright accumulations into one of the very finest and best equipped general international music libraries in the world. Certain European libraries possess, of course, special collections impossible of duplication, but so does our Music Division, second to none for all around practical utility, while perhaps quantitatively

the largest of all with its (on June 30, 1917) approximately 797-121 volumes, pamphlets, and separate pieces of music and music literature. Owing to the vast extent and the rapid growth of our national music treasures it will remain a physical impossibility to publish catalogues of all the sections already available in form of card catalogues. However, a number of extremely valuable catalogues have been issued which can be purchased at a nominal price from the Superintendent of Documents at Washington, and it is to be hoped that they will be followed by the catalogues (in book form) of the impressively rich collections of chamber-music and books on music at the Library of Congress. The published catalogues are a "Catalogue of full scores of dramatic music" by Mr. Sonneck, 1908, 170 pages; "Catalogue of orchestral music, part one, scores" by Mr. Sonneck, 1912, 663 pages; "Catalogue of early books on music, printed before 1800," by Julia Gregory and Mr. Sonneck, 1913, 312 pages; "Catalogue of opera librettos, printed before 1800," by Mr. Sonneck, 1914, two volumes, 1674 pages; "Catalogue of first editions of Stephen C. Foster, 1826-1864," by W. R. Whittlesey and Mr. Sonneck, 1915, 79 pages; "Catalogue of First editions of Edward MacDowell by Mr. Sonneck, 1917, 89 pages; and "Report on the Star-Spangled Banner" by Mr. Sonneck, 1914, 115 pages, being a revised edition of the chapter on the Star-Spangled Banner in his historical "Report on the Star-Spangled Banner, Hail Columbia, America and Yankee Doodle" issued in 1909 and now out of print. When Mr. Sonneck resigned from the Library of Congress in September, 1917, he had ready for publication a "Descriptive list of American musical magazines" and a "Catalogue of full scores of operas," so revised and enlarged from the original edition as to make it practically a new work of vastly greater importance for bibliographical and historical reference. Accurate information as to recent accessions, with special emphasis on the by now innumerable rarities, will be found in Mr. Sonneck's report as Chief of the Music Division, in every annual "Report of the Librarian of Congress," since 1903. Authoritative papers by Mr. Sonneck on "The Music Division of the Library of Congress" are to be found in the *New Music Review*, 1910, volume 9, pages 74-78, in the Music Teachers' National Association Proceedings for 1909, and in the "Library Journal," for August, 1915.

The rich music collection of the Boston Public Library owes a great deal to the generosity of two men, Mr. Allen A. Brown and Joshua Bates. The general collection of books on music is based on Mr. Bates' gift in 1859 of a library of five hundred books.

Although this collection has been constantly developed and enlarged, it has never been adequately catalogued. Mr. Allen A. Brown, through many years of unremitting effort, built up an impressive collection of music and books, which he presented to the Boston Library in 1894. The "Catalogue of the Allen A. Brown Collection of Music," of which four splendid volumes have appeared, is really a masterpiece of American music bibliography and is a veritable mine of bibliographic information. Every public library worthy of the name should possess this invaluable work. Its cost, about four dollars per volume, unfortunately puts it beyond the reach of the average student. The treasures preserved in this library are described in Mr. Horace G. Wadlin's paper in the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1910, and in Miss Barbara Duncan's article in the August, 1915, "Library Journal."

In 1888 Mr. Joseph Drexel of Philadelphia bequeathed to the Lenox Library of New York City his splendid collection of music. This valuable library of six thousand volumes, together with the four thousand volumes in the Astor Library, formed the nucleus of the music collection of the present New York Public Library. A "Catalogue of Joseph W. Drexel's musical library, part I, musical writings" was printed at Philadelphia in 1899, and the "Lenox Library Short Title List, Number XL" was issued shortly after the collection became part of the Lenox Library. Beyond these no adequate catalogue has ever been published of the New York collection. An extensive "List of Works relating to Folk Songs" was published in the Library Bulletin, volume eleven, pages 187 to 226. A very useful "Selected List of Works relating to the History of Music" was issued in 1908, copies of which are still available at fifteen cents per copy. An invaluable "List of Periodicals relating to Music in the New York Public Library and the Columbia University Library" is to be found on pages 232 to 238 of volume three of the Library Bulletin. This list is especially rich in early American music journals. Mr. Edward Silsky contributed an interesting paper on the New York music collection to the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1914, and Dr. Otto Kinkeldey discussed the same subject in the August, 1915, "Library Journal."

No printed catalogue exists of the large collection of music in the Newberry Library at Chicago. Through the fortunate acquisition of the valuable libraries of Count Pio Rasse of Florence, of the Beethoven Society of Chicago, of Theodore Thomas, Julius Fuchs and Otto Lob, and also of Hubert Main's extensive collection of sacred music, the Newberry Library has attained a high rank among the music collections of America. On April 9th, 1918, the

library contained 12,829 books and pieces of sheet music. The contents of this collection have been described by Mr. George Upton in "The Nation," volume 48, page 361 and in "Music," volume 1, pages 97-105, and by Mr. W. N. C. Carlton, its librarian, in the M. T. N. A. Proceedings for 1909. Several smaller libraries have issued printed catalogues of their music collections, notably the public libraries at Milwaukee, Louisville, San Francisco, Worcester, Newton, Fitchburg, Somerville and Springfield, Mass., Plainfield, N. J., Peoria and Evanston, Ill., Allegheny, Pa., Oakland, Cal., Portland, Ore., Binghamton, N. Y., and the Grosvenor Library at Buffalo, N. Y. The Princeton University Library has issued a "Finding List" of its music section, and the University of Rochester has published a catalogue of the "Sibley Musical Library." In a great many cases libraries have found it possible to publish catalogues covering their entire stock of books. The extent of their music collections can usually be ascertained from such catalogues, especially if the collections have been carefully classified. An excellent "Classified Catalogue" has been published by the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh, the music collection being listed in Series I, part 5, Series II, part 2 and Series III, part 4. Especially noteworthy is the library's collection of rare old American music journals derived from the private library of Karl Merz.

The value of the catalogue of the Allen A. Brown collection, as a guide to the proper utilization of this valuable library and as a source of bibliographic and historical information, proves beyond a doubt the desirability of completely cataloguing the Boston, New York and Newberry collections, as well as a number of smaller special collections. In view of the thorough manner in which European collections, both large and small, are catalogued, it must be admitted that our institutions are slightly behind the times, at least in this respect. That branch of cultural history embraced under the heading "The origins and the evolution of the practice and the appreciation of music in America" can never be satisfactorily studied until the full extent of the existing source material is known. If bibliography is the steel skeleton of our historical structure, then accurate cataloguing of the widely separated sources is the concrete foundation upon which our bibliographical framework must be erected. A card catalogue in Washington, Boston, New York or Chicago, is of little value to the student located perhaps in New Orleans or San Francisco. What he needs is a printed catalogue which he can compare with other printed catalogues in his local public library, or perhaps

even in his own study. The future will witness a steady growth of interest in the history of music in America. Sturdy pioneers of the type of Oscar G. Sonneck and Henry E. Krehbiel have delved deeply into certain phases of our historic past, but more downright hard work remains to be done than we care to admit. This intensive historical study depends absolutely upon the source material stored away in some library. It can safely be postulated that our music collections will never attain their maximum efficiency until our librarians give the comparatively useless, because unknown, treasures in their care, the greatest possible publicity. It surely is not asking too much to require, when such catalogues are prepared, that they be compiled with as much bibliographical detail as possible. The publications of the Library of Congress are models in this respect. It certainly is of importance to know the number of pages in a certain work, the number and character of illustrations, the exact date of publication, the publisher and the locality from which issued and even the size. The value of most library catalogues is slightly impaired by the omission of the source of publication, the pagination, the extent of illustration and the format. Another defect is inherent in the system of decimal classification. It cannot be maintained that this system provides an ideal classification for the literature of music. It is not used at the Library of Congress, or only for minor subdivisions. In passing, attention may be drawn to Mr. Sonneck's very extensive and minute scheme of "Classification of Music and Books on Music" (1904, revised ed. 1917) which is in force at the Library of Congress and acts incidentally as a guide to the sections not yet catalogued.

Aside from the bibliography of music in American libraries, the bibliography of American music production as a whole, must be considered. Five masterly bibliographies cover the period up to the nineteenth century. They are Sonneck's "Bibliography of Early Secular American Music", privately printed at Washington in 1905, Frank J. Metcalf's "American Psalmody, or Titles of Books containing Tunes, printed in America from 1721 to 1820" privately printed at New York in 1917, Wilberforce Eames' "List of Editions of the Bay Psalm Book", 1885, (originally printed under Psalms in volume sixteen of Sabin's "Dictionary of Books relating to America"), James Warrington's "Short titles of books relating to or illustrating the history and practice of psalmody in the United States, 1620 to 1820," privately printed at Philadelphia in 1898, and his "Bibliography of Church Music Books issued in Pennsylvania" in the March 1912, and subsequent issues

of the "Penn Germania" (Lititz, Pa.; volume I, new series). For the early nineteenth century we have nothing except the Stephen Foster catalogue noted above. Mr. Walter R. Whittlesey of the Library of Congress has under way a "List of Southern Music" and a "List of Northern Music" published between 1860 and 1869, a truly remarkable undertaking when we take into consideration the fact, that the total number of pieces catalogued will run to about twenty-six thousand titles. This work privately undertaken by its author, will list many hundred items actually published, but not preserved at the Library of Congress whose card catalogue of similar music was practically prepared by Mr. Whittlesey alone. He participated with the other assistants in the Music Division in Mr. Sonneck's last cataloguing project: nothing less than a complete catalogue of all American music prior to 1870, available in our national library either by virtue of copyright deposit or by purchase and gift, a collection, of course, so vast and unique as to be absolutely impossible of duplication. When Mr. Sonneck resigned, the year 1855 had been reached and two-thirds of the collection had been catalogued. Even after completion of this project of obvious magnitude the very rare "Complete Catalogue of Sheet Music and Musical Works published by the Board of Music Trade of the United States of America," issued in 1870, will still be a very useful handbook for the music production before 1870. Some Confederate music is listed on pages 147-152 of the "List of Books. . . . and Music, . . . printed in the South during the Confederacy, now in the Boston Athenaeum" (Boston, 1917). After this we again have nothing until the publication of the "Catalogue of Copyright Entries" by the Treasury Department, beginning July 1, 1891. Since July, 1906, this publication has been issued by the Copyright Office. Musical compositions are listed in Part Three of this catalogue, which can be subscribed for separately. An annual index to composers and publishers makes the annual accumulation available for instant reference. Mr. Sonneck's authoritative, as well as fascinating, paper on "The Bibliography of American Music" is to be found in the first volume of the Papers and Proceedings of the Bibliographical Society of America, pages 50 to 64. This masterly essay, as well as Mr. Sonneck's other writings on our musical history, represent a contribution of incalculable value to the bibliography and history of American music.

Only too frequently has the literature on music appearing in periodical publications, been entirely overlooked or given only very scant attention. It is of course true that a large amount of

the matter published in music journals is of slight value. Nevertheless, even at the risk of noticing a vast amount of worthless material, it cannot be denied that studies of the utmost value first see the light in monthly and even in weekly papers, and their existence and exact location must be recorded. To accurately catalogue the existing literature on music in all periodicals, musical and otherwise, is obviously the most important task confronting music bibliography. The International Music Society fully recognised the importance of this problem, and during the fifteen years of its existence, from 1899 to 1914, it published an index to current magazines, which appeared as a supplement to the *Zeitschrift* of the I. M. S. In the last "Zeitschriftenschau," 1913 to 1914, ninety-one music journals were indexed, of which sixty-one were German and Austrian, seven were English, six Italian, four French, two Spanish, two Swiss, one each Dutch, Belgian, Polish and Finnish, and three were American, *Musical America*, *The Musical Courier* and *New Music Review*. The Sept. 18, 1915, issue of the "Athenaeum" contained the Music section of its "Subject Index to Periodicals" which has since been issued separately and indexes current volumes of "Music," "Musical Herald," "Musical News," "Musical Opinion," "Music Student," "Strad," *The Musical Quarterly*, and "Musical Times." Numbers 854 to 859 of the latter are also indexed in Piper's "Index to Periodicals" (Vol. I, London, 1915). To an American student, the standard periodical indexes accessible in every public library, are the only source of guidance, and they offer at most, but very scant assistance. Poole's monumental "Index to Periodical Literature" notices but one music journal, *Music*, published in Chicago under the editorship of W. S. B. Mathews from 1891 to 1902. Volumes one to ten of this excellent magazine are indexed in Poole's Third Supplement, volumes eleven to twenty in the Fourth Supplement, and volumes twenty-one and two are indexed in the Fifth Supplement. The Fifth Supplement also indexes all six volumes of Daniel Gregory Mason's admirable biographical series "Masters in Music," published at Boston by the Bates & Guild Company from 1903 to 1905. Faxon's "Annual Magazine Subject Index" from 1908 to 1917, indexes volumes four to seventeen of the *New Music Review*. Faxon's "Dramatic Index," from 1909 to 1917, indexes all articles on the opera appearing in current volumes of the *Étude*, *Musical Courier*, *Musician*, and *New Music Review*. Operatic matter appearing in *THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY* and the *Opera Magazine* has also been indexed since the initial publication of these journals. The "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature,"

volume one, indexes volumes 17 to 22 of *Music*. Volumes 14 to 22 of the *Musician* are indexed in volumes two to seventeen of the "Readers' Guide," and volumes fifteen to seventeen list the contents of the first three volumes of THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY. It will be noted that only four existing music journals are at all adequately indexed—THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY, *Musician*, *Opera Magazine* and the *New Music Review*. Surely other contemporary American periodicals as well as the many excellent foreign journals are just as deserving of bibliographical notice as the fortunate four. To be sure, the indexing of music magazines will do little good unless our public libraries possess complete files of the more important periodicals indexed. It may not be amiss to enquire to what extent musical journals are to be found in American libraries.

The Library of Congress, as the national copyright depository, possesses complete files of most current American periodicals and a more or less complete collection of all extinct magazines. In addition, it subscribes to over fifty current European musical magazines and possesses, of course, correspondingly rich files of the older European magazines. The Boston Public Library subscribes to over thirty current music journals and has more or less complete sets of ninety different older periodicals in the Allen A. Brown collection alone. The New York Public Library receives about fifty current magazines and has more or less complete sets of three hundred older periodicals. The Newberry Library has bound sets of eighty-eight different journals. The Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh receives eight current periodicals and has bound sets of about one hundred and twenty-five magazines. The St. Louis Public Library subscribes to fifteen current journals; the Chicago Public Library receives ten current periodicals, the Free Library of Philadelphia thirteen, the Public Library of Cincinnati nine. Of course, all these libraries have bound sets of their more important magazines.

It must be evident that the public libraries in the music centers of this country are fairly well supplied with bound and unbound files of music journals of all kinds. The incomplete sets of really important magazines will undoubtedly be completed whenever a demand is created for complete sets. The chances are that the available supply is not being utilized to its fullest extent, principally on account of the lack of an adequate index. The Music Division of the Library of Congress has developed an extensive card index of the international periodical literature of music published since 1902. It is sincerely to be hoped that some means be

found of printing this index of at least 40,000 entries (which was compiled by Mr. Sonneck during his fifteen years' tenure of office), and of ultimately providing for the publication of a periodical index to contemporary literature, perhaps on the plan of the exceedingly useful *Monthly Record of Current Educational Publications* issued by our Bureau of Education. Such an index should include all articles on music appearing in the periodical publications issued here and abroad, and it ought to list all currently published books on music and the publications of all musical organizations. The publication of such an index would do more to advance the scientific study and appreciation of music, than any other existing literary agency. It would be a shining beacon in the tanglewood of musical research and would provide a source work of the utmost value to the music bibliography of the future.

THE CONVENTIONS OF THE MUSIC-DRAMA

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

I.

IN an illuminating criticism of the operas of Puccini, contributed by Mr. D. C. Parker to the *Musical Quarterly* for October, 1917, there is a passage which may serve as a text for the present paper. The British writer pointed out that in "Madame Butterfly" the Italian musician struck out a new line in his choice of a theme widely different from those which had hitherto appealed to composers in that he deserted the old world of romanticism and of picturesque villainy, preferring for the moment at least a world which is neither old nor romantic and in which the villainy is not picturesque.

We breathe the air of these times and a modern battleship rides at anchor in the bay. Opera is a convention and a realization of the fact should throw some light on the suitability of subjects. It was not without reason that Wagner insisted upon the value of legendary plots, and I am sure that it is a reliable instinct which whispers to us that there is something wrong when Pinkerton offers Sharpless a whiskey and soda. The golden goblet of the Middle Age, the love-philter of Wagner, we can cheerfully accept. But a decanter and a syphon break the spell and cause a heaviness of heart to true children of the opera-world.

This is sound doctrine, beyond all question; and yet Mr. Parker based it only upon a reliable instinct, without caring to go deeper and to ask why we are willing to quaff a love-philter from the golden goblet and why we hesitate to sip a draught mixed before our eyes from syphon and decanter. Yet he hinted at the reason for our acceptance of the one and for our rejection of the other when he reminded us that "opera is a convention." But it needs more than a realization of this fact to enable us to develop a reliable instinct in regard to the subjects most suitable for operatic treatment. It needs an inquiry into the exact meaning of the word *convention*, as Mr. Parker here employed it. Perhaps we may attain to a solid ground than that supplied by a reliable instinct if we ask ourselves what is the necessity of convention in any of the arts, more particularly in the art of the drama, and most particularly in the art of opera.

No doubt, these questions have often been asked and as often answered, although the responses have not always been wholly satisfactory. This is no bar to a re-argument of the case, even if there is no new evidence to be introduced. The French critic was wise as well as witty when he declared that "everything has already been said that could be said; but as nobody listened to it, we shall have to say it all over again." Moreover very few of us are conscious of the immense number of conventions by means of which we save time and spare ourselves friction in our daily life; and still fewer have taken the trouble to understand either the necessity for these conventions or the basis on which they stand.

A convention is an agreement. In the arts it is an implied contract, a bargain tacit and taken for granted, because it is to the advantage of both parties. In the art of life the spoken word is a convention and so is the written word. As Professor John C. Van Dyke has aptly put it in the opening chapter of his suggestive discussion on the 'Meaning of Pictures' when we wish to convey the idea of water to a friend we do not show him a glass of the fluid, we pronounce the word, which is by agreement the symbol of the thing. If we write it we use five letters, w-a-t-e-r, which bear no likeness whatever to the thing itself, and yet which bring it to mind at once.

This is the linguistic sign for water. The chemical sign for it H_2O , is quite as arbitrary, but to the chemist it means water. And only a little less arbitrary are the artistic signs for it. The old Egyptian conveyed his meaning by waving a zigzag up or down the wall; Turner in England often made a few horizontal scratches do duty for it; and in modern painting we have some blue paint touched with high lights to represent the same thing. None of these signs attempts to produce the original or has any other meaning than to suggest the original. They are signs which have meanings for us only because we agree to understand their meanings beforehand.

If we do not agree to understand the blue paint touched with high lights or the few horizontal scratches as a proper method of representing water then we deny ourselves the pleasure of marine-painting and of pencil-drawing. The art of the painter is possible only if we are willing to allow him to contradict the facts of nature so that he may delight us with the truth of nature as he sees it. In the preface to his most abidingly popular play, the "Dame aux Camélias," the younger Dumas declared that there is

in all the arts a share, larger or smaller but indispensable, which must be left to convention. Sculpture lacks color, painting lacks relief; and

they are rarely the one or the other, in the dimensions of the nature they represent. The more richly you bestow on a statue the color of life, the more surely you inflict upon it the appearance of death, because in the rigid attitude to which it is condemned by the material it is made of, it must always lack movement, which even more than color and form is the proof of life.

Still more striking is the passage in which the late John La Farge asserted the immutable necessity of convention in these same twin-arts of painting and sculpture:—

When I work as an artist I begin at once by discarding the way in which things are really done, and translating them at once into another material. Therein consists the pleasure that you and I take in the work of art,—perhaps a new creation between us. The pleasure that such and such a reality gives me and you has been transposed. The great depth and perspective of the world, its motion, its never resting, I have arrested and stopt upon a little piece of flat paper. That very fact implies that I consider the flatness of my paper a fair method of translating the non-existence of any flatness in the world that I look at. If I am a sculptor I make for you this soft, waving, fluctuating, colored flesh in an immovable, hard, rigid, fixt, colorless material, and it is this transposition which delights you; (as well as we in a lesser degree who have made it). Therefore at the very outset of my beginning to affect you by what is called the record of a truth, I am obliged to ask you to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities, evident to the senses, and sometimes disturbing, when the convention supposed to be agreed upon between you and myself is understood only by one of the two parties.

II.

These quotations from La Farge and from Dumas call attention to the essential conditions of the arts of painting and of sculpture,—that the artists do not merely depart from reality; they contradict it absolutely. Only by so contradicting it can they provide us with the specific pleasure that we expect from their respective arts. The portrait painter has to present the head of his sitter motionless on a flat surface; and the portrait sculptor has to present the head of his sitter motionless and without color, or rather with the uniform tint of his material, clay or plaster, marble or bronze. And the public accepts these greatest impossibilities not only without protest but without any overt consciousness that they are impossibilities. The public, as a whole, is not aware that it is a party to an implied contract; it is so accustomed to the essential conventions of these two arts that it receives the result of their application as perfectly natural.

In fact, the public can scarcely be said to have made the tacit bargain; rather has it inherited the implied contract from

its remotest ancestors, the cave-men who scratched profile outlines on the bones of animals now for centuries extinct. The public is so accustomed to the methods of the painters and of the sculptors that when its attention is called to the fact that it is accepting the greatest impossibilities it is frankly surprised and not altogether pleased at the unexpected revelation. As a whole the public is not curious to analyze the sources of its pleasures; it is perfectly content to enjoy these pleasures without question as its fathers and its forefathers had enjoyed them generation after generation. To say this is to say that the fundamental conventions of painting and of sculpture have not been consciously agreed to by the existing public; they have just been taken for granted.

So in like manner have the fundamental conventions of the drama and of the music-drama been taken for granted generation after generation, although they involve departures from the fact, contradictions of the fact, impossibilities (to borrow La Farge's exact word) quite as great as those which underly and make possible painting and sculpture. Just as the conventions of the graphic arts were established by the cave-dwellers who made the first primitive sketches of the mastodon, so the conventions of the dramatic arts were willingly accepted by the spectators of the earliest dance-pantomime more or less spontaneously evolved to celebrate the coming of the springtime or the gathering of the harvest.

And the permanent conventions of the drama are accepted by the public because they are for its benefit, to heighten its pleasure, to prevent it from being bored or even from having its attention distracted by minor things not pertinent to the matter in hand. In real life all stories are straggling; they are involved with extraneous circumstance and they continue indefinitely into the future as they began indefinitely in the past. The playwright arbitrarily chooses a point of departure, he resolutely eliminates all accompanying circumstances and all envioning characters not contributory to the arbitrary end upon which he has decided. He peoples his plot with only the characters absolutely needed; and he conducts his action swiftly from start to finish, heaping situation upon situation, so as to arouse and retain and stimulate the interest of the spectators as the artificially compacted story moves irresistibly and evitably to its climax.

His characters always make use of his native tongue, which is also the native tongue of the audience. In "Hamlet" the Danes

all speak English; in "Romeo and Juliet" the Italians all speak English; and in "Julius Cæsar" the Romans all speak English. Moreover they all make use of an English that no mortal man ever used in real life, not even Shakespeare himself. Every one of them always expresses himself accurately and adequately, and completely, with no hesitations, no repetitions, no fumbling for words; and every one of them apprehends instantly and understands precisely everything that every one else may say to him. All the languages used, whether in prose or in verse, are highly condensed, inexorably compact, transparently clear. There is no need to point out that this is a state of linguistic efficiency unknown in every day life, filled with the halting babble of myriad insignificancies. Yet this departure from reality, this contradiction of the fact, this impossibility, is assented to not only gladly but unthinkingly. The bargain is not consciously made, it is taken for granted, partly because it is for the benefit of the spectators and partly because it is an ancestral inheritance.

These are all essential conventions of the drama, without which it could not exist. They can be found in the plays of every people, ancient or modern, civilized or savage, in the lofty tragedies of Athens, two thousand years ago, as well as in the farces of Paris five hundred years ago. They make possible the drama in prose, the drama in verse, the drama in song, and the drama in gesture. They are the fundamental conventions of the art, handed down by tradition from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary and certain to survive so long as man shall find delight in the theater, in beholding a story set on the stage to be shown in action before his admiring eyes. From the beginning of things the playwright like the painter and the sculptor was always had to ask his audience "to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities."

III.

While these are all of them permanent and essential conventions of the drama, there are others peculiar to the music-drama and to it equally necessary, since without them it could not exist,—indeed it could not even have come into being.

We all know that the ordinary speech of man is prose, often careless and inaccurate, ragged and repetitious; and yet if we are to enjoy "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" we must accept the impossible supposition that Denmark and Scotland were once inhabited by a race of beings whose customary speech was English blank verse. We all know that the ordinary speech of man is

unrhythmic and unrimed; and yet if we are to find pleasure in "Tartuffe" we must allow that Paris in the reign of Louis XIV was peopled by men and women whose customary speech was the rimed alexandrine. So the convention which alone makes possible the beautiful art of pantomime—a form of drama restricted in its range but always delightful within its rigid limitations—is that there exists a race of beings who have never known articulate speech, who utter no sounds, and who communicate their feelings and their thoughts by the sole aid of gesture. If we are unwilling to assent to this monstrous proposition we deny ourselves instantly and absolutely all the pleasure that the art of pantomime can bestow.

Now, the convention which supports and makes possible the music-drama is that there is a race of beings whose natural speech is song, and only song, with no recourse to merely spoken words. It is by the aid of song alone that the persons who people grand opera can communicate with one another, can transmit information, can express their emotions. Of course, this is a proposition quite as monstrous as that upon which the art of pantomime is based,—or as those upon which the arts of painting and sculpture are founded. It is a proposition which any plain man of everyday common sense is at liberty to reject unhesitatingly; and no one has any right to blame him. All we have a right to do is to point out that the acceptance of this convention is a condition precedent to the enjoyment of opera and that he who absolutely refuses to be a party to the contract, thereby deprives himself of all the delights which the music-drama may afford.

Tolstoy was one of those who felt keenly the inherent absurdity of opera, if the test of reality is applied to it,—although oddly enough he seems never to have become conscious that painting and sculpture are just as remote from the facts of nature. In his curiously individual treatise on "What is Art?" he narrates his visit to an opera-house while a performance of Wagner's "Siegfried" was taking place. This music-drama did not interest him and he held it up to ridicule by the aid of the inexpensive device of satirically narrating the story as it was shown in action and of describing realistically the appearance and gestures and utterances of the performers.

When I arrived, Tolstoy writes, an actor sat on the stage amid scenery intended to represent a cave, and before something which was meant to represent a smith's forge. He was dressed in tights, with a cloak of skins, wore a wig, and an artificial beard, and with white, weak, genteel hands

beat an impossible sword with an unnatural hammer in a way in which no one uses a hammer; and at the same time, opening his mouth in a strange way, he sang something incomprehensible.

This quotation is sufficient to show Tolstoy's unsympathetic attitude and his unwillingness to accept the implied contract which opera calls for. Apparently Tolstoy was present at a performance not as perfect artistically as it ought to have been; but it is equally apparent that he would have been just as hostile if the performance had attained to an ideal perfection. What he was condemning was the music-drama as an art-form; and the animus of his adverse verdict is his unexpressed expectation that opera ought to withstand the test of reality. But opera is always unnatural and impossible. It is absurd and monstrous that the dying Tristan's last breath should be powerful enough to reach to the top gallery of a large opera-house and that the Rhine-maidens should sing as they are swimming under water; but it is just as unnatural, impossible, absurd and monstrous that Hamlet should speak English blank verse and that the Mona Lisa should be motionless and without relief.

In fact, the attitude of the sophisticated Tolstoy, familiar with all the apparatus of culture, is not unlike that of the unsophisticated redskin whose portrait was once outlined by a white visitor to the camp of the tribe and who gazed at his own counterfeit presentment in wondering silence and then plaintively asked, "Where is the other side of my face?"

Here we recall again the final sentence of the pregnant passage earlier quoted from *La Farge*: *I am obliged to ask you to accept a number of the greatest impossibilities evident to the senses and sometimes disturbing when the convention supposed to be agreed upon between you and myself is understood only by one of the two parties.*

IV

Although the music-drama cannot provide pleasure for those who do not understand the convention or who wilfully refuse to accept it, "the true children of the opera-world," as Mr. Parker felicitously terms them, are so accustomed to this convention that they are rarely conscious of it. Nevertheless they do not wish to be unduly reminded of it and to have their attention called to its various and manifold consequences. Wagner was wise in his generation in preferring to build his plots upon the legends of once-upon-a-time, because it is always easier to make-believe when we allowed ourselves to be transported on a magic carpet

to that remote, vague and fantastic period. As we know that the Rhine-maidens never existed anywhere or anywhen, we never think of cavilling at their ability to sing while they are swimming under water.

But when a battleship swings at anchor and when Pinkerton produces a decanter and syphon to mix a whiskey and soda, we can hardly help being conscious of the artistic incongruity between these realities and the impossibility of Pinkerton's extending his invitation in song, which we know not to be the mode of expression natural to an American of our own time asking a friend to take a drink. The sound rule for any artist would seem to be that, whatever his special art, he should carefully avoid everything which tends to awaken in the spectators the consciousness that they are parties to a bargain. The contract holds best when it is implicit, when neither party gives it a thought, and when both parties abide by it. "The dramatist," so Lessing declared, "must avoid everything that can remind the spectators of their illusion, for as soon as they are reminded, the illusion is gone."

This is the rule that Mr. William Gillette broke in his "Sherlock Holmes" when he allowed one of his characters to describe the invisible fourth wall of the gas-chamber to which the cool and keen-witted detective was to be lured,—that fourth wall which had to be supposed away, so that the audience could hear and see what is taking place upon the stage. This same rule was again violated by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome in the "Passing of the Third Floor Back" and by Sir James Barrie in the "New Word," when these playwrights set a fender and fire-irons down by the prompter's box, thus asking the spectators to believe that there was an invisible fireplace in the invisible wall.

Nearly a score of years ago I was present at a performance of "La Traviata" in the opera-house at Vienna; and I was forced to observe the disadvantage of an ill-advised attempt at realistic exactitude in the realm of operatic convention. I had been accustomed to see Verdi's opera set in scenery of no particular place and of no particular period,—and therefore not calling attention to itself; and I was also used to beholding the consumptive heroine arrayed in the very latest Paris gown while her lovers wore a nondescript costume as dateless and as characterless as the scenery itself. The manager of the Vienna opera-house had unfortunately remembered that Verdi's score was composed to a book made out of the "Dame aux Camélias" of the younger Dumas, originally performed in Paris in 1852; and therefore he had sought an accurate reproduction of a series of Parisian

rooms, with the draperies and the furniture of 1852, while the characters, male and female, lovely heroine and disconsolate lovers, were attired according to the French fashion-plates of that date. In the ballroom-scene therefore I beheld all the male members of the chorus habited in the evening-dress of 1852 and carrying under their arms the closed crush-hat which had been invented by the ingenious M. Gibus only a little earlier.

And I then had it brought home to me as never before how monstrously impossible the convention of opera is—and must be. I need not say that as I sat there in the mood of unconscious enjoyment I regretted having my attention wantonly called to the essential and permanent and inevitable convention by which alone the music-drama is made possible. It struck me not only as unwise but even as a little unfair.

LETTERS OF ROBERT LUCAS PEARSALL

THE name of Pearsall cannot be classed with those of the few English composers familiar to everybody. On the other hand, he belongs to the very few of whom it can be said that their reputation has steadily increased during the last half-century. Born in 1795 and dying in 1856, his career covers a period during which there are but few names to be remembered in the roll of English musicians. Bishop, Balfe, Bennett, the two Wesleys and Wallace almost exhaust the list—a curious sextet of men whose work was widely dissimilar, though each of whom in his own way has won some measure of fame. He would be a bold prophet who would predict that fifty years hence the operas and songs of Balfe and Wallace would still be remembered, yet there cannot be much risk in foretelling a long life for the church music of the two Wesleys', while the glees of Bishop will probably survive many years after the mass of music written by that prolific composer has been entirely forgotten. Bennett's case is more doubtful. The younger generation will probably still, as at present, continue to look upon him as a shadow of Mendelssohn, though how inaccurate such a view is will be only recognized by those who can appreciate the delicate individuality of his singularly refined talent. His works may for a time be laid aside, but they can never be forgotten for long, for they contain the germs of eternal youth which cannot be stifled by years of neglect. Can the name of Pearsall be added to our above list? There is something to be said both for and against. His best work—his madrigals and some of his part-songs and church music—reaches a very high level of excellence and there is nothing exactly like it in the work of any of his contemporaries. A son of the romantic movement, he was a pioneer in his exploration of the music of the late 16th and early 17th centuries, and his best compositions reproduce the spirit of the great Elizabethans and Italians whom he studied, at the same time successfully avoiding the snare of becoming a mere dry-as-dust imitator. In this he displayed real genius, and if his ultimate position in the roll of English musicians rested on his best work, he should enjoy a high place, though one apart from any of his contemporaries. But unfortunately there has been published a good deal from his



Robert Lucas Pearsall

pen which falls far short of his highest level of excellence. In this, of course, he is not alone, but in a composer of the first rank even his second and third best possesses interest. But Pearsall can never claim to rank with the greatest, and his less important compositions fall very far short of the level he reached in his best work. These minor compositions, it is safe to say, are now mostly forgotten, and are not likely to see the light of revival. They may well be neglected, more particularly as he was not responsible for the publication of the bulk of them. But wherever the art of choral singing continues to flourish as it has done, almost without interruption, in England for the last 250 years, his madrigals undoubtedly will cause his name to be loved and remembered by the side of those of the great Elizabethan composers. It is therefore to the small circle of his admirers that the letters here published for the first time will appeal. They reveal the numerous activities of his mind and the many interests with which he was occupied beyond the art of music. It was, indeed, the many-sidedness of his character which caused his contemporaries to overlook his real eminence as a musician. Even long after his death, he was regarded merely as a talented amateur who had taken up music more as a branch of archæology than as a serious pursuit. His little personal foibles, the love of mediævalism which caused him to live for the latter part of his life in the old castle he had restored in Switzerland, his devotion to genealogy and heraldry, to the laborious researches in the by-paths of archæology—these played a too prominent part in the estimate in which he was held as a musician. But looked at now, over half a century from the date of his death, they fall into their proper place and can be regarded as only a part, and that not the most important one, in the real result of his life-work.

Pearsall's career, like his best music, was very different from that of most musicians of his day. Born at Clifton in 1795, he traced his descent from the Pearsalls, Persalls or Peshalls of Rowley Regis near Halesowen, a younger branch of whom, in the person of John Pearsall, in 1712 settled at Willsbridge in the parish of Bitton, between Bristol and Bath, where he erected a mill for rolling hoop-iron and making steel. The business for a long time was successful, and in 1790 John Pearsall built himself a house at Willsbridge, but in 1811 the works were closed and their owner became bankrupt and left the village. Robert Lucas Pearsall was the only surviving child of Richard Pearsall, an officer in the Enniskillen Dragoons and subsequently Major in the West Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry. His mother was Elisabeth Lucas,

of Bristol. His grandfather was John Pearsall of Willsbridge and his grandmother Philippa Still, daughter of John Still of the Bury, Downton—a great-grandson of John Still (1543?–1608) Bishop of Bath and Wells, the reputed author of “Gammer Gurton’s Needle.” Major Pearsall died when his son was still a child. His mother bought back Willsbridge House in 1817, when the family resumed its connection with Willsbridge, though the old iron business was no longer continued. The stone mill, with water-power supplied by a brook, formerly used for rolling iron, still exists, but is now used for grinding flour. It was from his mother that Robert Lucas derived his love of music. He was educated at home and as a boy composed a cantata on “Saul and the Witch of Endor,” which was privately printed, though no copies are known to exist. Had he been allowed to follow his inclinations, Pearsall would have entered the army, but in deference to his mother’s wishes he studied law, entering at Lincoln’s Inn. In 1817 he married Harriett Elizabeth, only child of Armfield Hobday, of Holles Street, Cavendish Square. In 1821 he was called to the bar and joined the Western Circuit, residing principally at Willsbridge House. He seems to have had some success as a barrister, and it is recorded that on one occasion he was complimented in a speech by John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor. About this time he is said to have been a contributor to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, but his articles have never been identified. The volumes for 1821 and 1822 contain three sets of new words for old national melodies (with the music) sent by ‘Thomas Piper’ from ‘Chantington’, which may be by Pearsall. A paper “On the Metaphysics of Music and their accordance with modern practice”, which appeared in May, 1822, signed ‘T. D.’, is very much like his style. An allusion to Cobbett in both papers, is significant, for in 1839 he contributed to ‘Felix Farley’s Journal’ six imaginary letters from Cobbett on music. In 1825 Pearsall had a slight attack of apoplexy, which led to his leaving England with his family. After remaining for some time at Brussels, Bruges and Liège, he settled for five years at Mainz. Here he first began the serious study of music, under the tuition of Joseph Panny (1794–1838), the master of Peter Cornelius. He seems first to have turned his attention to instrumental music and composed several overtures, one of which was played at Mainz in 1828. He also made an excellent translation of Schiller’s “William Tell,” which was published in London in 1829. In the same year he returned to England, remaining at Willsbridge for a year, but in the autumn of 1830 he joined his family at

Baden-Baden and soon after settled at Carlsruhe, where he remained for nearly twelve years. From Carlsruhe he paid long visits to Ratisbon, Nürnberg, Vienna, Pesth and Prague, at Munich going through a course of musical study with Kaspar Ett (1788-1847), a musician who did great service in Germany in reviving the pure style of early church music. It is in the period of his residence at Carlsruhe that the series of Pearsall's letters which have been preserved begins. The early ones are addressed to his friend the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Vicar of Bitton, in which parish Willsbridge is situated. They are printed here with only omissions of matters relating to family affairs and business matters, which are sometimes gone into at great length. I have added what comments seem necessary at the end of each letter.

I

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, May 7th, 1833.

Dear Ellacombe.


As I have an opportunity of sending a parcel to England, I have made up a little packet of music for you. There are two copies of a piece of music amongst it. Egotism is now so much the fashion that I may well stand excused for mentioning myself first. It is a Gradual composed in imitation of church music of the 17th century, and has been performed here with some success. . . I have the more pleasure in sending you this, as the musical reviews have spoken very well of it, and I believe that it is the best thing that I have done of the kind.—The other things that I have sent are—1. Some chaunts, which I believe to be the source from which ours of the Church of England are drawn. They are taken from a Book published by the Lutherans before they had quite rejected the Roman form of worship. I have no doubt that they were retained from the Romish ritual. The book from which I took them is very scarce. It contains the Lutheran liturgy of the time, which is so similar to the Catholic liturgy that I thought at first sight that I had fallen on a translation of it, and it was not until I came to the celebrated Hymn of Luther, "From Turk and Pope defend us, Lord", that I was undeceived. I have sent you also a curious old song, the words of which are half in Latin and half in German, which appears to have been a favorite fashion in the Middle Ages. It is called in the book where I found it (this book bears date A. D. 1504) a very old and fair (*schön*) Christmas-eve Song. The melody is indeed very beautiful and composed in the pure spirit of simplicity and devotion. I have harmonized it with some care for 4 voices. Get Salter or any one who is equally capable to play it and fancy it sung by a single-hearted and uncorrupted congregation of peasants in their Xmas-eve procession and I am sure you will appreciate it. Such melodies cannot be composed now-a-days. They were the emanations of a pure and sincerely religious spirit and this spirit is now no more. It is the same with the paintings of the old German school. Rough though they be, look in the faces of the Saints and Virgins and you will find reflected in them the devotion of the Painter. Our painters are now all Atheists—or next to it—and

that's the reason why we see so many Angels and Apostles looking like Heathen Lords and Philosophers rather than anything Christian. I have much increased my collection of music since I saw you last. I was at Munich last May and spent a month in the Library there and had the assistance of the King's Chaplain (who is a great musical antiquary) in making a selection from the manuscripts; and there is a glorious assemblage of them, which you will readily believe when I tell you that the music of the dissolved monasteries has been deposited there. . . I found at Augsburg a composition of Pope Gregory VII (very beautiful) and a Latin version of the Hymn by our Henry VIII given in Boyce. I will send you these whenever an opportunity presents itself, together with a Magnificat by Orlando di Lasso (a great master of the Flemish School) which I am about to publish here. Do you recollect a MS. music book of the 15th century which you showed me when I was last in England? I believe you found it at *Strong's*. It was in vellum. I did not know what it was at the time, but now I know that it contained a portion of the old *Bis-cantus* of the Romish Church. If you bought it, keep it, for it is *rarissimum*! When at Munich I employed myself much in deciphering the old music and I will give you some of the results of my experience.

The ancient signatures as to Time were as follows:

No. 1  No. 2  No. 3  No. 4  It seems that there were two sorts of time. I. Perfect time (*Tempus perfectum*).

II. Imperfect time (*Tempus imperfectum*).

Perfect time was what we call simple triple time, i.e., where the bar is divided into 3 parts. The subdivision of these parts was called prolation (*Prolatio*). If each part was subdivided into 3 the prolation was Perfect—(*Prolatio Perfecta*), but if into 2 it was imperfect (*Prolatio Imperfecta*). Perfect Time was denoted by a circle and perfect prolation by a dot. Thus when the measure or bar was divided into three parts and those three were subdivided into three others, it was denoted by a  and called *tempus perfectum et prolatio perfecta*. This was what we now call



It was anciently written



None of the notes were dotted, because the dot in the circle was sufficient for all in the bar. When the bar was divided into 3 parts which were subdivided by 2, it was *Tempus perfectum et Prolatio imperfecta*.

This is what we now call  Anciently written



Tempus imperfectum was when the bar was divided into 2 parts. It was denoted by a half-circle—C—so. If its prolation were perfect, i.e., if the said 2 parts were subdivided into 3, then a dot was put in the middle of the half-circle—C—so. This Tempus imperfectum et prolatio per-

fecta was what we now call  It was anciently writ-

ten  Tempus imperfectum et prolatio imper-

fecta was what we call Common Time,  anciently

written  The ancient notes in music were called

as follows:  Each preceding

Maxima Longa Brevis Semibrevis Minima

one is equal to two of the succeeding one. I puer! I have now let you into the *sacra arcana*, perhaps they may be serviceable if you should ever get hold of any ancient MSS.; at any rate you will not think the less of them when I tell you that throughout all Paris I could not find one man who could give me the least clue to the meaning of these ancient signatures. In the Rhine land nobody understands them and it was not till I got to Munich that I found in the person of Mr. Ett (a very respectable composer and a learned man to boot, for he understands Greek and Hebrew and half a dozen Oriental languages—a sort of musical Dominie Sampson), [one] who could explain them to me. After I left Munich I went to Nürnberg I wished for you there, for in regard to old architecture it is a perfect Eldorado. As I came into the town at 5 o'clock in the morning, before anybody was stirring, I could almost fancy myself living in the Middle Ages, so surrounded is one on every side with vestiges of the 14th and 15th centuries. On the ceiling of one of the corridors of the Town Hall there is represented in Alt-Relief a Tournament where all the tilers are dressed in the costume of *Court-fools*. This was often the case, I understand, at the tournaments given by the patrician families of the Imperial Cities who wished to ridicule the martial games of the Country Gentlemen; for in the early part of the 15th century they were not admitted to these games, being considered as [a] sort of half-castes between nobles and plebeians. At Nürnberg the common executioner follows three professions. He is a very expert cutter-off of heads, a Doctor of Medicine and the most esteemed *music-master in the Town*! The most remarkable thing I saw in this old City was the remains of an old machine for inflicting death called the Jungfer or Virgin. This machine was in the form of the Virgin Mary. On touching a spring she stepped forward, extended her arms (from the inside of which issued a number of small poniards) and embraced her

victim. She then released him and stepped back to her original position, but in so doing she caused a trap in the floor to open through which the dead man was precipitated on a sort of scissor-bed which was so nicely balanced and so arranged that the weight of a man's body falling on it would set it in motion for many minutes, so that he was cut to shreds in an instant. The section underneath will give you some idea of this horrible and complicated piece of machinery.¹

AA—the weights by which the scissor bed was balanced and set going. D—a sort of grave where the remains of the persons executed were deposited. N B—There were some skulls and bones there.

This machine was placed in a subterranean room approached through the casemates of the old Castle and defended by strong doors. I saw enough of the remains of this machine to be convinced that it existed, and collected some evidence respecting it from persons who had seen it in a more perfect state. I have since heard that a similar machine exists in the vaults under the Palace of the King of Prussia at Berlin and that another in very good preservation is to be found at Mecklenburg-Schwerin. I shall enquire further about this. In the meantime is it not singular that this instrument was called the *Virgin*, that the old Scotch Guillotine was called the *Maiden* and that the old German Guillotine or *Fall Devil* (and this was known as early as A. D. 1470) was used as a punishment for ravishing virgins? We say of a man destined to be beheaded that he will *lose the block*. The Scotch said formerly 'he'll *lose the maiden*', and the Germans, speaking of the death inflicted by their *Virgin*, called it the *Jungfer Kuss* or '*Kiss of the Virgin*'. It seems as if there was a community of origin in these inventions. I have collected materials for an interesting article treating on this subject which perhaps I may hereafter print. I have collected other scraps of curious information since we last met, particularly as to the old *Judicium Dei* in Franconia, where the accuser and accused fought it out to death with immense shields armed at top and bottom with spikes—a most cruel weapon, I promise you. In the Library at Munich I found an old "*Art of Defense*" written on vellum in the year 1400 by Paulus Kall, fencing-master to the then Duke of Bavaria. In this there are drawings of all sorts of weapons then in vogue. I have almost completed a set of drawings showing in detail the manner of executing this combat and the ceremonies by which it was attended. . . I read the English papers with dismay. That a Revolution is preparing in our Country is what no person can doubt, and happen what may it will be very sanguinary, for our population is out of all proportion to the surface of our country. Here one might escape by going into the forests, but in England there is no such place of refuge. We are quiet here, thanks to Austria and Prussia, who have trodden out the first sparks of a Jacobin Press. You have heard much, no doubt, about the tumult at Frankfurt. It was entirely the work of Lafayette and his vagabond Poles and some hundreds of young men at the Universities. The people in general here are quiet and disposed to be so, for there is no real grievance—we pay next to nothing for customs and there is not such a thing as a turpiter in all Baden. It is a set of rascally Advocates without practice who make all

¹The sketch is not reproduced here as it was quite conjectural and much altered in the paper on the subject which Foxwell published later.

the noise. These employed themselves till lately in editing the revolutionary Gazettes, and now that the censorship of the press has deprived them of a profitable avocation and obliged them to wear frieze instead of broadcloth, they would fain make the world believe everything ought to be overturned in order that they might be reinstated in their old printing-shops and have free liberty to live by lying and slandering, and slake their thirst by evil-speaking. There is no such mischievous brute on earth as a needy lawyer!

P. S. Don't give copies of what I've sent you to anyone, because perhaps I may hereafter publish a little book on Ancient Psalmody.

The Gradual which Pearsall sent Mr. Ellacombe with the above letter was the fine 'Sederunt principles' for five voices and figured bass, written for the Feast of St. Stephen and published by Schott at Mainz in 1837. It is numbered 'Opus 7' and has recently been issued with English words by the Church Music Society. A 'Miserere mei Domine', a perpetual canon for three voices, had previously been published by Schott without date: Op. 2 to 5 do not seem to have appeared; op. 6 is a part-song for five voices 'Take O take those lips away', published in London, in 1830. Copies are extremely scarce. Lasso's 'Magnificat' (II) for six voices, edited by Pearsall, was published by Velten, at Carlsruhe, in 1833. The subject of the Nürnberg 'Jungfrau' (which, by the way, was not intended to represent the Blessed Virgin) interested Pearsall so much that he paid a second visit to Nürnberg to investigate it. The result of his researches appeared in a paper entitled "The Kiss of the Virgin: a narration of researches made in Germany during the years 1832 and 1834," which was printed in Vol. XXVII of 'Archæologia' (1838).

In 1833, Pearsall, wrote for private performance at Carlsruhe a little Ballet or Pantomime: "Die Nacht eines Schwärmers, Pantomisches Ballet in fünf Bildern, aus dem Leben gegriffen." The music of this has recently been found in private hands. The scenario is in my possession. In 1834 he published "Stray leaves from an Idler's Commonplace Book"—a little work of which so far only a single copy has come to light. In 1835 he published (at Schott's) a beautiful "Ave Verum," for four voices, Op. 8, which has lately been reprinted with an English adaptation.

II

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, XV March, 1836.

My dear Ellacombe.

I write you this letter, as you will presently see, principally on my own account, and therefore I will beg you to set down to me whatever you may pay for its postage on the package of your answer to it. The

fact is that I want you to do me a little kindness and so I am going to bribe your good will with the chaunts on the other side. I wish also to add to them some remarks (which I have often wished I could communicate to you) on the construction of chaunts in general. But in order that my remarks may have due weight, let me tell you (and pardon the vanity which prompts me to do so) that I have obtained much reputation in Germany as a Contrapuntist. A Psalm for 5 voices which I published last year has been most favorably reviewed abroad, particularly a preface which occurs in it, and I was lately very much surprised in reading the Introduction to a new Dictionary of Music which is now being published at Stuttgart, to find that they had mentioned me as one of the most eminent English composers of the present day; and I was still more surprised yesterday to receive a letter from the Editor of this Dictionary requesting me to send him data for a biographical notice of me. You see therefore that I am a prophet out of my own country, though God knows I should never have been one in it. After this ebullition of egotism let me go on to the matter in hand — I have lately been giving a good deal of attention to the chaunts published by Dr Clarke of Hereford (you have his book) and I have come to a firm conviction that there is a great reform wanted in this department of Church Music. At the end of the last winter the Crown Prince of Bavaria had the goodness to let me take copies of some very old and beautiful Italian Music which the Pope had sent him out of the Pontifical Library at Rome. This music was extremely simple and extremely easy to sing, and although there was nothing in the voice parts taken separately which was calculated to fix the attention, yet together they formed a harmony of a most imposing character. Having studied this music with much delight, I happened to take up Dr Clarke's Book of Chaunts one day and found, with some feeling of astonishment, that I could no longer bear many of these Chaunts which I had formerly heard with pleasure and which are still favorites with most of the amateurs of Church Music. In fact there were only a few by Tallis, Parrant, and one or two authors of the very old English School which seemed to me to be worthy of their place. The others appeared to want the simplicity and purity which is always the adjunct of a really pious mind. Now as soon as I discovered this I set about considering what could be the reason of it;—for there must be a reason for everything. So I sought out the characteristics of the Old English Chaunts and I find them to be these:—1st. That the melody of the chaunt lies in a very narrow compass. It never passes beyond the limits of a given octave, seldom beyond the sixth, and is most commonly confined to the first five notes of the scale of the key in which it may be composed (that is to say) if the key be C \sharp thus



the melody will be found to be

made out of the first five notes of it. There is a great advantage in this. A melody thus constructed strains nobody's voice. One can sing it for hours without being tired, whereas a melody extending over the whole octave will produce a certain degree of weariness if applied to a long Psalm and if it extends over an octave or a half (as is the

case in some modern Chaunts) it becomes absolutely fatiguing. The Monks were cunning fellows. They had to sing every day Lauds and Matins, Vespers and Vigils, independently of Masses, and if their old chaunts had rambled like our new ones over an octave and a half every man of them would have bawled himself dead in less than two years. They therefore made there chaunts so as to be capable of being sung with the least possible labor and difficulty, and in doing so fitted them to the organ and capacity of every one who might be destined to sing them. 2dly. I find in the Old Chaunts a total absence of the chord of the seventh upon a Dominant bass, and of all its inversions. The only discords they admitted were the seventh in the second of the scale (*vide* No. 1 a.) and the fourth in the dominant (*vide* No. 2 b). The other discords were rejected as too weak and the seventh on the dominant bass particularly; because we cannot have a fifth in the succeeding chord if the intervals were strictly resolved. Of course I speak of music in four parts (*vide* over leaf for examples). I think the old masters were right in this. As a proof I have sent one or two of the newer chaunts altered to the way in which I think a good Composer of the 16th century would have written them.

No. 1. Penitential. *OV.B.* The Bass is here the principal Melody).

No. 2. Thanksgiving. *OV.B.* That which was the Bass of the foregoing Chaunt is here given to the Treble, but in another Tone).

Cantus firmus

No. 4. *OV.B.* The melody in the Discant here is the inversion of the Discant melody in the foregoing (No. 3) Chaunt

No. 3.

No. 5. No. 6. Cantus firmus

Cantus firmus

• Another version of No. 4 containing a stricter imitation of the concluding cadence of No. 3, but which is nevertheless inadmissible in Church Music ensembles.

[The blanks in the above are as in the original. The rest of the letter is missing.]

The 'Psalm for 5 voices' is evidently the Gradual 'Sederunt principes' published in 1832. Whistling's 'Handbuch' has no record of a Psalm published in 1835. The 'New Dictionary of Music' is G. Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten musikalischen Wissenschaften," which appeared at Stuttgart in 1842. It contains an interesting account of Pearsall, which will be noticed later. The chaunts published by Dr. Clarke of Hereford are John Clarke-Whitfield's (1770-1836) "Selection of Single and Double Chants," in two volumes (no date).

In 1836 Pearsall returned to England and sold his Willsbridge property, which he had inherited on his mother's death. He remained in England for about a year, during which time he became much interested in the movement then going on for recognition of the Baronets as a branch of the nobility. On this subject

he published "A Few Remarks on the Position of the Baronets of Great Britain, by a Traveller" (1836), reprinted in 1837 as "The Position of the Baronets of the British Empire" and followed in 1838 by a "Letter to the Chairman of the Committee of Baronets." The last-named work was printed with alterations and interpolations which Pearsall resented. It was consequently suppressed by the author, but there is a copy in the British Museum Library containing numerous MS. notes from his pen. It was in 1837 that he began his long connexion with the British Madrigal Society, which was founded in consequence of a course of lectures given that year in Bristol by the Gresham Professor, Edward Taylor. On his return to Germany he presented an oak pulpit to his old parish church at Bitton.

III

CARLSRUHE, 14 March, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

Let me thank you for the long and interesting letter which you have written me and for the very neat drawing of a really beautiful pulpit which stands at the head of it. Its beauty is, however, something like that of many a shining insect—all very pretty until it pitches on you, and then admiration makes its exit. Oh, these matters of finance, they are horrible things! and to say the truth I was never less disposed to give than at the present moment. Yet for your sake and for that of a neighbourhood which will not go away from my heart, I will try to help you out of your difficulties. I cannot do it, however, all at once; for I am not just now flush with money and during the last two years I have been subject to pecuniary disagreeables to no small extent. . . .

I am very glad to hear that the Virgin is likely to come out and that the plates have been engraved. Touching this matter, I have a favor to ask of the Antiquarian Society and perhaps you would be kind enough to do what you can to get it granted for me. You must know that tradition says that in the Castle of Baden-Baden there existed formerly one of these machines, which was employed there by an ancestor of our reigning Grand Duke. Finding that this report annoyed him I undertook to whitewash the memory of his ancestor and have accordingly written in French a little book showing the impossibility of employing the Virgin on the spot where she is said to have received her prey. This has given great pleasure, not only to the Grand Duke but to his family, who have been almost prodigal of their attentions to my wife and daughters, so that I feel myself in duty bound to publish, the more especially as it may be the means of drawing their good will and interest towards my son when he goes into the Austrian Army. But I find myself exposed to a little difficulty, namely, that I cannot make myself clearly intelligible without plates. Now as the Antiquarian Society had already engraved all the plates which I should want, it strikes me that they would let me perhaps have 100 impressions or so—I, of course, paying for paper and striking off the impressions. Be so kind as to enquire whether this can be done. Mind, what I am about

to publish here is a French historical notice of Baden Castle, which will not at all interfere with what they have published.

If my request can be granted I should be most happy to work out the obligation and will send them two papers which I have been for some time getting up. 1. A description, with drawings, of a complete judicial torture chamber now existing at Ratisbon. and 2. An account of the German mode of managing the *Judicium Dei*, chiefly exemplified by drawings and notices of their combat with the great shield. This last will be a curious and interesting paper, because all the drawings are made after drawings in the Codices of Bakker, to be found in the Archives of the Bavarian family and that of Saxe Gotha. . . Remember me also to Captain Stratton and his lady. I am glad that you have found out their good qualities. . . It is droll enough, but perfectly to be expected that Capt. S. and the Lord of the Manor should have a tilt together. Both have been accustomed to dragoon the world and I hope that both will seek "amusement from the contest in which they are engaged. I am glad to hear you say that Willsbridge is improved, although it has been done to make use of the Captain's own words "at a powerful expense." I am glad that my suggestion with respect to your arms has been of use. With regard to my own, I will endeavor to send you an impression of the mode in which the Knights of Malta wear their escutcheons, so that you may have mine done *secundum artem*. I have worked very hard for the Hospitallers here in Germany and have done them perhaps some little good here, for I have got them—that is to say the British Language—acknowledged by the remnant of the Ancient German Language; so that you may now if you like call me 'Chevalier de Malte' on the back of the letters which you write to me abroad. You will laugh at this, and yet you have no idea how this sort of folly affects a man's progress in life on the Continent. . .

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

The 'French historical notice of Baden Castle', alluded to in the above letter, does not seem to have been published, though the MS. is mentioned in the list of his library.

Pearsall's researches into the "*Judicium Dei*" were included in a paper contributed to the Society of Antiquaries: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of *Archæologia* (1840), but he seems to have done nothing further about the Ratisbon Torture Chamber. On July 22, 1837, Pearsall became a Knight of Justice of the revived Langue of the Order of Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. He took great interest in the fortunes of this revival, and the muniments of the Order contain a good many letters from him on the subject.

IV

CARLSTADT, 4 July, 1838.

My dear Ellacombe.

With this letter you will receive three Books of Bettsch's etchings which Mrs. Ellacombe will perhaps do me the kindness to accept as a

souvenir of Germany. These are the only works of his that I can procure *here* and which merit attention on the score of originality. The plays of Shakespeare which he has illustrated are (as far as he is concerned) complete failures and are published at Leipsig. In the Faust you will find a recently published set of prints destined to illustrate the Second Part of that poem, which was published after Goethe's death and which I have not yet read. People say that it is not equal to the first part. Some of the plates appear to have been retouched by the engraver and to have been injured by it. I am sorry for this, because the impressions from them are not so clear as I could have wished. But it is almost impossible to get a good unblemished set of any of Retzsch's etchings at the present day—without indeed one happens to pick up with one of those first printed by him. . .

Herewith two madrigals. If Corfe is in England when this reaches you, be so good as to send them to him with the letters to himself and Mr. Bleek. But if C. has gone to fetch his wife home from Switzerland, then I will trouble you to remit the same to Mr. Bleek, who lives on Redcliff Parade. He is a Surgeon; I believe you know him. Be so kind, however, as to seal the letters first in case they should not be sealed when they reach you. With best regards to all your circle.

Believe me ever yours sincerely,

R. L. P.

Mr. 'Corfe' of the above letter is John Davis Corfe (1804-1876) organist of Bristol Cathedral, who for many years conducted the Bristol Madrigal Society.

V

[The beginning is missing. Evidently written to the Rev. H. F. Ellacombe at the end of 1838 or the beginning of 1839.]

I ought to make you all sorts of apology for not having wished you a happy new year in the outset of my letter, and I hope when you write to me that I shall hear that you have finished the old year and begun the new one to your heart's content. Believe me that as often as I think of my old home, and that is not seldom, I walk from it to Bitton and visit the friends who have received me there so often and so kindly. Let me hope that Mrs. Ellacombe is now perfectly recovered and that Jane and Marianne are well and happy. I cannot forget the good nature with which they used to play my poor waltzes; it was a real inspiration to compose others. Pray tell them how affectionately I remember them and how much pleasure I shall have in seeing them, together with all your family, once more. Let me hope that you have acquired a good neighbour in Mr Stratton . . . May I beg you to give him and Mrs. Stratton when you next see them my best compliments. . . By the papers I find that you have a smart winter on your side the water, but it is nothing to what we have here, where the thermometer is standing at 19° below zero of Reaumur, which is, I believe, below the ordinary gradation of English Thermometers. I forgot to say that if you would like to have a copy of the Madrigal which I sent to Mr. Corfe I will tell him to let you have one, although you had perhaps better wait until it is published, when you can have a copy without any trouble. If you have

not had my arms in the Church repainted yet, I will trouble you to make a slight addition to them, namely to put the 8-pointed cross behind them, thus: [a sketch]. This is the way in which the Hospitallers wore their arms previously to the French Revolution, and still continue to wear them; (Note: the arms should be white,) and in this manner one gets rid of the cross and ribbon which is sometimes worn below. If, however, you have already made the alteration which I proposed when I was last in England, there will be no need of again changing the thing and you can then keep the above sketch as a model and when you become yourself a Hospitaller you can put up your own arms after this fashion.

And now that I have written you this long letter I beg you to charge me with the postage of it, and sending the most affectionate regards to all your family entreat you to believe me to be

Very sincerely yours

R. L. P.

P. S. - - - Once more adieu.

In 1839 the orchestral parts of Pearsall's "Grosse charakteristische Ouverture zu Shakespeare's Macbeth als Einleitung zu den . . . Hexenchören" were published by Schott at Mainz. The full score has never been printed: it is preserved, with other incidental music to the play, in the library of the Monastery of Einsiedeln. In 1840 'Great God of Love,' 'The Hardy Norseman,' 'Take heed, ye Shepherd Swains,' 'I saw lovely Phillis,' 'Spring returns' and 'It was upon a Springtide-day' were published the last-named only with the composer's initials. 'Lay a Garland' was written at Karlsruhe in the same year, but did not appear until later. In 1839 Pearsall contributed (anonymously) an amusing series of letters on music to Felix Farley's *Journal* (published at Bristol). They are entitled 'Cobbett's Letters to the Students of the Royal Academy of Music' and are aimed at Meyerbeer and his school—though this is left to the reader to discover. Several extracts from them were given in the *Musical Herald* for 1 Aug. 1906, but the whole series has never been reprinted. In the following letters there are many allusions to Pearsall's children. These were: (1.) Robert Lucas, who died in London, in 1865; (2.) Elizabeth Still, married at Paris, in 1839 to Charles Wyndham Stanhope, who in 1866 succeeded his cousin as seventh Earl of Harrington: she died in 1912; (3.) Philippa Swinnerton, married in 1857, to John Hughes: she died in 1917.

VI

KARLSRUHE, February 19th, 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

You have, no doubt of it, been wondering at my not having answered your kind letters. The chief reason of it is this. A friend of mine

here, who nearly two months ago was on the point of going to England, offered to take anything which I might have to send thither, and he has been constantly delaying his departure in expectation of a letter which was to determine the day of it. But as this letter has not yet arrived I have made up my mind to wait no longer. Now that I have got over the business part of my letter I will say something of my movements since we parted. I reached home in August last and found my son, about whom you are so good as to ask, arrived at Carlsruhe and expecting news of his commission there. Some days afterwards came a letter from Vienna summoning him to Debreczin in Hungary, there to receive his Lieutenancy in a Uhlan, or Lancer, Regiment. I was naturally anxious to see him properly equipped, and therefore we went together. This time instead of travelling by the usual landward route, I went to Ratibon, and onward to Vienna by the steamboat on the Danube. Owing to the shallowness of the river at particular spots and to want of experience in the management of the Vessels, travelling by steam on the Danube is not as yet rendered very convenient, although anyone who can command his time may put up with the inconvenience of it in consideration of the beauties of the scenery which he will meet with en route. There is a sameness about the banks of the Danube, owing to the constant succession of pine forests which flourish there in great luxuriance, but with this abatement, the country is more picturesque than on the far famed banks of the Rhine. Austria and upper Bavaria have been less constantly the theater of war than the Rhenish provinces, and therefore one finds the castles and churches, in the former countries, not ruined as they are on the Rhine. This serves to imprint on the scenery of the Danube an original, and to me very agreeable character, for one sees the country there much the same as it must have been two centuries ago. It is singular how government and religion will affect a country. An invisible line separates Bavaria from Austria, and yet the inhabitants on each side of it are perfectly distinct from each other in costume, habits and condition. Bavaria, notwithstanding it's being a Catholic country, has for some time had a tolerably free constitution, while Austria, as everybody knows, is a priest-ridden absolute monarchy. In Bavaria the people, although poor, are for the most part employed somehow or other, so that one meets with very few beggars. But at the first Austrian town we came to on the shore of the river, a totally new species of population presented itself. Here we were beneged by upwards of a dozen idiots and paupers all furnished with rosaries, begging for alms, and offering to pray for us in return for them. They all looked fat and happy and exercised their vocation under the noses of the police and custom-house officers.

It was odd enough to see how each of the village youths seemed anxious to give himself a military air. Each had on a cap cut as nearly as possible after the fashion of the undress cap of an officer, and only to be distinguished from it by a very slight peculiarity. Every Austrian commissioned officer wears in front of his cap a small rosette or rather button of black velvet with an *F* (i. e. Ferdinand the First) embroidered on it in gold and surrounded by a gold circle. Thus no one but an officer is permitted to wear. But as the military profession stands before all others in Austria, there is a general desire, on the part of all shop-boys and clerks and young men of that sort, to approximate themselves to it

as much as they can, and therefore you will constantly meet them wearing the military cap with a tassel of dark purple or red, instead of black, and the initials marked in silk instead of gold. In fact, indolence, submissiveness, good nature or a love of finery appeared to me to be the most easily discernible characteristics of the population, and these perhaps are due to the operation of the Catholic religion in a country where each hungry man may get a bowl of soup at the door of some monastery or other merely at the expense of saying an Ave before a tawdily gilt and painted image of the Virgin.

On arriving at Lintz, where the boat stopped for the night, I had a pretty good proof of the privileges which are accorded to the military. We had 40 or 60 passengers on board, some of them people of title, but my son was the only officer. All the others were detained and rather severely examined at the Custom-house, but on production of his passport they let him pass his baggage, merely requiring his *parole d'honneur* that there was nothing contraband in it. The next day we went on to Vienna, with a great number of passengers, many of whom were military, and it amused me to observe the easy way in which they all got acquainted with each other. The military salutation of 'God greet you' seemed to have a sort of talismanic effect in putting them at ease together, still, as in every community, there are degrees of intimacy, so it was here, for the cavalry officers were on better terms with each other than the infantry officers. If two cavalry officers spoke together the conversation was carried on by means of the second pronoun singular, *thou* (or *Du*), but if a cavalry officer conversed with an infantry officer he generally employed the third person plural, *they* (or *Sie*), which is an element of politeness serving to establish a certain distance between two parties who talk to each other. It was also angular to observe the difference of deportment in the Hungarians and the Austrians. The former are a much finer race than the others, and from their being brought up with a high idea of their constitutional privileges (which are certainly very great), they walk about as if they were masters of the Creation.

We staid only one night at Vienna, where my boy took advantage of the military privilege of going to the Opera in uniform for the small sum of six Kreuzers—equal to about twopence half penny of English money. On the next day we started for Hungary by the steamboat. But our embarkation was most inconvenient. Opposite to Vienna the Danube is intersected by many islands and over one of them at least eight or nine hundred yards broad we had to march on planks (for the weather was very bad) almost as slippery with the rain as if they had been soaped. However, we got on board at last and went to Presburg. Seven or eight years ago this was one of the cheapest towns in Europe, but now, owing to the sittings of the Diet being established there and to the steam navigation on the Danube, the price of everything has been tripled. It rained so that we could not stir out, and the next morning we went on to Pesth. There were several persons of great distinction on board the boat, but they were all dressed in their very worst clothes so that we did not find them out at first. I had the honor of sitting for some time next to a Princess Esterhazy without being aware that she was any better than a shopkeeper's wife. However, say what one will about the barbarism of the country, no one who has travelled in it can hesitate to admit that the

higher classes of the Aristocracy there are a fine noble set of people, preserving to themselves great originality of character and much of that frankness and hospitality which distinguished the nobility of the Middle Ages. At the commencement of the evening when we were approaching Pesth, I lost sight of my son, and on looking after him I found him in conversation with an old man in a shocking bad hat, who came up to me and said that he had learnt that Robert was going to join his regiment at Debreczin, and as he himself was going there he should be only too happy to give my son half his carriage. I hesitated to accept the offer until it was again pressed so frankly that I could not refrain from answering in the affirmative. He then gave me his address and we separated. As soon as he was gone, I asked my son how he came to pick acquaintance with his new friend. "Why," said he, "I was standing on the deck looking at some young men rowing a boat. They were so handsome and clean-grown that I could not help saying 'Well, I'll be hanged if the Hungarians are not a fine race of people.' As I spoke the words I turned round and found at my elbow the old man whom you saw, who immediately entered into conversation with me, enquired where my regiment was, and having heard that I belonged to the Fourth Uhlans, said that they were quartered in his neighbourhood, and not only offered me a seat in his carriage, but gave me a very warm invitation to come and see him." As soon as we landed and had established ourselves in our hotel, I took the old man's card to our landlord and asked who he was. He turned out to be a personage of very great importance, holding the office of *Obergespan* (equivalent to that of High Sheriff with us) in the County of Zathmar. The next morning he came to call on us in a coach and four, but so much improved in dress that I hardly knew him again. We found him extremely agreeable and interesting. He was a Baron Vassend, one of the old school, well-educated and speaking not only French, German and Hungarian, but Serbian, Wallachian, Croat and three or four other languages which are spoken in back settlements of his country. He gave me a great deal of information about the government and political state of Hungary, and by his account the Austrians are playing a deep game for the purpose of destroying its constitution. My son set off with him the next day and arrived safely at his destination on the third day afterwards. I stood behind for a day or two and employed it in seeing the lions of the place.

Pesth is an extensive, newly-built, city, standing right opposite to the old fortress of Buda (or Ofen, as it is now called), which was made the capital of the country and a city of great importance. It is now, however, only interesting in regard [to] the historical events connected with it. A half ruined octagon church tower of the 13th century was the only vestige that I could discover there of Gothic architecture, unless indeed it be a part of the town wall, which from its massiveness and rudeness I should suppose to be very ancient. The construction of it was singular in one respect, namely, that all the counterforts were built outwards. I observed that the wall of Gran (another old city on the Danube) was built in the same way, and I think I remember seeing (but I don't know where) a drawing of some city in the East where the walls were constructed after a similar fashion. Nothing shows the complete ruin inflicted on Hungary by the Turks in their different invasions more

than the absence of ancient buildings. The only entire building which I met with there which had any claim to antiquity was a church at Presburg, and that did not go back further than the year 1406. In Pesth everything is modern, and although built on a grand scale, solidity has been too little attended to. This was proved by the late inundation, which swept away many of the largest houses. It appears to me to have been a great act of folly to have built a city on the spot at all, for the water rose (during the event to which I have adverted) more than ten feet above the level of the streets, and although such a visitation as this may not happen more than once in fifty years, yet others only inferior in degree will certainly happen much oftener and do a great deal of harm. On the day of our arrival there arrived also an English engineer of the name of Clarke, who is going to throw a suspension-bridge across the Danube. If he succeeds he will make his fortune.

I left Pesth some days after my son, and in leaving it I seemed to have left European civilization behind me. The thing called a diligence in which I was obliged to travel was nothing more than just such a waggon as I suppose the Scythians might have used in the time of Alexander the Great. We got on, however, pretty well, with six small horses, run ones to look at, but good ones to go, and this you will believe me when I tell you that with such horses we more than once travelled a stage equal to a good thirty English miles without stopping.

The common horses of the country are all small, scarcely larger than ponies, but they are tough and full of courage, and capable of tiring down finer-looking animals. From Pesth to Gaddala, a distance of about twenty miles, the road was tolerable, but shortly afterwards we came out on a heath where there was no road at all, or rather where there were fifty or sixty made, *ad libitum*, by the carriages of different travellers. Here one travels by directing one's course according to landmarks: the country in this spot, is as flat as a millpond. There is one level stretch of ground out to the very verge of the horizon. I saw the sun rise on the horizon of these plains: the effect was just such as it is out at sea. All this is novel to a stranger who will be interested by finding here, not only a new character in the country, but a climate, vegetation, men, beasts, fowls and fishes all differing from those of his own country. On the second day of our journey, after crossing the river Thais (Theiss), we entered one of these plains (or Wustas, as they are called in Hungarian) where there were a great quantity of barrows like those on the Wiltshire downs, some large and some small, extending irregularly over an immense space. We travelled over this plain from 10 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening, without meeting with a tree or a house except two farms built for the express purpose of enabling people to change horses. In the distance were immense droves of cattle, swine and horses, apparently wild, and nearer to us a great variety of birds such as I have never seen before. They were small birds in comparison to our English heron and not at all like it. Here too were many black storks and other birds which one reads of as belonging to the East. Here also I saw for the first time the mirage of the desert. No illusion can be more perfect. I could have sworn that it was a lake until I came near to it. At length we arrived at Debreczin, where my son's regiment was quartered for the purpose of manoeuvring. This is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, with all

the characteristics of a village. Long streets with one-story-high houses with gardens are everywhere to be seen. Five or six churches and a university built with funds which were inadequate to complete them show a scarcely successful attempt on the part of the government to give the features of a city to that which would else pass for a great struggling collection of houses. And yet the inhabitants are rich and said to carry on an extensive inland commerce. They are, for the most part, Calvinistic Protestants of a most bigoted character, thinking it sinful to go into society for the purposes of amusement, and, of course, still more sinful to enter a Tavern. The consequence of this is that there is no good inn to be found there. I put up at the best, and bad enough it was. Fleas so numerous and powerful that I was obliged to sleep in my clothes on the sofa, and bugs almost as big as kidney-beans. One great disadvantage affecting the place is that there is no stone in the neighbourhood, not even gravel. The soil is a light earth, full of saltpetre, which, under the influence of a hot sun falls abroad into a fine impalpable dust which the least wind scatters about in clouds. It rained hard all of one night while I was there and the next morning there was on the puddles in the road a perfect scum of saltpetre. This is in point of fact a part of the country from which that material is obtained in great abundance.

On the day after my arrival I rejoined my son, paid my respects to his Colonel and the General of Inspection and proceeded to equip him. One thing which struck me much was the dearth of horses here in a country which I had been taught to believe abounded with them, but this is not so. The small cart-horses are plenty enough, but I was obliged to pay £50 a piece (which in this country is equal to £150 a piece) for the two horses with which my son was obliged to furnish himself. He is in a very fine regiment, one of the best in the Austrian service. The men are nearly all Poles drawn out of Galicia. The officers are of all nations. There are amongst them seven Hungarians, five Poles, three Spaniards, one Swiss, two French Carlists, an Englishman, a Croat and a Turk, besides Bohemians, Germans and Italians, so that one may learn all languages there. However, they are a superb corps, 1800 strong, the common men being the best horsemen I have ever seen, using their lances with great dexterity. Amongst other things they manage (when at full speed) to dart them by an impulse of the foot 30 or 40 yards with great force and precision, picking them up again as they go by. But however well this may set forth their bodily ability as light cavalry, there can be no doubt that their minds are as uncultivated as they well can be. Take an example. My boy had a servant assigned to him who is really an intelligent fellow, and on his first appearance the following dialogue took place between him and his master. Q "What's your name?" A "Polaski." "What's your country?" "Poland." "North or South?" "I don't know." "Where is the village in which you were born?" "I can't tell you, but if I were at Lemberg I could find my way there." "Have you a father and mother?" "I don't know, I had both six years ago, but as they were old perhaps they are dead—I had two sisters also, probably they are living." "Can you read and write?" "No." Another mark of barbarism is the punishment of flagellation which takes place for every slight breach of duty. At a certain review one day there was a man who had his accoutrements dirty. He was ordered to the rear, a bundle of hazel sticks were

then brought and two were chosen just thick enough to enter the muzzle of a carbine. These were given to two Corporals who laid the man across a bench, and gave him, *par derrière*, twenty-five as good blows as one would wish to see inflicted. I took it for granted that the fellow would be ill for a week. But, much to my astonishment, he got up at the conclusion of his punishment, shook his feathers, mounted his horse and rode back into the line as if nothing had happened. When I expressed my surprise to an officer he replied "Oh! those fellows don't mind it. In their infancy they are thrashed by their parents, as boys they are thrashed by their agricultural masters, as young men they are thrashed by their village magistrates, and when they come here, if they were not to be thrashed they would think that they had lost one of the elements of their nationality."

My son was very well received on entering the regiment. He found there two or three of his Engineer Academy comrades and a great many officers who had been educated at that school, so that there was the usual good disposition towards him which is created by such an event. The herald's certificate which I took with me relative to the descent from Edward I was very useful. On the strength of it he has been registered amongst and allowed the privileges of the Austrian aristocracy, and when he left Debreczn for Grosswardein (where the Staff of the regiment is quartered) he was introduced by the Colonel to the celebrated miracle-working Prince Hohenlobe, who received him with much courtesy. This Prince created at one time much sensation, and seemed disposed to lend his influence to the Priesthood in regaining for it some abrogated privileges, when he suddenly received from the Emperor a nomination to the Bishopric of Grosswardein with a *peremptory* command to do no more miracles. Thus is how Catholic priests are treated under an absolute government and by an 'Apostolical' monarch. Since then, he (the Prince) has lived in quiet magnificence, giving dinners and balls (my boy led off one of them) and spending his large income with great liberality. By the way, the incomes of the Hungarian Catholic clergy are most enormous. Our Prelates are poor devils compared with them. Fancy the Primate of Hungary having £100,000 sterling a year and the Archbishop of Erlau £60,000 sterling a year in a country where money is worth three times as much as in England. Another thing worthy of remark is the great and ever undisguised contempt with which the military officers speak of the Clergy all over Austria. I said to some of them who were running down the priesthood "If your Clergy are so false and stupid and preach such nonsense as you pretend, why don't you turn Protestant?" The answer which I received was this "Oh that would be like running away from our standards. No! there can be no doubt that your form of religion is the most reasonable one, but we won't change ours for all that, because we can believe as much of it as is constant with common sense and reject the rest!"

After I left my son he went to the Staff of the regiment and staid there till December, when he was sent to a cantonment (Nagy-Ménfő) at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. In his last letter he says that he often finds the track of wolves at his stabledoor, so one may suppose that the country is pretty wild. These creatures descend into the villages (when the snow is on the ground) during the night, and if

they can find an open or badly fastened cattle-shed, all within it becomes their prey. All this is fine fun for the young men, who get up wolf-hunts by moonlight and often shoot these animals as well as bears.

I am afraid that I have almost tired your patience, so I will endeavor to bring my letter to a close. I have written two new Madrigals, which I will send over by an opportunity which will occur in April, as well as a collection of Psalms and Chants for yourself. I have chosen them out of tunes most in vogue amongst the Reformers. My motive in making this collection arose out of the fact of there being an absolute want of such a thing in our Church. At Baden and at Mannheim Psalm Books were sent for to England, with the intent of rendering them auxiliary to Divine Service at the former places. Two books came back, very handsomely bound and printed under the direction of London organists, professing to be the tunes most in use in the churches and fashionable chapels of the Metropolis. But the manner in which they were got up both as to taste and art was utterly disgraceful. When I send you my collection I shall perhaps ask you to help me with the words, and if we can find an Editor perhaps we may bring it out together. I will explain the thing further to you when I send the MS. What has been the fate of my paper on the German Trial by Battle? From what you said in one of your letters I am almost tempted to fear that it has not given satisfaction. I shall have another soon ready on the Town Hall at Ratisbon. And now let me express a hope that Mrs. Ellacombe and your dear girls are all well. I have thought of you often, both in cheerfulness and sorrow, since we last parted, for I have had much to afflict me. Away from one's country as I am, it is always consoling to live in the memory of one's friends.

Believe me, most sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

P. S.—You say you have a note for me from one Trollope. It is from Mrs. Trollope the Authoress. Save it as I should be glad of her autograph. I dare say that shortly I can point out the means of communicating it to me. By the bye if in the note you write to Baron de Palm you would ask him to send you his address you might send me the letter from Mrs. T. by him together with the letter by Cobbett on Music.

The Prince Hohenlohe referred in the above letter was Prince Alexander Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingfürst (1794–1849), whose 'miracles' consisted in healing by prayer. They created a great stir about 1821 till he was forbidden by Pius VII to continue the practise. Pearsall is not correct in saying that at this date (1840) he was Bishop of Grosswardein, nor that the command to do no more miracles came from the Emperor. In 1840 he was Generalvicar of Grosswardein: he succeeded to the see in 1844. The 'paper on the German Trial by Battle' was communicated to the Societies of Antiquaries on 20 February, 1840: it is printed in Vol. XXIX of 'Archæologia' as 'Some Observations on Judicial Duels in Germany.'

VII

CARLSRUHE, GRAND DUCHY OF BADEN.
Friday, 11 Dec. 1840.

My dear Ellacombe:

Thank you for your kind letter. Let me answer it by referring in the first place to those which have arrived for me at Bitton. I have had so much ill luck lately that I almost fear to open any letter that comes to me, lest it should be the harbinger of misfortune. Be so good however as to open them. If there be any amongst them which require an answer either as regards business or civility I will ask you to do me the kindness of writing a few words in reply just to state that I was not in England when they arrived; and that I was obliged to start before I expected.

I have told Jane in a short letter which I have written to her that I hoped to have sent, in my present packet, a translation of a very popular German story. I meant it to be offered to one of the periodicals and to give what could be got for it towards the new church at Jeffries Hill. At a future period I shall certainly send it, therefore think in the meantime of a good way of approaching a likely editor. I am much obliged to Henry for the information he gives me relative to the Statutes of the University, give him in return my thanks and kindest remembrances. As I understand the extracts which have been sent me, it seems as if a set of Statutes had been prepared by the Archbishop of Cant. under the patronage and with the encouragement of Car. II. These were probably made previously to the year 1676, when Logan published his book. But where are they? The present published Statutes are, I think, more modern; first, because they do not agree with Logan's book inasmuch as they give no dress to the *Equitas*, and secondly because that part of them which Henry extracted for my use was couched in more inconclusive and ambiguous terms than the Oxford logicians of 17th century were accustomed to employ in any solemn act. The present statutes were certainly made by no lawyer either civil or common. It is said of the Statute of Frauds that you may drive a coach of six through it, so badly constructed are its provisions. [End missing.]

The 'Henry' of the above letter is Henry Nicholson, the son of the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe. After taking orders he succeeded his father as Vicar of Bitton and became a Canon of Bristol: he died in 1915. 'Logan's book' is the '*Analogia Honorum*' of Captain John Logan, published in 1679 (not 1676, as Pearsall states).

VIII

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 30 Sept. 1841.

My dear Ellacombe:

I owe an abundance of thanks to Mrs. Ellacombe and yourself and to Jane also, for the letters which you have written to me; for they are amongst the few which give me pleasure to read. In compliance with your request I have written the letter on the other side and have separated it from this under an idea that owing to some rule of the Society

It might be requisite to send such a letter there with the paper to which it relates. It is a curious thing that there should be in the Cathedral of Armagh any arms similar to those in question, because the system of quartering sixteen bearings did not come into vogue till about the Middle of the 15th century, and at that time Ireland must have been very barbarous and hardly much accustomed to study the regulations of continental heraldry even at a much later time. - I like Jane's design for the altar-cloth. It will be very handsome if the colors are happily managed. She must not go to work on it till she has made a large rough drawing, with such an arrangement of color as she means to use. She will be thus the better able to judge of the effect of the thing. I doubt myself whether blue will go well on a black ground. In Heraldry it is a bad juxtaposition, both colors being sombre and therefore incapable of such a contrast as may be seen at a distance. Scarlet and black is better, but I do not like the scarlet cross in the centre. The form is unusual and not elegant. St. George's cross . . . as a centre point, would be better, or still better would be one of those old Gothic crosses such as are to be found on roofs of churches or on the gravestones of Ecclesiastics in the 14th century (there is one I think on the tomb of Emmote de Hastings), but best of all in my humble opinion would be the Lamb and banner wrought in the centre. I don't think I would have anything in the corners. The simpler these things are the better, unless one can hit on anything apropos. I thought of putting the arms of Gloucester, Salisbury, Button and Newton into the corners—the two first with mitres over them should be in the upper corners, the two last in the lower ones and reversed, to show the extinction of the races, thus [a sketch] but I am very doubtful whether they will look well. If the Lamb is put into the middle it should be made larger and more important than the arms, which are but accessories. If you have a cross for a centre point, silver (or black) will be better than red, only silver tarnishes so soon. But why not have the cross in gold? Especially since the outward border is to be gold. Consult Mr Barker on this matter—he has more knowledge on these subjects than all of us put together—Dodridge on Nobility is a book which I have been looking after for the last 4 or 5 years. I should like much to see it—even to republish it, with a commentary. If you do not particularly want it, I should be very glad to have it, but I know no means at present of getting it over here. If any friend of yours were coming over to Paris or anywhere else on this side of the water it might be sent to me by the Mail-post. If you know anyone in London who is acquainted with the Rothschilds, they could (and I daresay would) convey it to their house at Frankfurt, from whence it might be sent on to me. If you don't like to part with it, I will beg you to lend it to me. I much want to see it.

Now that I am on this subject let me ask you, leisure permitting, to give a look into the State Trials and see when it first became the practice to address a petty jury as "*Gentlemen of the Jury*." I think an enquiry into the origin and progress of this style of title would be interesting. I am inclined to think that gentlemen were formerly tried by Juries of Gentlemen, and that for the purpose of ensuring their condemnation in trials for treason and political offenders during the Protectorate, common juries, who might be more effectively threatened, were substituted for the others. Sir P. Drake was tried by a jury of Gentlemen, so were several

others about his time, and I cannot think that the term 'Gentlemen' could have been formerly applied to such fellows as often compose the petty jury at Quarter Sessions and who must have been even more rude and ignorant a hundred years ago. Perhaps Henry if he has time will look up this point for me. I know no other source of information than the State Trials.

Have you seen Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood? What is thought of it? The *United Service Gazette* quotes the introductory chapter at some length, which is bristful of ignorance and error and of sycophancy into the bargain. I have made up my mind to the fact that the King has no exclusive right of conferring Knighthood, except in favor of such as are not gentlemen, but I can prove both by law and circumstance that all Knights have (as incidental to their dignity) the indefeasible right of communicating it to anyone who is a gentleman born, and this right was acted on throughout the German Empire up to the time of the French Revolution. I have collected some amusing facts on this subject. I have also been noting some curious particulars relative to the terms on which William the Conqueror was accompanied and assisted by his followers, which show clearly that the greater part of them were not his subjects and that they exercised regal jurisdiction over their estates for some years after their settlement in England, and I am sure that the basis of our Constitution is rather to be sought for in the original contract between William and his independent condutors than even in *Magna Charta* itself. But what a scene of iniquitous encroachment both on the part of suzerain and vassal!

Try to get me subscribers for the costumes—I will inform myself about the price in England and communicate it to you. I like the plan of the Motet Society and shall subscribe, but I am afraid that there is no one amongst them who understands enough about the sea which they are navigating to be able to take the helm. Many of the authors which they intend to bring forward did little honor to the art which, before the time of Dr. Tye, was woefully in the background in comparison with the music which was produced in Flanders, Italy and Germany. Tallis seems to have brought the English School, *per saltum*, to a level with those of the Continent. All who preceded him and Tye were but rude workmen.

I should like to have a copy of the Dennis pedigree. Is not there one in Burke's *Commoners*? By the bye, what an ignorant wretch he is! I have been reading his *Extinct Peerages*, which would be a very interesting work were not one disgusted with his subserviency to the powers that be, to say nothing of his freedom from all knowledge of law and legal consequences. The fellow has written the book, not with a wish to speak the truth, but with a desire of making it saleable by flattering all parties, Kings, Lords and Commons, consistently with the prejudices of the time.

. . . Adieu and believe me ever, Yours affectionately,

R. L. P.

P. S. . . I wish you would enquire whether Glanvil (an old law book written in Latin—also translated) is to be had. If it is not very dear I should be thankful if you could pick me up a copy—also of *Bruton*—a law-writer of less ancient date. I should like the translation because I can read it faster, and if that is not to be had then the original will do.

[Annexed to the foregoing:]

CARLSRUHE, 30th Sept. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

When you read the Paper on the *Arms of Our Saviour*, be so good as to send it to Sir H. Ellis for the Royal Society of Antiquaries. In one of my former letters I requested you to ask in my name for the usual number of copies of the Article on *Duels in Germany*. When it comes out, do not forget to mention my desire in the proper quarter.

My compliments to Sir H. Ellis when you see him, and believe me ever,

Sincerely yours,

R. L. PEARSALL.

'Dodridge on Nobility' is evidently Sir John Doddridge's 'Honor's Pedigree'; published at London in 1652.

'Sir Harris Nicholas's book on Knighthood,' which Pearsall censures so severely, is the "History of the Orders of Knighthood," published in 1841-2. 'The costumes', for which Mr. Ellacombe is asked to get subscribers, is Hefner-Alteneck's "Trachten des Christlichen Mittelalters" which appeared from 1840 to 1854. The 'Motet Society' was founded in 1841, chiefly owing to William Dyce, R. A. Its object was to print ancient church music adapted to English words and the musical editing was done by Dr. Rimbault. Three parts appeared, after which the publication stopped. The work is not of much value and its accuracy is quite unreliable. In the postscript, reference is made to the law-books of Glanvil and Britton. The first is the "Tractatus de Legibus" of Ranulphus de Glanvilla, the earliest edition of which is ascribed to 1555. Britton on the Laws of England appeared in 1540. The Paper 'On the Arms of Our Saviour' which Pearsall offered to the Society of Antiquaries, had a rather curious history. It was not accepted by the Society and seems to have been sent to the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* where it remained until 1860, in the December number of which year it was printed as 'Coat Armour ascribed to Our Saviour', but without the author's name, which appears to have been lost or mislaid. The identification of the article with Pearsall's paper has only been made recently.

IX

CARLSRUHE, 14 Nov. 1841.

Dear Ellacombe:

My memory is so bad that I cannot remember whether I communicated to you in my last letter a scrap of information which I picked up the other day; therefore, I will run the risque of telling it to you twice again. But first I must call to your recollection an old square vane which formerly belonged to Barr's Court and afterwards stood on Minsbury Farm where it now is deposited. I am almost sure that you

have seen it, but if not, I may describe it by saying that it is of iron, almost two feet square, and made so as to represent, as on a banner, the crest of the Newton family, once very superbly gilt. Well! I was reading some weeks ago St. Pelaye's *Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, and I met (at p. 308, pt. iv., vol. I) with the following passage: "*Les créneaux et les tours qui servaient à la défense des châteaux, en marquant aussi la noblesse, mais les gentilshommes seuls avaient le privilège de parer des girouettes le faite de leurs maisons*" (which means, I suppose, that a man who was noble without being a gentleman born was not allowed to stick up a weathercock on his house-top). "*La forme de ces signaux indiquant les divers grades de ceux à qui les maisons appartenant figurés en manière de pennons, ils désignaient les Chevaliers, taillés en bannières, ils désignaient les Bannerets*." Now the ancient Banneret was a Seigneur paramount who had manors and enough to enable him to bring into the field a certain number of men-at-arms. The number does not seem to be well agreed on, but some authors rate it at fifty. Whoever could ride with the proper number (whatever it might be) at his back, had a right to display a square banner, whereas, if he numbered less than that number he could only carry a pennon [sketch] on his lance. That the distinction existed in England is very clear from a story which Froissart tells of John of Chandos, who having, on the eve of a battle, received news that he had inherited a great estate, cut off the pointed ends of his pennon and made it into a (square) banner. Now I think that all this tends to prove that the Newtons were Bannerets. Certainly they were powerful enough, if all be true that is related of their possessions and house-keeping. So that perhaps you may like to note the above-quoted passage as germane to the fact of their having a banner-shaped weathercock on their mansion-house.

On the other side I have written a letter, such as you desire, about the paper for the Society of Antiquaries. As I have already mentioned to Sir H. Ellis my intention to send the paper, I will beg you to write him a few lines explanatory of its having remained so long in your hands, because I begged him to mention the subject of it to Mr. Hallam, in order that he might be induced to alter a passage in his work on the Middle Ages, which gives a very false idea of the ancient English gentry. Thank you for the Denny's pedigree. If you will turn to p. 811 of your Rudder's History of Gloucestershire you can carry it on a descent further. Rudder gives two monumental inscriptions by which it appears that John Denny (aged 16 in 1023) married Maria, daughter and co-heir of Nathaniel Still of Hutton, eldest son of the Bishop and had by her four children, Henry, John, William and Margaret, and that William married the daughter and heiress of Sir John Cotton, Co. Huntingdon, Bart. Note also that Cecily Denny married William Guise of Elmore, not William Georges of Elmore, as stated in the pedigree. (I know this by the Guise pedigree which Mr. Pulman sent me.) The William Denny who married Miss Cotton had a son who died an infant and two daughters, and I think that one of these was the Mrs. Mary Butler who sold the house at Pucklechurch to Woolenough.

Thank you also for the notice of the Motet Society. I think that I ought to belong to it and will thank you to get my name put down. Perhaps you would have the kindness to write in my name to the Rev

G. S. Woodgate and ask him whether the Committee wish to publish any particular works of continental composers, because I have access to the Imperial Library at Vienna and to the Library at Munich, as well as to those of Mr de Kiesewetter and the Rev Mr Hauber (Chaplain to the King of Bavaria), and thus I have the means of getting copies of any of the MSS. there deposited at a much smaller expense than they could be had if the application came directly from England, and I should be very happy to give them the benefit of any credit which I may have in those quarters, provided they want anything which may be difficult to be had elsewhere. Be so good also as to mention to the Secretary that for the last two years I have busied myself with a collection of ancient Psalms and Chants, which I intend to publish as soon as I have traced of all of them to their source—and beg him on my part to request the Committee not to publish in the meantime anything of the same kind so as to forestall my book, because it will contain much that has cost me both labor and travel to collect. You may tell him that I am a composer better known on the Continent than in England, where I am nevertheless known to Mr Edward Taylor and some others. Say also that I should like to address some observations on ancient music to the Committee and ask whether I can do so through him, the Secretary. Put down my name 'R. L. Pearsall of Willsbridge'. I keep up this designation to distinguish myself from a singer of my name who has been making a noise in the world. If you notice my Maltese addition, it must be thus: 'J. O. Eq.' Find out if you can whether the Secretary knows anything about music, so that you may be able to tell me a little about him. On looking once more at the advertisement I see that the subscription-list is to close on the first of this month, but perhaps as I am out of England the Committee will make an exception in my favor.

I am glad to hear that Henry occupies himself with drawing. Perhaps the Camera lucida is improved since my time, but it used to be a very fatiguing means of effecting its object; it strained the sight so. But yet I believe that it is good for getting in accurately the points of perspective. I should be very much obliged to him for anything that he may be able to dig up for me at Oxford. My own son is still in Hungary and expects every day his promotion to First Lieutenant. He is at present at a place called Matytarogazagam. I can't find it on the map, so I suppose it must be some obscure village, of which there are plenty in that country. . . .

I am very much obliged to you for letting me have Dodridge. I have never heard of Brydal's book, but I have no doubt that it is in harmony with the others. I should like to have a look at it. I have just received some numbers of the book on costume. You will like them much. I shall contrive to send you some of them by the Yates', who will return to England in January next. I am glad the dear girls are getting about a little. It will be variety for them, and one always gets more or less rusty by staying long at home. They will see the world a little and will, I have no doubt, profit by what they see.

What a calamity at the tower! Bad as it was, it is well that it was so worse.

I expect to have another paper ready for the Antiquaries soon. I will send it to you direct, since there seems to be some advantage or

hats with brims cut like this¹ which, when turned up assume this form:— the four labels being fastened together on the top of their head with a great button. I hope one of these days to be able to send a paper to the Antiquaries on this subject. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that I have given Hallam a "dig in the snout," as one of our Kingwood people would say. He deserves it for his attempt to debase the Gentry, and I am afraid that he did this from a political motive. I don't care about my paper being read. It has excited attention: that's sufficient. I will write to Sir H. Ellis and tell him so.




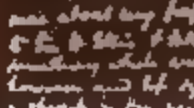



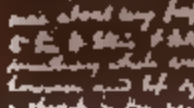



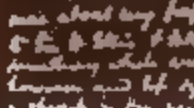



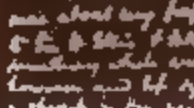



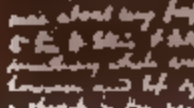



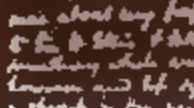



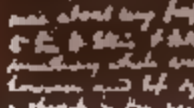



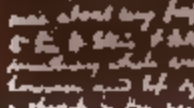



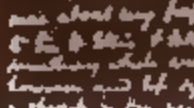



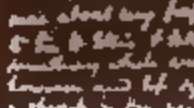



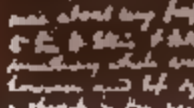



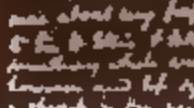



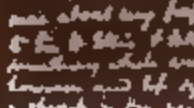



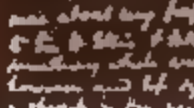



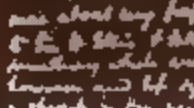



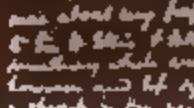



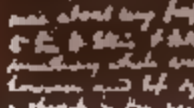



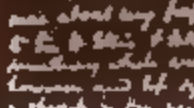



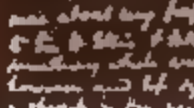



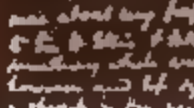



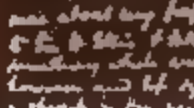



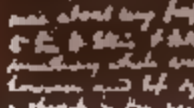



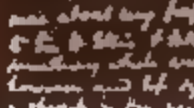



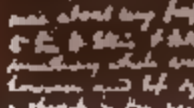



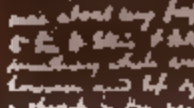



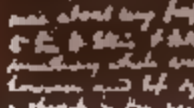



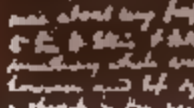



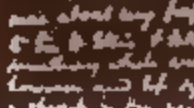



Thank you for the tracing from Elgin Cathedral. It is evidently something which arises out of a desire to associate temporal honors with Our Saviour, more rude however and less systematic than the German design. There is, I am informed, in a church in the neighbourhood of Fribourg in the Breisgau, an *ex voto* painting which was presented in 1400 and in which, according to custom, the donor is represented kneeling with his scutcheon. I think it was given by one of the Dalberg family, who claim descent from the Virgin Mary, but the oddity of this picture is that the Virgin is there represented at the foot of the cross with a label coming out of her mouth pointing towards the kneeling figure, whereon is written, "*Comment se porte mon beau cousin?*" I wonder that historians have never sought after facts such as these to show the state in which the Catholic religion was at the time when Luther arrived, for they can neither be contradicted nor explained away and are evidence of its corruption such as must carry conviction even to persons of the meanest capacity.

Thank you for the Button pedigree. One can now trace the descent of Barr's Court properly down to Whittuck. So the house in which John Whittuck was to live was the original Bitton Manor-house. How did it become ecclesiastical property? By grant *pro salute animarum*? If [so] didn't it at one time belong to Lacock Abbey? I thought so! Query. Is Bitton and Bestune or Bethune the same name? There were some of the family of the Seigneurs of Bethune in France who came over with the Conqueror: one of them was Bishop of Hereford: his monument is in the Cathedral there. It was not only the case that the Normans took new names from their newly acquired estates, but sometimes they gave the old names to the estate they acquired, so that the name of Bitton may have been conferred on the manor in consequence of its having been given to a Bethune by William I. . . .

We are here (that is to say all the ladies) most zealously occupied in preparing for the marriage of the Princess Alexandrine of Baden, which is to take place on the 3rd of May, with the Prince Ernest of Coburg—brother to our blessed bargain, Prince Albert. I am to be introduced to his princely and particularly blackguardly Papa next Monday. Great honor for the like of me! We are to have grand fêtes 'twill cost me a matter of thirty pounds in ladies' dresses. Wish 'em all at I know where.

I have just promised to join a party in an excursion to Maulbronn in Wurtemberg, the scene of Dr Faustus's magical studies and death. They say that there is the remains of a very extensive ecclesiastical building—convent, church and so forth, and that it is rich in architectural

¹For illustrations see the facsimile on opposite page.—Ed.

of Clarke looks on Faithfulness. The subject is not at all uninteresting. Nicholas who has written lately on this subject, has in many instances fallen into great error, and indeed all authors especially those of modern times have written with a spirit of exclusiveness to the views which he, naturally, entertains the truth. Since I have taken up the subject of letters of honor nothing has happened as much as the knowledge with which Quakers and authors of all kinds have shown the usage of having the ⁷/₈ less understood to disagree he writes for the purpose of getting the average's prerogative. I have been in correspondence lately with Mr. Palmer, relative to the subject of an English gentleman, called at London, and have been enough to assure me that there is a most ingenious system of quackery going on at the house of college. I do not see why all these tricks ought not to be published. I would fear issuing a fellow from having his hands made, he means of satisfying his pocket. I am glad that you think our eyes about the head bones in the skull bones. - They are the two bones in the cranium's even less than a single one, in the skull bones, we think at first a lot more so.     This                                                                                                               

antiquity. If this be true I will send you a particular account of the same. Tell dear Jane that I am expecting to hear from her on the subject of her altar-cloth. In the meantime remember me most kindly to all my old friends at Bitton—Barkers, Mantels and all that remember me, and above all to your own circle. I live in the hope that you and Mrs. Ellacombe and all of you are quite well, which I presume to be the case since you say nothing to the contrary, and in the hope also of telling you personally once more at some future time how very affectionately and sincerely

I am, yours,
R. L. P.

The 'English Gentleman settled at Baden', to whose pedigree allusion is made, can be identified from the draft of another letter (not printed in these articles) as a Mr. Master. The marriage of Princess Alexandrine of Baden to Prince Ernest (afterward the Grand Duke Ernest II) of Saxe Coburg (1818–1893) took place on May 3, 1842.

In 1842 the Supplement to Schilling's "Encyclopädie der gesammten Musikalischen Wissenschaften" appeared at Stuttgart. It contains the account of Pearsall to which he referred in one of his earlier letters. The list of his compositions is interesting. From it we learn that 'In dulci Jubilo' had already been published by D'Almaine and Co. and that he had written a one-act opera 'Der Grenadier', which seems to have disappeared completely. A Symphony, many Overtures, Quintetts and Quartetts are said to be in MS.: several of these are preserved at Einsiedeln.

XI

CARLSRUHE, GERMANY, 27 July, 1842.

My dear Ellacombe.

Many thanks for your last letter, which arrived the day before yesterday. . . .

Unhappy Othello! Where will he find a compassionate editor! Who governs the *Monthly Magazine*? I think I have occasionally read such things in that. Perhaps *there* he might be welcome. Odd enough! we all thought the story interesting here, and you appear to have entertained a similar opinion.

I don't care a fig about the Motet Society, therefore do not make any more representations to them. I am satisfied with the Editor's letter. Their conduct towards me is peculiarly English and peculiarly characteristic of all Corporations. The Editor seems to be a New College man: I should like to know him. If you are on sufficient terms of acquaintance, offer him my compliments and thanks for his letter and good opinion of me. I see by the papers that they are bringing before Parliament the subject of Singing Schools. But there is a much more important sort of school wanted in England, i.e. a school where one may

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THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY

VOL. V

JULY, 1919

NO. 3

HUBERT PARRY

By J. A. FULLER-MATTLAND

THE great man whose ashes were placed in St. Paul's Cathedral on Oct. 16, 1918, was so typical an Englishman that the sense of public bereavement shown on that occasion was all the more wonderful since the English reluctance to believe in any important musical achievement by a countryman has not yet been overcome, although the war has already done much to encourage a more reasonable attitude towards national music.

In birth, breeding, education, and musical training, Charles Hubert Hastings Parry was an example of the best that England can produce. The surroundings of a "county family" in the depth of the English country are so often sneered at by 'superior' people that it may be worth while to point out that the intellectual squalor and general indifference to matters of art, so much insisted on by popular novelists, is not always true to nature. The composer's father, Thomas Gambier Parry, owner of Highnam Court, Gloucester, was not merely an eminent collector of works of early Italian art at a date when very few people had the taste to choose what was best, but was himself a painter and designer of no small skill, and the inventor of a process of "Spirit fresco" which he used in his private chapel at Highnam as well as in Ely Cathedral. In the other arts, as in literature, the home atmosphere was most congenial to the soul's growth. Born, Feb. 27, 1848, at Bournemouth, the future composer was at a preparatory school when he came under the musical influence of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, and by the time he entered Eton his musical powers were already active. The taking of the degree of Bachelor of Music by an Eton boy is not a usual event, and many of us would have

given much to hear his exercise performed at the school, or to have been present when Parry sang the part of "Elijah" at a performance conducted by Sir J. F. Bridge.

It is to the lasting honour of the famous "Festival of the Three Choirs" that its committees are apt to recognize the claims of local composers; and it was when Parry was only twenty years of age that his "Intermezzo religioso" for strings was performed at the Gloucester Festival. After his Oxford career at Exeter College, where studies and sports occupied the first place in his activities, the career of a business man was tried for three years, but happily music was too strong, and by this time, he had a certain amount of musical training from Sterndale Bennett, G. A. Macfarren, and H. H. Pierson, with the last of whom he studied at Stuttgart, after that composer had expatriated himself and adopted a German way of spelling his English name. But these influences were very slight on Parry, compared with that of Edward Dannreuther, whose intimate friendship was of the greatest benefit to Parry through many years of residence in London. It was owing to Dannreuther that Parry could have the opportunity of hearing performances of numerous works of chamber music, and many amateurs must remember the studio in Orme Square (consecrated to music by the fact that Wagner read the libretto of *Parsifal* before the music was composed, to a party of admirers in that room in 1877) and the impression created by the strikingly new note in the compositions, the recollection of which is inseparably connected with the look of the walls streaming with moisture like some subaqueous cave resonant with strange harmony. Not that the sounds were always beautiful, for Parry must needs fight his way to free expression by slow degrees in these higher forms of composition; but the hearer felt that he was in the presence of something big that might be trusted to develop in unexpected directions. It seemed that a harsh fate waited upon the concerts, for the MSS. were generally taken home by the composer, and very often lost. The programmes remained for years as the only evidence that the works had ever existed, and when complaint was publicly made that they had disappeared, diligent search in the composer's house revealed that several were still in existence, so that they are now accessible, though it is almost certain that they have undergone revision since the first performance.

A private concert at the house of the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour introduced some of these and some other compositions (not now to be identified) to a larger circle of music-lovers than the

audience at Dannreuther's house; in 1880 Dannreuther played a piano concerto at the Crystal Palace, and, more important still, the "Scenes from Shelley's Prometheus Unbound" were given at the Gloucester Festival in the autumn of that year. It was typical of the state of music in England at that date that this work should have been a failure almost unqualified. The critics, soaked in the Mendelssohn tradition, had hardly recovered from the upsetting effect of the Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall in 1877, and saw Wagner's influence in places where it did not exist.

It is difficult in the present day to imagine what it was in this work that so bitterly offended them; and it has been suggested that the presence of two distinguished amateurs among the soloists may have been one of the hidden causes. It is more likely that the comparatively meagre conditions under which secular cantatas were presented at these cathedral festivals (in a small concert-room, before a tired audience, and with rather maimed rites generally) had a good deal to do with the failure. It is possible to speak with the more confidence about the work itself, since it was revived by the Bach Choir on two occasions; yet even so, a reading of the score makes it difficult to believe that it has not been hailed as one of the first and greatest glories of the renaissance of English music. The solemn opening, pregnant with tragedy, leads to a long soliloquy in which the perfect musical counterpart is found for the poet's words. One cannot guess from which, if any, of his teachers, Parry acquired that wonderful skill in accentuation, or as it sometimes called, "declamation," in which he is unrivalled among his countrymen. Already, in these early days, every syllable seems to bear its "just note and accent" (to quote Milton on Henry Lawes) and the vocal inflections throughout are such as are suggested by the poet's phrases. The solo of Earth, "I felt thy torture, son," has many of the most characteristic features of Parry's lyrical style; dignified, original, expressive, it yet often fails in immediate appeal, perhaps from these very qualities, since the average hearer expects a kind of emotion that 'slops over,' and is disappointed when this music does not slop over. The tenor solo in the second division of the work, "Pour forth heaven's wine, Idæan Ganymede" is one of those irresistible and spontaneous melodies which Parry not seldom gave us. Many of the song-writers of modern times, whose methods are of the purest and most artistic, produce a bar or two of exquisitely right expression, which seems to have come forth in one gush of feeling; but very often the continuation of the strain is of lamentably uninspired quality. This splendidly

his host. It is not difficult to restore the proper text, but the work should be taken in hand at once, or the errors will be transmitted from one "book of words" to another, until the false reading be as commonly found as that irritating and almost universal blunder "But might I of Love's nectar sip" for "But might I of Jove's nectar sup" in "Drink to me only."

Humour was one of Parry's most precious gifts, and no one who has witnessed the performance of Aristophanes' *Birds*, the *Clouds*, or the *Frogs*, could fail to realize the fun that was part of the composer's nature. The first of these compositions of incidental music for University performances of Greek plays, contains, in the final march, one of Parry's most spontaneous inspirations, a piece that ought to supersede the *Midsummer Night's Dream* wedding-march of Mendelssohn for ceremonial use.

Like other great song-writers, Parry was often supposed not to write easily for the voice; like them, he will be found innocent of the accusation if singers will only bring a little intelligence to the task of interpreting him.

At the present moment, it would seem that Parry's instrumental works are of less importance in the public esteem than his choral. As I have already said, he was obliged to fight every step of his way to complete freedom of expression in instrumental music; but in his treatment of form the instrumental works are of great importance. Certain early pianoforte pieces are now quite inaccessible, owing to curious conditions not unconnected with the English publishing trade; the finest, a delightful sonata—"To Cora"—is still happily obtainable; the "Nineteen Variations" in D minor is sometimes to be heard, and is an example of a problem that was very attractive to Parry as one may see from his masterly article in Grove's Dictionary, on "Variations." How is a set of variations to be unified? is the short way of putting the question, and in these piano variations there is one solution, while in the orchestral work by which the composer is perhaps best known, his "Characteristic Variations in E minor" another answer seems preferred. Both are very fine specimens of the form, and in other conditions either or both might have led on to a new development of the type. As a matter of course, it was not possible for Parry to do very much in the way of striking out new paths for himself or anybody else after his appointment to succeed Sir George Grove as Director of the Royal College of Music, a post he held with the utmost distinction from 1894 until his death. The early chamber compositions seem as if an attempt was being made to combine the profundity of Bach with the elaboration of

KNIGHT'S CROFT,
RUSTINSTON,
WORTHING.

April 24. 1916

My dear old Worthing

your letter was a
great joy to me. I confess I
have a good deal for the opinion
of the few whose judgement is
worth having; the rest one must

learn to do without. As one

By courtesy of Mr J. A. Fuller-Maitland

gets on in years one wonders sometimes
if it has not mostly been mere
waste of effort - and then
if a sympathetic greeting like
yours comes one feels more
hopeful. So I thank you
and feel helped.

I had rather too big a dose

of women and such like experiences
lost time and felt fairly played
out at the end of it, so we
went to Highnam for a week, where
Gwen is in possession for a few
months; and there I certainly
had full change of occupation
for most of my time was taken
up with arrangements for disposing
of the terrible wreckage of trees

caused by the two falls. I never
saw such a sight. Great domes
lying on top of one another -
a whole avenue destroyed and
nearly all the trees that were special
features in the landscape laid low.
I wonder how you fared in the
blizzard and whether it's as cold
with you as it is here.

I hope you are better with love to the W^{rs}
of affec^ted old friend
C. Hubbard Parry

classical forms as developed after Beethoven. Bach had always the strongest possible influence on Parry, and the fine "Grosses Duo" for two pianofortes is as heartfelt a tribute to the greatest master of all as are the "Choral Preludes" for organ published a few years before Parry's death. The "Partita" for violin and pianoforte and the pianoforte suite, "Hands Across the Centuries" (the latter published quite recently) show how fully he had mastered the conventions of the 18th century, and how skilfully he could apply them to modern conditions. In the question of writing for the orchestra, from the overture "Guillem de Cabestanh" (1879) onwards to his three symphonies, Parry declared himself more interested in form than in colour; as a natural consequence the purveyors of music for our present-day orchestral concerts do not trouble themselves much about his music, which therefore has to repose on the shelf with the orchestral works of Schumann and Brahms, and how many more?

One important branch of music is absent from Parry's list of compositions as it is from that of Brahms. One often wonders what an opera by Brahms would have been like, and the guess is less profitable than usual since Brahms wrote so very little that was at all theatrical in style. Parry's music to the Greek comedies above mentioned, and to *Agamemnon* (Cambridge, 1900), to say nothing of his fine incidental music to two plays produced in London, leads one to suppose that his single experiment in opera, on the subject of the *Morte d'Arthur* might reveal strong dramatic powers; whether it was ever finished, or whether the scoring is complete, I do not know.

It remains to speak of Parry's literary achievements, which are of exceptional quality as well as of unusually large extent for a creative musician. *Studies of Great Composers* (1886), has great value as something more than a text-book; *The Art of Music* (1893), was enlarged and republished in 1898 as *The Evolution of the Art of Music*; it is a fine epitome of musical history, treated with much individuality and literary skill. The third volume of the *Oxford History of Music*, under the title of *The Seventeenth Century*, appeared in 1902, and *Johann Sebastian Bach*, a particularly valuable critical study of the English composer's favourite master, appeared in 1909. In 1911, his last and most valuable literary work, *Style in Musical Art*, appeared and quickly won recognition as a book of rare authority and practical as well as æsthetic value. A book of greater extent than any of these,—not dealing with music—occupied his scanty leisure in his later years, and seems to have been virtually finished before his death. His articles in

Grove's *Dictionary*, and many beautiful poetical passages in the cantatas, must not be forgotten.

It was perhaps not an unqualified benefit to music that Parry was appointed to the directorship of the Royal College, for the post naturally demands such administrative power that no occupant of it could possibly protect sufficient leisure to conceive or carry out any work of art of the larger kinds. Great as was Parry's influence on the students under his care, yet it is impossible not to regret those compositions which would in all probability have been given to the world if his time had not been more than fully taken up with the affairs of the college. He lacked the power of deputing his work to others, and would always answer a letter himself, sooner than employ a secretary. This was partly the result of his fervid, sanguine temperament, a possession which made him less than the ideal conductor. In any new work of his own, which, according to custom, he was expected to conduct on its first appearance, he would almost certainly be apt to hurry the pace, and to obscure the general design of the work by the agitation that spread from himself to his performers. On the other hand, his wonderful frankness and geniality of manner made it the most grateful task in the world to do one's best for his sake, for every executant felt in close personal relation with the composer, and it has been said that he perfectly fulfilled the two ideas conveyed by the German and English meaning, respectively, of the word *genial*. Genius and geniality were indeed the two qualities that first struck those who came into contact with Parry. Whether consciously or not, this frankness of manner was occasionally used as a kind of protective covering. The word "mask" conveys an idea of disguise, and nothing was more foreign to Parry's nature than dissimulation of any kind; but yet the cheery manner must often have been adopted when anxieties or difficulties of any kind were present behind it. Gibbon says of Mahomet, "The frankness of his manner concealed the artifice of his views; and the habit of courtesy was imputed to personal friendship or universal benevolence." With the single exception of the word "artifice," this sentence might stand as a portrait of Parry. His ardent nature led him to embrace, in early life, political views of the most advanced and idealistic kind, which were somewhat modified in later years. In these later years, too, he turned his attention more than before to themes of a religious kind; the series of motets for unaccompanied chorus, the finest of which, 'There is an old belief,' was sung at his funeral, are of no less importance than the three series of organ preludes

slow *Choral Prelude in*
Chromatic Scale for
voice

slow

very slow

By courtesy of Lady Maud Parry

Handwritten musical score on five systems of staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and annotations include:

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or fantasias on well-known hymn-tunes. The impossibility of carrying out schemes of a larger kind may have had something to do with Parry's choice of these comparatively short forms, but whatever the reason, the world is a good deal richer for the things themselves, which must rank with the best of his compositions. In some of the larger cantatas and odes, there are traces of fatigue in the constant employment of sequences, an expedient which at one time seemed likely to become a mannerism; but in these later works, there is nothing of the kind. The "choral preludes" are in the vein of Bach, that vein which Parry had worked so often and so successfully before; but the treatment, with its full recognition of the resources of the modern organ, is as independent of Bach as the tunes are of the German chorals. One, on "Christe redemptor omnium," has been reproduced in facsimile as an illustration of this article, by kind permission of Lady Maude Parry the composer's executor. The second of a set of three "choral fantasias," on a hymn-tune of the 18th century, reaches a depth of elegiac poignancy that the composer has not touched elsewhere; and if a note of abandoned grief had been allowed to be heard in the memorial service at St. Paul's, this would have been its fittest expression. But it was wise and appropriate, no doubt, that a life of such victorious accomplishment as his should be crowned with an almost triumphal ceremony.

MUSIC IN THE EDUCATION OF THE COMMON MAN

By J. LAWRENCE ERB

AMONG the Greeks, the Hebrews and the Oriental peoples of antiquity, the place of music and art in the education of youth was an honorable and indispensable one. When the first universities were established in Europe, music occupied an important place in the curriculum. Harvard, our first American institution of higher learning, when it was founded more than two hundred years ago, included music among the courses offered. But our Puritan forefathers had a deep-rooted antipathy to anything which smacked of levity or which bore any trace of the former things against which Puritanism was a protest. They frowned upon music except the singing of psalm tunes and made it illegal for any man to be a musician by trade in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. Consequently, the cultivation of music in secular life died out entirely during the seventeenth century and, even in connection with the church services, the number of tunes in common use dwindled to a mere handful. Fortunately for the cause of music in America, the eighteenth century saw a decided change, even in New England's attitude toward music and Boston, Charleston, S. C., Philadelphia, New York became the centers which kept thoroughly abreast with the musical development, at least of England, and which had the opportunity to enjoy creditable performances of concert-music and English operas then in vogue in London.

In the main, however, it was not until well along in the nineteenth century that musical culture began to reoccupy its former place in the social and educational scheme; and much credit is due to Dr. Lowell Mason and his associates and disciples in the public schools and to Dr. John K. Paine, who for so many years held up the torch in Harvard University. Looking backward twenty to twenty-five years, the development of musical activity both as an art and as an educational force has been prodigious. One can scarcely realize how few public schools and colleges or universities even a generation ago paid any attention at all to the serious study of music and how fewer still treated it as of equal importance with the other educational features.

It is no longer a question whether music shall enter the educational scheme. The important problem before educators now is the basis upon which it shall enter and the place which it shall occupy in education. It is not even a question as to the type of professional training which the music student should undergo or any of the other important matters entering into the education and exploiting of performers and leaders. It is a much bigger and in some respects a much more complex problem; and in it are involved the nature of music and its part in the life of the common citizen as well as the best method of giving to the common citizen the training which he should have. This again raises the question of the extent to which the energies of public education should be applied to musical education. In other words, how far is the State justified in offering free instruction in music? These are important questions, and it is high time that some sort of agreement be arrived at, among musicians at least, in order that the maximum of progress may be made with the minimum of lost motion. While there is much energy expended in planning and carrying out musical education for professional purposes there is not as yet a great deal of concentration upon any single line of action which would represent the consensus of opinion of the thinking teachers and which would, therefore, presumably form the most profitable basis upon which to proceed in musical education for the layman.

What has music to contribute to the common citizen? Why should he spend his time and energy and why should the community spend its money on musical education for his sake? What should he get out of it? First, let me call attention to the disciplinary and intellectual value of music,—not because this is the highest use to which music can be put, but because it is the side which appeals most directly and most forcibly to the trained educator. The great bulk of school teachers still maintain the old-fashioned point of view,—that the value of a course lies in large measure in the mental discipline which it affords,—and such courses which are of purely practical value are even yet in their eyes more or less step-children in the educational scheme. Their attitude is as though one were to insist that the virtue of food lies in the eating, not in its value to the system. We know what such a point of view carried out in practice would do to our systems, and we have a few rather unpleasant words which we apply to the people who “live to eat.” I am inclined to believe that the music teacher is not particularly sympathetic with the attitude of the educational world in this particular, for, while,

of course, discipline is necessary for the acquisition of the ability which we call "technique," yet, as Hamlet said, "The play is the thing"; and we are inclined to measure the success or failure of any teacher by the ability of his pupils to *make* music. However, the music teacher is working more and more with the teaching world at large, and he must learn to accept its point of view and to adapt himself to that prevailing in the larger scheme. Therefore, he might as well make the most of the value of music study as "discipline." This value is undoubted, and it will open many a door to him which otherwise would be fast closed. After all, if he desires to teach music (and he feels that he should) to the children in the schools, he must first obtain the permission and coöperation of the authorities, and he must obtain that permission and coöperation on any basis which he has in common with them. Therefore, he must be careful to see that the music teaching which he does will bear the scrutiny of men and women who are in the habit of analyzing methods and who look for results in discipline from any course to which they give their approval.

This is not in the least difficult, for we all realize that the good drill-master of a chorus or orchestra has his performers as completely under control as a colonel his regiment. The difficulty comes rather in the more intimate relationships between teacher and student in the classroom. Here, where the groups are smaller and where interest in the material is very likely to outweigh the interest in manner of presentation, the teacher must be careful that his work is as accurate and painstaking and pedagogically correct as would be expected by the superintendent of schools from his teacher of arithmetic or reading of Latin. In other words, as an educator, he must not fall short in any detail of the standards to which his colleagues, teaching other subjects, are required to measure up; for if he does fall short he, to that extent, minimizes the value of music educationally and his own success as a member of the teaching force of the institution.

There are still a great many people whose education was obtained under the old regime which put culture first. These people underwent the discipline of which I have just spoken, but with the discipline went the acquisition of a large store of the traditional learning and literature of the world. Their culture formed a common basis upon which men and women might get together and exchange ideas and experiences and upon which they might build the specialistic training which earned them their livelihood or gave them their professional standing. The advocates of the humanities in education are still numerous and

influential, and their case is a strong one. Some of them are not, alas, awake to the value of music and the kindred arts in a cultural scheme of education, but, in the main, the advocates of this system find a place, if not one of first importance, for music, at least as an accomplishment. Now one of the purposes of an accomplishment is to make its possessor socially more agreeable, to smooth the pathway for social intercourse, and to serve in many cases as a point of contact between people who might otherwise find nothing in common. It might seem somewhat absurd for a musician to urge this as an argument in favor of music in the education of the common man, yet we know what an important part social intercourse plays in all human activities; how a "good mixer", as we call him, has valuable assets quite apart and distinct from his technical knowledge or his professional skill; how much of business, politics, even government, depends upon the personal equation. How can it be possible that an element so important in the getting on of a man should receive so little of attention as it does in our educational scheme? Music is by common consent an "open sesame." We all know the familiar story of our great millionaire who is reputed to have won his way as a young man to the heart of his employer and later to preferment through his singing and playing of folk-songs. Even from a purely mercenary point of view, the ability to sing and play and the acquaintance with at least familiar musical literature are of undoubted value to every man and woman in this important direction.

But to proceed a step further, the value of music to the common man is much greater than we are in the habit of realizing from the standpoint of what it does for his leisure. We are told that the average young person is very thoughtlessly laying up for himself a most stupid old age, that, through his neglect of literature and art, through his insistent craving for action and excitement, through his apparent refusal to think, he is robbing himself of all of the important assets which a man needs when, for any reason, he is cast on his own resources by illness or misfortune or old age. Perhaps the real situation is not so alarming as appears on the surface, yet, there seems to be no doubt that, except for music, very many of our young people have none of the traditional assets along that line. All the more reason, therefore, why, at the impressionable age, the mind and heart of every child should be stored full of the resources which music can give. An education is not for a day nor merely for the purpose of enabling one to make a living. As the life is more than the raiment, so an education should and must prepare the youth to meet all the relations of

life; and the most important of all relations any man has to meet is that with himself. A vapid, empty personality must be, in the last analysis, the most awful thing to which its possessor can be doomed; and it is a part of our education so far as possible to save our young people from such a fate.

Of course, the State has a right to ask of any of the courses included in the educational curriculum "What do *I* get out of this?"—"What does this particular subject contribute toward good citizenship and efficiency?" Here, I believe, the advocate of music in education has one of his strongest arguments. A singing nation is not likely to be anarchistic. Music and good order go together. In its very essence, music makes for those things which are good and uplifting and is opposed to those which degrade and set people against each other. I am aware that there are some recent manifestations of the musical art which would seem to disprove this assertion and that the choir gallery is usually called the "war department" of the church, but it would not be difficult to explain away these apparent discrepancies. Without the slightest doubt, music is one of the strongest influences for law and order and right living which have yet been turned loose in our modern civilization, and its intimate relation with religion and patriotism serves simply to illustrate how true this is.

Assuming then that music has a place in public education and that it is the right and privilege of every boy and girl to receive as part of the general training a specific routine in music, there remain yet two important matters to be considered: first, the proportion of such training and, second, the form that it should take. The proportion of music work as compared with the sum total would probably vary considerably with each individual outlining the course,—but then that is not peculiar with music. An enthusiastic mathematician can wax eloquent over equations, while the enthusiastic agriculturalist will sing of corn and hogs in lays befitting a minstrel. The man whose heart is not in his work minimizes the importance of that work; so I have no quarrel with the musician who wants to include more music training in the scheme of things than the general public is willing to accept. Surely if *he* is not enthusiastic about musical education, nobody else may be expected to be. However, it is only fair to state as a fundamental requirement that the music in a public school education shall serve the same general purpose as any other element in that education.

The high school does not pretend to turn out specialists in English or mathematics or manual training or domestic science.

Its business is to furnish an all-round basis upon which the higher and specialistic development may gradually be built. In the same way the music teachers in the public schools have no right to aim at nor to expect preparation, even in a slight degree, for professional activity in the young men and women who have completed the high-school course. The aim of the music teaching in the schools should be, first, an acquaintance with some of the best musical literature and some idea as to its standards. Necessarily the music must be adapted at all points to the mind of the child, so that while the child in the lower grades may feel most at home with simple ditties on a par with "Mother Goose" and the other literature which is dear to the childish heart, the taste gradually forms and matures until the high-school boy and girl ought, if properly led to it, be able to appreciate the Classics in music quite as much as in literature. This does not in any sense presuppose nor include intensive technical training. It means acquaintance with the compositions themselves rather than the attempt on the part of the immature child to perform such compositions adequately. You may call it "Appreciation" or anything else you please, but this to my mind is the first and most important thing that needs to be done along the line of music study in our schools.

Hand in hand with this must go a study of music-reading; for who ever heard of a person who pretended to be even slightly educated who could not read at least his own language? I am utterly out of sympathy with any system of education which does not provide, as a fundamental, good sight-reading. We cannot hope to have educators take us seriously if this most indispensable element is omitted from the training of our children. But I am just as thoroughly out of sympathy with that form of music study which consists in training the helpless child to do "stunts." There was a time that some of us can remember when it was customary to exploit the physical training work, when every commencement or other entertainment had to have its dumb-bell-drill or some other similar exhibition. It was in the days when physical training was on probation, when it had to make its appeal. Now that physical training is a part of the curriculum in every well-organized school, we spend less time in "stunts" and more in making the work constructive and adapting it to the needs of the individual. It is about time that we treat music study in the same way.

The proportion of music study to the total amount of time expended by the pupil ought, undoubtedly, to be considerably

larger than it is at present in the average school. I fear there are too many school systems where even yet the musical period is considered of value chiefly because it serves as a period of relaxation which for the time-being diverts the children and makes them the fresher for the (supposedly) more serious work that is to follow. It is a breathing-space, as it were, in the course of a hard day's work. I have no quarrel with this conception of music so far as it goes; only, in that case, I would make the breathing spaces more frequent and their character more varied. I see no good reason why between every two periods of other work there should not be a fifteen-minute music period given up to the interpretive study of singing or any other of the necessary and valuable forms of musical activity. If music is a good thing along this line, why not utilize it more, and if we believe music plays a large part in the life of the individual, why not, to some extent at least, prepare the individual for life by as great a variety of musical interest and activity as possible?

We are all agreed that the maximum of efficiency in education is attained from shorter rather than longer periods. I am not at all sure that an hour of continuous choral training is a good thing for the child of school age. I am sure that fifteen minutes of hearty wide-awake musical activity would inevitably be a good thing. Of course, I am aware of the difficulty of carrying on such a program with the present arrangements; but I hope no one is so foolish as to contend that the present equipment or curriculum along any line is ideal. The very fact that music in the schools is of recent development is enough reason for accepting the limitation of impermanence with regard to present methods of procedure.

Of course, we are in the experimental stage,—it would be a serious thing if we were not. It would mean that the resources of music are sadly limited, and that we soon arrive at the end of the story; whereas we all know that the most astounding development in the history of music in the United States has taken place within the past five or ten years. The talking machines, the mechanical players, community music, standardization, the accrediting of outside music are terms which mean each of them a world of development and possibilities, yet, as applied to the practical life of the music-teacher in or out of the schools, they are, to all intents and purposes, products of the past five years or a little more. With this wonderful evolution going on about us everywhere, it is to be expected that the teaching of an art so vital and rapidly developing must undergo swift and fundamental changes. Therefore, within the limits of our finances and the possibilities of

making our colleagues on the school board and general faculty see the light, it should be the first duty of every supervisor or teacher of music to adapt as rapidly as possible the music teaching in the schools to the needs of the communities. How this shall be done is entirely too big a subject for discussion at this time. That it should be done,—that it must be done,—is to my mind inevitable. Music has developed too rapidly and too universally to be relegated to an insignificant place in the educational scheme. It must become increasingly important and increasingly efficient. The task immediately ahead of us is to see that, so far as we are concerned, it may develop as normally as we have a right to expect and to hope that music-teachers at least shall not stand in the way of such development.

The education of the mind at the expense of the emotions and of the eye at the expense of the ear has gone on already too long. He only is a truly sane man who is normally developed. We cannot hope to continue our present one-sided methods without bringing about serious modifications in the mental and even the physical make-up of future generations. Unless our education develops the whole range of capabilities, gives all the senses an equal right to function and to open efficiently all the avenues to the brain; unless the spirit (or the heart, if you prefer) may develop equally with the brain, sooner or later, we shall evolve a race of men who will be monsters even although they may be monstrously efficient. From such a fate, I trust the good sense of the American people and of American educators may preserve us.

THE DEMOCRATIC IDEAL IN MUSIC

By JOHN N. BURK

A RECENT French cartoon presents a devastated earth under the dread silence which follows the last cannon shot. From the ruins there springs a naked and fragilely beautiful woman, the muse of art, re-issuing into a world whose recent convulsion she could not have survived. Now, there is some truth in this conception. To many artists the war has been a hideous deterrent, and art about the war-military marches, posters and playlets—this sort of art has been as useful as it is inferior, but still the only possible sort for the time being. There are others, however, who object to the idea of a delicate handmaid of delight, who can do her dreaming only in dalliance upon soft cushions, attended, surrounded, protected against any contact with the world of strife. It is their grievance that select art should be corked up in a bottle for safe-keeping during a supreme moment of history while the popular sort should belong exclusively to the Y.M.C.A. That the best art and religion, too, should be excluded from the day's work in the business world, religion confined to Sunday mornings, or waived altogether; art preserved for the evening hour when it may comfort digestion. Art serves well for diversion, they will say, and religious ritual for decorum, but why should these two mighty forces, which have erstwhile led mankind out of darkness, be confined in a great crisis to such impotent alcoves?

That, perhaps, describes the matter of much discontent. Side by side with the present floating prophecies of a new religion, there has been considerable speculation of the making over of art by the war. Art is to be re-invigorated, vitalized, spread through collective mankind, in reaction against the fancies and chances, the perversities and exclusions of idiosyncrasy. Let me try to take up in music the rôle of the religious Mr. Wells, as the observer, the interpreter, the recorder of current tendencies.

Prof. R. J. Mather demonstrates that the art of the impressionists, futurists, cubists, and the like is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the subjective, of lawlessness and caprice, of the wildly exaggerated cult of freedom. The artist-rebel against society, the recluse with a temperament and a grievance, has reached the utmost, the laughable extreme, and there is no alternative to a socializing art. The pendulum has swung its full arc

in the way of individualism. By logic and physics—back it must come in the way of communal reversion. Mr. R. N. Cram writes of the "second coming of art," of a great purging by the war. A necessary part of the reconstruction will be the welding and integrating of art as the common property of man. Prof. Irving Babbitt coins the word "eleutheromania" for the twentieth century state of mind. We are drunkenly obsessed with freedom, we comprise romanticism run wild. Having hurled aside every last restriction, having leapt over every guiding limitation which our forebears carefully planned and mapped out through the generations, we now plunge about blindly, making a thousand chance tracks in the infinite wilderness of total human possibility. According to Mr. D. G. Mason, our present industrial system has divided and debased the general taste. We have split into three classes: the proletarian majority, over-driven, exhausted, deprived of that normal leisure which is necessary for the enjoyment of life, for reflection, for the creation or appreciation of art; and then there are the two minorities—the capitalist class, leading an abnormal life in the opposite sense, physically idle, pampered, and bored; finally, the cultured upholders of the old traditions, and the old standard of taste. The first two, the "emergent" classes, constitute our public and our democracy. Both demand sensational, nerve-satisfying, effortless art, the working people because they are exhausted, the luxurious people because they are lazy and persistently regard art as mere matter for diversion. "Fatigue-psychology" explains why the former want lurid thrills; mental apathy and vacuity explains why the latter want the unusual, the novel, the "upside down and back side too," the fads and "isms" of the passing seasons. Hence, the purely sensuous programme music of Strauss and Debussy, music for the "auditory nerves," brainless and heartless.

Now, there is much thought and clarity in these critiques. It is an immediate and a vitally important subject, because we are being stirred by the imminent prospect of a great social change, because, while some of us shout the ideal of democracy, others actually believe in it; because we fondly cherish art as the potential expression of the fundamental experience and the highest ideals of life. But for that reason these writers, begging their various pardons, fail to satisfy us completely. Each case constitutes a logical opinion rather than an implicit faith; a just theory arrived at by the detailed elimination of an uncongenial present. It rather looks as though these writers scarcely know the democratic spirit; they seem to belong to the class of tradi-

tional culture in accordance with Mr. Mason's category. Most of them exalt intellect and erudition; with unconscious jealousy they defend the last stronghold of their cultured aristocracy against that crude monster, the "emergent public." They look upon it with an uneasy and a half-shrinking good will. They have not the whole-hearted attitude which strips all presumption, which is not merely *for* the people, but *with* them and *of* them. They seem to waver between a dead past and an unborn future because they cannot strongly feel the significant undercurrent in the present.

Profiting by this, let us be as scanty with history as with augury. Suffice it that since the French Revolution definitely released the democratic spirit in music, there has been a gradual accumulation of national and race consciousness, of folk-music in the music of culture. The two great musical geniuses of the century past exalted the new ideal. Beethoven was caught up and intoxicated with the concept of universal brotherhood. He called mankind into a glorious embrace in the Ninth Symphony, but unfortunately that summons has met many obstacles. Inspired by it as by no other music, Wagner again sought to establish a world shrine for the universal art of his dreams, but again practicability was one of many hindrances. Numerous composers have sprung from the peasantry or the poor, such as Beethoven, Bach, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, but their music was at least ostensibly directed to the delight of the nobility, and none of it has been popular in the fullest sense. Nor is a democratic music that of Massenet, or Stephen Foster, or Tschaikowsky, which reaches many people, but does not appeal to their finer and deeper propensities. Perhaps, strictly speaking, the enduring voice of mankind has never been nearer articulation than in folk-song itself. There are no Millets or Walt Whitmans in music, except possibly Moussorgsky. But theirs is not a democratic art, because although Millet helps the people of culture to understand the peasants, his pictures are little or nothing to the peasants themselves. And you would be surprised to find a copy of *Leaves of Grass* in a farm house or a tenement. Yet Whitman is accounted to be widely admired in Russia. Moussorgsky would be far more comprehensible to the rank and file, again particularly of Russia, could his music reach their ears. For Moussorgsky had the genuine attitude—he despised the schools and the technical elaboration of the west, which was foreign to his people. And he not only felt and lived with them in his heart, but he spoke their own language in his art, intimately, directly, and primally.

The train of thought immediately reverts to Tolstoy, and so, once and again, we find ourselves turning to that remarkable country where democracy is not only a topic, but a religion, and a throbbing actuality. Surely, no one has ever felt more deeply for the vast people of Russia than Tolstoy. How far his thought and his faith of equality spread among the people, we cannot tell. No more do we know to what extent the revolution might be traceable to the seeds of his conversation, his books, and his penny tracts, sowed among the villages. There must, at any rate, be a close connection between the essay, *What Shall We Do?*, wherein he strips the property fallacy, in epic fashion, to its moral fundamentals, and the present, virtually unanimous state of mind as to the injustice of landed property rights. The success of the revolution is assured, if only by the intensity and accord of that state of mind. The revolution should be a full inspiration for a musical Tolstoy, a Moussorgsky of more articulate genius.

So, the greatest composers have so far striven under a social condition which has made a universal aspiration impossible of approach. Yet the realization is fast coming nearer, on the one hand by the improvement of popular well-being, on the other hand by the increasing if unspecified conviction of the musically cultured that the musical might and the national genius of the world lies in the Slavic, Teutonic, and Latin masses, mute in ignorance, incoherence, and oppression, but none the less potential. There is recently discernable a growing belief in the innate, the racial, the century-tried importance of folk-music, and with it a growing impatience with the isolated art of cliques which falsely calls itself national: the half dozen Parisian sects that perform languidly, in exotic, hot-house terms, to their salons of the elite; elsewhere, the Schoenbergs and Casellas, and, unless we are mistaken, there would seem to be a touch of the taint in Stravinsky. Under the new order in Russia, the folk-spirit should come to the full light of utterance as never before in history. Not only in the west do politics and violent partisanship flow unbidden into the concert halls to set them askew with extraneous prejudices; in Russia is the same. There it is the revolutionary party shade; here it is nationality. Trying in vain to keep these super-excitements out of the matter, there is the gratifying news that art is held in importance by all in Russia, from the extreme right to the extreme left. Perhaps it is the only thing they have in common, and wide enough is the divergence of opinion there. But under every revolutionary order, the present one included, all artistic institutions have been eagerly upheld and advanced. The signposts

of music seem indeed to point to Russia. Meanwhile, Stravinsky is carrying on and greatly enriching Rimsky-Korsakov's technical proficiency and genius of workmanship. Neither composer has proved himself much more than a colorist for the delight of picture-making. Yet there is something wholesome and native about Stravinsky's imaginative zest, his bright humor and fancy, his pungent harmonic sting. Technical fecundity, Russia has needed, and unless assimilated too quickly, it should be beneficial.

With the attempt to link democracy and music, the names of two writers will always be associated—Tolstoy and Romain Rolland. The more you probe into their creeds, the more striking becomes the similarity between them. Both are free, Christian spirits, in revolt against church, sect, and formalism; against the closed circles of artistic, and particularly musical, activity; against the dead weight of custom. Tolstoy compared himself to a rower, pulling for the shore of his own ideal against the half-simless drift of the human current; by the same trait, Rolland stood out against the universal rush to war. Each of them is the self-analyzing nihilist, mortally afraid of taking anything for granted, either re-discovering or rejecting every inherited tradition. Each is hounded by a veritable fury of a conscience to his conception of the fundamental truth, whatever the cost. Consequently, each loaths hypocrisy in any form, and delights in its exposure. In one as the other, the nearest approach to a sense of humor is a mordant weapon of satire, used with dire results against the pretender. But there is a difference here. Tolstoy will go to any incautious lengths to drive in his beliefs; Rolland is also burninglly intense, but he is more circumspect. For instance, in *What is Art?* Tolstoy assaulted Wagner in recklessly valiant fashion, with intent to exterminate. He did not take a sufficient look at his opponent first, but set him up as the rag baby and perfect embodiment of all evil in music, that he might bowl him down with the more relish. It was true warfare. And many are the justly disgruntled snorts from injured Wagnerians after his description of a performance of *Siegfried*. But Rolland is no warrior. He measures his opponent with infinite pains, knows whereof he speaks, and causes inescapable concern in the enemy's camp. His clever satire on Hassler, otherwise Strauss, in *Jean Christophe*, is the more effectual in that Rolland elsewhere admits Strauss to be the most important composer of the day. Both writers assailed the fakirs and hawkers of art, the sleek professionals and the petty composers who succeed on the formula of a school, the critics and small fry who make a big noise over this and that, while the

finest achievement passes unregarded. Again, Rolland was far surer of his mark. When the ground of contention became political in 1914, the victims of *La Foire* eagerly seized their chance, and prodigious was the yapping. Note, however, that they carefully steered clear of *Jean Christophe*, wherein identical political opinions had stood for six years unchallenged, wherein the real, the personal sore point remained unmentionable because unanswerable. You could scarcely find a better tribute to the greatness of *Jean Christophe* than this reluctant silence. On the other hand, Tolstoy's bulwarks of argument showed a dozen breaches. When it came to *What is Art?* much of the just balance of his novels had left him. So intent was he upon his goal, that he hewed down every obstacle within sight or reach. Only his most faithful followers, drawn on by his nobly inspired purpose, will stay with him to the conclusion, while the outraged majority bestrew the path of approach. But these misapplications, thick and fast as they occur, are actually incidental. He picks Beethoven and Shakespeare to pieces, not with Shavian impiety, but with Tolstoyan assurance, hardly the less valid for having strayed. The concept at the bottom of it all is wonderful in its rarity; it is constructive genius stark and fresh, cutting tangles of tradition at a stroke, solving age-pondered problems by impetuously putting them to death, surely clinching the fundamental point, which the various wise-heads could not see because it was so simple, natural, and human, whereas they were preoccupied in being ingenious. It is the freshness of Tolstoy's attitude, the new angle of his vision that sums up the real worth of the essay which records fifteen years of tortured thought.

If this be fanaticism, there is something heroic in such a huge and epic scope, in such thorough-going and passionate consistency, vigor of purpose, searching sympathy, above all in such direct genius, impatiently and gloriously self-sufficient. Many of us are indeed inclined to be skeptical, or even indulgent of Tolstoy the absolutist. Perhaps none of us who read this magazine could find Tolstoy's spiritual satisfaction in swinging the scythe. We could not converse with a mujik wholly as one of them, and we are not inclined to make our own boots. But respect must surely come before his marvelous and whole-hearted integrity of soul. In faithfulness, in genuine freedom from pose, in utter humility (that rarest of qualities among "social workers"), there have been none like Tolstoy.

Setting down the essay, I feel a certain incongruousness in the practice of singing folk-songs in concert.

"*Vois-tu, petit,*" said Uncle Gottfried in Jean Christophe, "what you have written down on paper, indoors, that is not real music. Music in a house is like sunshine in a room. Music is for the outdoors, when you breathe the fine, fresh air of the good God. . . . You don't deliberately set out to sing, for the fun of it. You only sing when you feel the need of singing."

To publish a folk-song in bald notation, to give it to a prima donna that she may lavish her best wiles of artistry and vocal display upon it—that is little more than taxidermy. There is a latent power in folk-music, but you can't describe it, you can only feel its praise. No, the whole importance lies in the condition of its creation. It is the only music which comes into being directly as the normal and natural function of art in human life. Although it needs its special exponent, with a voice, or a talent, or a creative power to express the emotional character of a collective people, withal music must pass as common currency. It must be generally implanted, must become one with a collective, pleasure, or sorrow, or aspiration. The whole country-side possesses it—not a few with a "musical education," as in our world. We self-styled artists function artificially, we are cultural snobs; that is the trouble with us.

No one was quicker than Rolland to see Tolstoy's patent mistakes. Moral pre-possession in art was in Rolland's belief "Pegasus harnessed to a plough." And, of course, culture was not to be set down finally as perversion by one of the most deeply cultured men living. In the face of Tolstoy's arguments for simplicity, mountainous technique is the rule. Orchestral elaboration, the refinement of tone-painting, the accumulation of poly-harmony, these are, with scarcely an exception, the cultural signs of the times.

Indeed, our scores are anything but simple. You may decide from extra-musical experience that the deeper part of life is rather humble and unelaborate. You may remark that Palestrina found a richer religious expressiveness with his *cappella* writing for a mere handful of a choir than the pick of our contemporaries, with tier upon tier of singers, a colossal orchestra, and additional rows of trumpets behind-stage. But a genius so constituted will set forth the simplest message through the vastest medium, just as another will tie himself up into the knottiest problem with the four naked voices of a string quartet. A genius may do anything with anything, and that is a final answer to a good many musical controversies. If Palestrina by a different accident of birth were now officiating in musical Rome in twentieth cen-

tury trousers, if this were one of the most religious epochs in history and not one of the most skeptical, it is very doubtful whether he would scorn in his composition the wonderfully extensive orchestral material lying at his command, with its myriad divisions and the freedom of its moving voices, not to speak of elaborate harmonic discovery, and the intricate refinement of rhythms. These magnificences are not the flesh and the devil of the composer of to-day, nor of to-morrow. They are the glory of his art, and the complicated idiom which is hovering on the brink of poly-harmony, is too firmly championed to evaporate. The test is whether the composer becomes absorbed first and last in the clever game, or misuses the vast resources to conceal the fact that he has nothing much to say. Tolstoy suspected the whole tendency with all his might for two reasons: he saw in it a Nietzschean social scheme, and a cultural exclusiveness. Wagner, as the heart of the movement, became his bull's eye. He pictured Wagner as a kind of Pharaoh building music dramas on the social system of the pyramids, enslaving the life-work of countless actors, stage-hands, horn-blowers, for the half-indifferent delectation of the chance few privileged in the possession of the twenty mark fee. He made him out a counterfeiter and a usurper, a cerebral and a physiological manipulator, a schooled technician, barren of a single new, worthy, or heartfelt idea, a pagan harping upon defunct religions, and a superman hand in hand with King Ludwig and the royal treasury. Now, it goes without saying that Tolstoy made a windmill-giant of a creative genius, an honest socialist with a social conscience, and a Christian to the fibre. But there is a large assortment of composers since, among whom the whole list of accusations might be justly distributed.

To begin with, if a composer has no regard for the society which his music is to reach, then he is not sufficiently of his time and his world. Wagner, piling up paraphernalia at Bayreuth, sincerely dreamed out a Utopia for his music dramas, even though no one has ever believed in it but himself. And many Wagnerians now demand a maximum of music and a minimum of stage, economic simplification to follow hard upon the heels of artistic congruity. If Strauss has a social conscience, there is small evidence of it. He seems to mold his efforts in quite servile fashion to fame and success. Quite different was the admirable non-chalance with which Wagner "used" his king. Strauss lavishing a huge orchestra on the most trivial waltz music, Strauss writing an impossible number of Alpine horns into a score, is putting his whim above everything else—labor, expense, the opportunity for

general enjoyment. That is not idealism, it is short-sightedness. Art not available to the many may be considered as failing of its goal, unless it is directed to the rich and the angels. But, practicability and availability aside, Strauss strikes the popular chord; any layman with half a musical ear will enjoy his music. Debussy, on the other hand, belongs to the privileged purveyors of rare sensations. His music requires a special culture, a highly sensitized perceptive faculty. It is a speech apart; a caviar of sound for the most delicate diaphragms. It holds nothing for the layman, whom its maker contemned. Debussy seemingly had nothing of the social instinct, discouraged and erased any latent objectivity in his nature. Plain folk with a taste for music will care nothing for Debussy's pearl grays, nor will they submit to be "educated up" to them, and that fact will weigh against the final estimate of Debussy. Compare that pagan epicurean with Sibelius. Debussy's *Rondes de Printemps*, shaped upon a little girls' dance tune, is about as fresh, and naive, and vernal as an orchid, or attar of roses. Sibelius's music springs from the very heart of his people's folk-lore. It develops from an obvious into a nobly exalted popularity, is indeed music for the great society. Its marked individuality still champions the people instead of overriding them. It is free from superlatives, orchestral convolutions in the "grand manner," and continental tricks. Yet it takes a large, subtle, and accomplished orchestra, as does also Bloch's music, passionately dedicated to the great society. Sibelius finds the highest and widest expressiveness in orchestral economy, but only because he concentrates finely upon the melodic eloquence of the various instruments, Berlioz-fashion, requiring from an orchestra the best order of individual skill and intelligence. Chamber music may thrive for its chosen harmlessly, not at the general expense, or be extensively enjoyed in amateur performance. Intricacy, refinement, that is the inevitable trend of every musical nature growing and developing. There is nothing more aristocratic, more hierarchical, than music. Musical refinement liberates the expressiveness of genius. It is the refinement of the truest aristocracy; not the long-nurtured sort, bred for generations upon soft carpets, but the spiritual aristocracy which draws from the field and the slum as from the mansion. What is this talk of musical "education," and again, of "leveling?" On the one hand, musical good taste is neither taught nor learnt, but innate to more or less degree, self-found, and developed. On the other hand, there can be no total reduction to a common order of park bands, cornets, and community choruses, important as these things are bound to be.

Let me construct an exemplary musical hierarchy. At the summit of the spiritual aristocracy I would place Beethoven's last quartets, however sweepingly denounced by Tolstoy. Said Beethoven of Napoleon, after Jena, "If I were a warrior instead of a musician, how I would fight!" But, "*Mein Reich ist in der Luft*." And this mighty Napoleon of the spirit superbly enriched the few, by no means at the deprivation of the many. Sometimes he conquered for the many, as in his Choral Symphony, and that was his grandest battle. To continue the scheme, prosperous bourgeois music is that of Strauss, or Liszt, or Rachmaninov, or Brahms; homelier bourgeois, Mendelssohn's *Songs Without Words*, his oratorios and Gounod's, Mascagni, Puccini, Sinding, and their kind. The upper of these divisions is generally snobbish toward the other—often they do not enjoy themselves half as genuinely. Many of them will be observed sniffing at a community chorus, or McCormack. Lowest, the cheap music-hall fare. Naturally, the temporal hierarchy does not correspond with the spiritual. The peasant and laboring classes, unjustly denied access to music, have yet produced melodies well up in the scale. The great composer is he whose music reaches every sort. In that respect, Händel takes on a remarkable significance. His *Messiah* is still beloved of all classes of musical people, despite centuries between. His arias, with all their obsolete floridity, never fail to "take" in a popular recital. The penetration of the Largo through all classes and all generations is unparalleled. And yet this music which the populace cherishes was written by a gentleman of birth at the order of the nobility. So does the music of Beethoven and Wagner bear aspects appealing to every nature in its own musical degree. Take *Die Meistersinger*, those last pages of the Prelude where all the themes are simultaneously stated, or the Quintet. A finely perceptive ear finds ecstasy in the rich scoring, the academician perpetually marvels at the free contrapuntal manipulation, the grosser listener consciously hears only the crowning melody, but its flare and lustre is his solid delight; the German cook and bottle washer, squeezed against the roof, loves it too, though he cannot tell you how nor why. The underlying intricacy and elaboration can be no hindrance or discouragement to his pleasure. It may present itself to him as a sort of confused, magnificent dazzle, but always it enhances and clarifies the ascendant *prize-song*—never obstructs. In lesser hands it would have done so; the complications of Brahms are inherently baffling to the layman, but the complications of the greater genius are as the mass of carved detail in a cathedral; bewildering as such, but

shaped to carry out the clean, towering lines. Indeed, art which precludes simple, unsophisticated, untrained enjoyment is an art narrowly conceived. The mediæval simple-heartedness which is the life and breath of *Die Meistersinger* measures Wagner's transcendence over such ingenious flowers of late culture as Strauss and Debussy.

An attempt on a large scale to picture the musical hierarchy is a structural motive in *Jean Christophe* . . . "The heart of the world," wrote Rolland, "is centered in those thousands of simple souls, of every nation, whose lives burn away in silence, pure flames of kindness, faith, and sacrifice." And from such, as he probes the complex stratifications of society, Rolland draws the types in which are contained the latent, the everlasting genius of each nation. In France, they are the quiet dwellers in the "house." In Germany, Jean Michel, the grandfather, represents the musical traditional, the sturdy, ancestral stock; the uncle, Gottfried, represents the folk-spirit, uncultured, Tolstoyan, mystically in touch with nature; the old music professor of a small town, Schulz, represents those rare and delicate spirits who live and die unrecognized, in humble and undaunted devotion to their art. The great creative force "old Schulz" and "Jean Michel" lack—that lack is their tragic, their personal misfortune, and they worship its embodiment in their popular hero and leader, Jean Christophe, like Beethoven, the glorious son of a drunkard and a scullery woman. And such are the musical élite, sparse grains of gold in heaps of sand.

Unbelievably will the art of music expand when it becomes common property, a free field for cultivation and enjoyment by all so minded. We should like it to be unconfined by privilege and price. Bloch excusably rails at commercialism as an actual force debasing its standards. But that power of darkness is perhaps not so very strong. The businesslike practices of competition, and advertisement, and phonographic multiplication flourish only in the petty and ephemeral part of the "profession." A supreme violinist is tagged with an enormous monetary valuation, will or no, by the law of supply and demand, because he is the largest of his kind, like the Koh-i-noor diamond. He never measures his artistic success by his income, and is seldom disposed to roll in it. Normally, an artist worthy of the name desires nothing more than a decent living, that he may pursue the activity which is his greatest enjoyment.

But an orchestra or an opera company—there is something wrong with the economic status of such institutions. Desperately

do they depend upon the lavishments of subscribers and patrons, the Gregories and Medicis of to-day. Musical performance is in the inartistic hands of "society" and fortune, and its enjoyment is pretty well confined to a stratum of shirt-fronts and jewelry. The workers who maintain musicians and audiences in comfort, who provide food, and warmth, and light, and rich stuffs, and leisure for music, have surely a right to some share in that music. Denied any glimmer of this, they are at least due the satisfaction of knowing that they are enabling an illustrious culture to flower in their state. But what have we to show for that modest demand? The mounting of cumbersome operas, obsolete or vapid, which a real musician would scarce bother sitting through, not to speak of messy and undistinguished orchestral scores. However excellent the orchestras themselves, none of them are extensively available. In every case, subscriptions close the circle.

If meagreness of musical activity and florescence lies in the economic bondage which checks the spreading influence, the cure should come with the universal industrial awakening which is now fast gathering for a momentous readjustment. Tolstoy and Bertrand Russell point the way. In Tolstoy's Utopian state, for the healthiest and happiest life, half of the day should be spent in the labor of production. The rest, or such of it as the individual desires, should provide opportunity not only for lighter pleasures, but for art, science or knowledge, thought, writing, social intercourse; in Russell's phraseology, the creative as distinguished from the acquisitive activity. The laborer under present conditions is born to the brunt of the world's toil, and unless he is a genius at pushing up, exploitation keeps him there, saps up the entirety of his time and energy, with the worst drudgery of all—the work which is for another's interest and benefit. He is confined to the merest existence, deprived of that leisure which is every one's due, which is requisite for normal living, for development, for music. Give him, typical of billions, an opportunity for an actual musical start in his public education, insure him the time and the means to grow upon it afterwards, and you will release numberless musical forces in the nation. In the internal reconstruction platform of the new British Labor Party, there is insistence upon "the promotion of music, literature, and fine art, which have been, under capitalism, so greatly neglected, and upon which, so the Labor Party holds, any real development of civilization fundamentally depends." The fact that culture has fertilized and flourished upon slavery from the days of Egypt and Greece to our own, is not sufficient ground for a person of any imagination

that it must always be so. We need not worry about the morality of art, that will take care of itself. But we crave that it be wholesome, vital, serenely simple. We have been fed over much upon emotional inflations, extravagances, and convulsions.

Rolland exalts the artist who feels the common soul, interprets the multitude. He speaks of a simple flower of melody from Mozart, before whose perennial importance the hugest modern symphonic structures must yield; of a religious motto from Händel which was common to all Europe as no music since. Jean Christophe conceives a Domestic Symphony which is not a Straussian parade of intimacies, but one which pulsates to the rhythm of the work-a-day world, constitutes an act of communion with all men. Rolland wrote:

The artists of the time were far removed from that fraternal spirit. They wrote only for a more or less anarchical and vain group, uprooted from the life of the country, who preened themselves on not sharing the prejudices and passions of the rest of humanity, or else made a mock of them. It is a fine sort of fame that is won by self-amputation from life, so as to be unlike other men! Let all such artists perish! We will go with the living, be suckled at the breasts of the earth, and drink in all that is most profound and sacred in our people, and all its love from the family and the soil. Where is there a Raphael of music to glorify maternity? Who is there to give us music meet for every hour of life?—What have I to do with your æsthetic tricks?—How can we be "æsthetic" in a world where eight men out of ten live in nakedness and want, in physical and moral wretchedness?—Let us avoid like a plague the artistic language of castes. We must have the courage to speak like men and not like "artists." We must draw upon the common fund—Show the life of every day to the men and women of every day. Their life is deeper and more vast than the sea. The smallest among you bears the infinite in his soul. The infinite is in every man who is simple enough to be a man, in the lover, in the friend, in the woman who pays with her pangs for the radiant glory of childbirth, in every man and every woman who lives in obscure self-sacrifice which will never be known to another soul.—Write the peaceful epic of the days and nights following one another—write it simply, as simple as its own unfolding. Waste no thought upon the word, and the letter, and the subtle vain researches in which the force of the artists of today is turned to nought. You are addressing all men. use the language of all men. There are only words and styles which say or fail to say only what they have to say. Be sound and thorough in all you do, think just what you think and feel just what you feel. Let the rhythm of your heart prevail in your writings. The style is the soul.

JACQUES OFFENBACH

A CENTENNIAL SKETCH

By GABRIEL GROVLEZ

JACQUES OFFENBACH was born in Cologne on June 31st, 1819, according to musical dictionaries, a date which must, for the purpose of reference, be adhered to, although there is some doubt as to its accuracy. The composer's biographer, M. de Mirecourt, declares the date to be July 20th, 1822, and according to Offenbach's own assertion it is supposed to fall in the year 1821.

He was the son of a chorister of the Synagogue at Cologne, whose real name was Juda Eberscht, and who published, in 1830, a volume entitled "Allgemeines Gebetbuch für die israelitische Jugend." Young Offenbach showed from his earliest childhood surprising musical gifts. He had scarcely begun to talk when his fingers were already becoming acquainted with the keyboard of a piano. At the age of five he played the violin, and he wrote his first song when he was six years old. From his father he learnt the rudiments of musical notation, but he was very soon able to teach something of the art to his master, and his musical education was entrusted to one Alexander. The young musician's health being delicate, his father, who was not opposed to his choosing a musical career, would not allow him to play the violoncello, for fear that the practice of this instrument might impair his physical development. However, Jacques Offenbach had such a passion for the violoncello, that he practised it clandestinely. One night, when he was ten years of age, he happened to be with some friends who gathered once a week to play chamber music, when the 'cellist, who should have taken part in a Haydn quartet, was unable to be present. Jacques Offenbach offered to replace him, and, to everybody's astonishment, he surpassed him. This incident formed the topic of conversation in Cologne for a whole month. At the age of thirteen, the young virtuoso was regarded as a consummate musician, and he played in public pieces of his own composition, the technical difficulties of which terrified his master. He was in his fifteenth year when he, together with his brother—a musician like himself—left for Paris, with no other belongings than his ambition and a letter of recommendation for Cherubini, who then directed the Conservatoire. He

entered, if not officially, at least as a kind of human contraband, the violoncello class of Verlin, for at that time foreigners were excluded from the courses. He was admitted, at the same time, into the orchestra of the *Opéra-Comique*, where he and his colleague at the desk, Seligmann, were notorious for countless jests. One of their fancies was to play, by turns, every other note of their parts, and it can easily be imagined what the effect of this must have been in quick movements. The best part of Jacques Offenbach's salary was absorbed in fines. He played at private parties, at concerts, here, there, and everywhere, and never failed to show his love for parody and excentricity. He was fond of all kinds of trickery on his instrument, upon which he performed imitations of the violin, the hurdy-gurdy and various toy-instruments, and he exploited to an inordinate degree a certain bag-pipe effect, which invariably provoked unbridled enthusiasm.

On his return from a tour in England, he married, under most romantic circumstances, Herminie de Alcair, a general's daughter-in-law. At that period he seems to have been prone to folly and restlessness, bordering on a state of giddiness, and in appearance, thin and nervous-looking. The events of 1848 brought trouble to Offenbach, and he went to reap a harvest of florins in Germany; but in 1849 he returned to France and, thanks to Arsène Houssaye, attained to the post of conductor at the *Comédie-Française*. During this time he composed waltzes for the famous "Julien," settings of La Fontaine's Fables, and numerous operatic scores which, however, in spite of their merit, were all refused. The only work of his which was staged between 1848 and 1855, at the *Variétés*, was *Pepito*, and that was a failure. As he did not succeed in getting his works produced, he resolved to open a theatre of his own. During the Universal Exhibition of 1855 he obtained the lease of the *Bouffes-Parisiens* in the old *Salle Lacaze* at the *Carré Morigny des Champs-Élysées*. The Ministry at first allowed but two players, later increased to three, and soon success was turned into triumph. The good old days of the *Théâtre de la Foire* seemed to have returned. From this moment dates the ever-growing fame of Jacques Offenbach, musician of the second Empire, though certainly not *the* musician. Fortunately, the period from 1852 to 1870 has known other instances of musical glory. However, it is an indisputable fact that the operetta, a species of art of which Offenbach was past-master, if not actually the creator (for it must be remembered that it was the Frenchman, Florimond Hervé, who created the operetta as distinct from the *café-concert*), was born and flourished

during the Empire. Jules Lemaitre was justified in saying that *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Belle Hélène* and *La Grande Duchesse* are brilliant examples of the only new species of dramatic art produced during the second half of the nineteenth century, the first half having evolved the romantic drama. The operetta seems to revive at the present moment and to regain public favour. Curiously enough, that form of entertainment, so greatly favoured round about 1870, occupies a unique place in theatrical history. It flourishes immediately before and after great national convulsions. It seems as though the operetta encouraged the heedlessness of a frivolous and indulgent generation, living in ignorance of the blows about to fall, and that it acts as an alleviation of the sufferings endured.

One has often reproached Offenbach with the disrespect he showed for the subjects chosen by him. But do we not nowadays see more savage, if less witty, caricatures of the things of the past than those by the authors of *Geneviève de Brabant* and *Barbe-Bleue*? Was not our army, for instance, subjected to far more irreverent pleasantries and less inoffensive banter than anything found in *La Grande Duchesse*? It is true that the authors of *Orphée* and *La Belle Hélène* ridiculed religion, but their arrows were directed at the Olympian gods, and, to quote Jules Lemaitre once more, "our holy religion escapes unscathed!" There is one sentiment, besides, which Offenbach never railed at—love. Underneath the musician's manner of the boulevard, there is always the Rhinelander's sentimentality, the little blue flower he carried in his heart until death, a fact which might cause a Berlin journalist to say that "Offenbach's music, in spite of its French spirit, always preserves a German heart."

It was on July 3rd, 1855, that Jacques Offenbach began his career as director of the *Bouffes-Parisiens*. Among the artists he engaged might be mentioned the celebrated actor Paul Legrand, Mademoiselle Mariquita, and the poet Albert Glatigny. The opening production introduced *Les Deux Aveugles*, which had an astounding success and scored 400 consecutive performances. No doubt, if contemporaries may be believed, Pradeau and Berthelier were exceedingly funny in the scene of the two blind men, but the uproarious bursts of laughter they provoked found their stimulant, above all, in the music; the vital spark that kindled the gaiety of the public was Offenbach's genius.

Many young composers, like Delibes, Duprato, Lecoq, Bizet, Adam, and Rossini, found a brotherly and hospitable welcome at the *Bouffes-Parisiens*, but Offenbach himself was the

most prolific purveyor for his own theatre. *Le Violoncelle* was produced in September, 1855, with the first appearance of Hortense Schneider, and in October of the same year *Madame Papillon*, an unspeakable farce, was given. Their Majesties wishing to hear *Les Deux Aveugles* at the Tuileries, Offenbach was allowed a fourth, and subsequently a fifth player, but owing to lack of space the Ministry soon granted the transfer of the *Bouffes-Parisiens* to the *Salle Comte*, Passage Choiseul, where, from December onward, Offenbach's enterprise, which had begun as a mere show and now grown into a little theatre, was at liberty to present acts instead of "turns." The new venture was inaugurated on December 29th, 1855, by *Bataclan*, a piece described as a "*chinoiserie musicale*," by Ludovic Halévy and Jacques Offenbach. *Bataclan* brought Offenbach the greatest success hitherto obtained by this kind of frankly comic style, which consisted of numerous little acts strung together. A new style, approaching comic opera, was attempted in *Mesdames de la Halle*, produced in March, 1858.

But the great battle engaged in by Offenbach dates from October 21st, 1858, when the comic opera, *Orphée aux Enfers*, in 2 acts and 4 scenes, on a libretto by Hector Crémieux, was first performed. It was an icy evening, the press was at first extremely severe, and *Le Figaro* published the worst possible criticism from the pen of Jules Janin. Offenbach was obliged to have the vocal score engraved at his own expense and to deposit it with an obscure dealer in the Passage Choiseul. At last the publishing house of Heugel consented to negotiate with the composer and to buy *Orphée* for the munificent sum of 300 francs. The enormous success of the opera did not begin until some fifteen years later, but then it was a veritable triumph. A performance before the Emperor, at the *Salle Ventadour*, brought in 22,000 francs and the agents offered 3000 francs for two boxes. The sovereign presented the composer with a bronze with this inscription: "L'Empereur à Jacques Offenbach." If the run of the piece was interrupted, it was only to present it before Queen Amélie at Orléans House. The libretto of *Orphée* overflows with spirit and humour and the score is full of sparkling wit and melodious charm. It is impossible to analyse adequately a piece wherein the sublimest idiocy and the most astonishing fancy clash at every turn. The overture is gay and lively. The recitative of the Shepherd Aristée is almost on a level with the one of Iopas in *Les Troyens* of Berlioz. The songs of Cupid and Venus are accompanied most comically by the snores of the sleeping gods,

and those of John Styx are masterpieces of fatuity and *naïveté*. The "Evohé" of Eurydice at the end of the work is the song of a vine-crowned bacchante, a fervent melody rising up to meet the resuscitated son of Zeus. And what is to be said of the infernal gallop? This famous "two-step" might quicken the dead, and it sweeps the hearer off his feet in a physical and moral trepidation. Offenbach never produced a more complete work.

In 1859 the composer staged *Le Mari à la Porte*, a piece wherein he strove in vain to adapt himself to the level of comic opera. If he failed in this endeavour, it was not because of any lack of musical science, but his peculiar talent was scarcely fitted to work of a certain depth. The Operetta was his sole congenial domain, as is proved by the failure of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Barkouff*. (The curious libretto of *Barkouff* is by Scribe, with a dog as the hero.) This failure was but partially redeemed by the *Tales of Hoffmann*.

Geneviève de Brabant, performed in September, 1859, and revived at the *Menus Plaisirs* and at the *Gaité*, was not nearly as successful as *Orphée*. Apart from the fact that the music is much less vivacious, this piece suffers from the excessively strained buffoonery of its libretto. There are, particularly, the songs of "the child who has eaten too much gingerbread," which are of more than doubtful taste. Later Offenbach staged a few more or less uninteresting works such as *Les Vivandières de la Grande Armée*, *Le Carnaval des Revues*, *Daphnis et Chloé* and *Le Pont des Soupirs*. These were followed by *La Chanson de Fortunio*, the most extraordinarily successful first performance of that period. There was such a torrent of encores that the whole score was played through twice, and after the celebrated song the performance had to be interrupted for several minutes until the applause had subsided. On September 14th, 1860, the public was invited to hear *M. Choufleury restera chez lui le . . .*, the libretto of which was by the Duc de Morny, and whose success was enormous. The indefatigable composer produced new works without intermission, and, for the sake of completeness, I will mention a few whose fortune was less brilliant, such as *Apothicaire et Perruquier*, the music of which was written in three days by order of the Law Courts, as the result of an action by the author of the words, *Le Roman Comique*, *Monsieur et Madame Denis*, *Le Voyage de MM. Dunanan père et fils*, *Les Bavards*, *Il Signor Fagotto*, *Les Gloriettes*, *Jean qui pleure et Jean qui rit*, and a comic opera, *Les Bergers*, which proved once again that Offenbach was never quite at home in anything but operetta, and that

only in the lighter style he could ever be wholly successful, in spite of some undeniable qualities found here and there in his more serious works. The composer suffered under the consciousness of his inability to forsake operetta, and after the hopeless condemnation of his *Barkouff* he wrote in *Le Figaro*: "Am I to be forbidden to walk in the ways shown me by my beloved masters? If I am not to succeed, well and good; but that I should not have the right to risk my neck in the endeavour, that is what I protest against."

With *Barbe-Bleue* (February 5th, 1866), a burlesque parody of mediæval customs, Jacques Offenbach partly recovered his former success, and this piece was at the same time the greatest triumph of Hortense Schneider. *La Vie Parisienne* at the *Palais-Royal* had the distinction of being sung by a company that did not boast of a single singer. Its score contains some delightful pages and the duet makes one almost think of Wagner in the scene between Hans Sachs and Eva.

April 12th, 1867, is a memorable date in Offenbach's life, for on that day he enjoyed one of the greatest triumphs of his artistic career, with the production of *La Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein*. There is no parallel to the astounding and enduring success of this work, which caused a revolution from which even the politics of the day did not escape. It was accused of having contributed to the disaster of 1870, and its popularity was such that at the *Bois* people no longer pointed out to each other Hortense Schneider, but the "*Grande Duchesse*." Never did theatre present so brilliant an audience. The Emperor, M. Thiers, the Princesse de Galles, the Duke of Edinburgh, Bismarck, the Tsar, the Kings of Bavaria, of Portugal, of Sweden, were all present. It is true that the music was delicious from the first note to the last. Offenbach never showed more spirit, more gaiety, and more youth. The operetta is orchestrated with a care and a refinement of detail never before encountered in this kind of work. "Offenbachism" flourished and had by this time spread as far as Hungary. On the day Francis Joseph was crowned at Budapest, *La Belle Hélène* was honoured with a gala performance in a Magyar translation. But alas, a few months later, the composer failed conspicuously with *Robinson Crusoe* at the *Opéra-Comique*.

Offenbach was inexhaustibly prolific. Between 1867 and 1870 he produced *Le Château à Toto*, *L'Isle de Tulipatan*, and *La Princesse de Trébizonde* at his own theatre, *Vert-Vert* at the *Opéra-Comique*, and *La Périhole* and *Les Brigands*, the last two considered to be among his best works, at the *Variétés*.

In 1869, Offenbach went to Baden to take the waters, and he was seen walking about in the most extraordinary attire—a yellow waistcoat and trousers, a sky-blue coat, grey gloves, a green hat and a red sunshade.

The composer's success was rudely interrupted by the war, and the year 1870 brought a blow to the German Offenbach, from which he never recovered.

In 1872 he presented at the *Gaité* his first essay of a Fairy-Opera, *Le Roi Carotte*, written with the collaboration of the famous Victorien Sardou. The choice was not a happy one, and Sardou was completely lost in the fairy tale, based on Hoffmann's "Heroic History of Klein Zach, the celebrated Minister, nicknamed Cinnabar," the charm and the poetry of which he completely destroyed. Offenbach's music wavers between grand opera and the most vulgar ditties. He regained a certain measure of success in 1873 with *La Jolie Parfumeuse*, written for Théo, the idol of the day. The managing mania then took hold of the composer once more and he took up the reins of the *Gaité*. On February 7th he revived *Orphée*, which now had nothing more in common with the modest Operetta of the *Passage Choiseul*. When managing his own theatre, Offenbach was the man to get rid of a hundred fortunes; he tossed his gold recklessly right and left, astonished everybody by his luxurious life, and was never happy unless he could display his wealth in the most extravagant manner. Thus, although the receipts for the first hundred performances of *Orphée* reached one million francs, he perceived one day that the costs had swallowed up more than that amount. Ruin came quickly and he was obliged to relinquish his theatre to Vizantini. He bade farewell to his company in the following terms: "My children, you will be paid to the last centime. If I have been incautious, I shall at least be honour itself."¹ Such words might well be reflected on by many a manager and impresario. Offenbach was a man of heart, a man of the strictest sense of honour; his spontaneous generosity and his discreet and unsuspected charity were the accomplices of his ostentatious extravagance.

The remaining years did not bring any works of much value save *Madame l'Archiduc* with Judic as the principal star, and *La Fille du Tambour Major*, which seemed to open up a new era of success. Shortly after the celebration of the hundredth performance of the latter work, Offenbach passed away on October 5th, 1880. His last years had been cruel for him; he was tor-

¹In 1875 Offenbach went to America. His not very lucrative experiences he narrated afterwards in his book "Notes d'un musicien en voyage."—Ed.

tured by gout and by a dreadful cough, and his leanness had become proverbial. The will to live could alone preserve a remnant of existence for that poor, emaciated body,—the will to live (as he said), with only one wish in the world, that of witnessing the *première* of his *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, on which opera he had been working for years. In vain; the *première* did not take place until February 10, 1881, at the *Opéra-Comique*.

Some critics have reproached Offenbach with having damaged the interests of art by catering to the corrupt taste of the period, and with having pandered to the base instincts of the mass by providing for its gross appetite. Some even went to the length of asserting that he profaned music by transforming that noble art into a degrading parody.

I confess that I should willingly sacrifice much that is called "great music" for a few pages of Offenbach. They contain more art, more sincerity, more invention and greater science than many works by certain members of the Institute. The triviality of Offenbach's style may shock a sensitive hearer, but it cannot be denied that there are some finely artistic traits among this broad gaiety and this merciless vivacity. Whatever vulgarity there may be in these operettas is almost invariably to be found in the libretto; the "*coq à l'âne*" which is its base, dates from a long way back, from Piron, Panard and Collé, and from that *Casseau* which delighted the eighteenth century. Another essential element of the operetta is what the Parisian calls "*la blague*," his own particular delight in scoffing at and ridiculing all that humanity ordinarily respects and loves. All this is certainly found in Offenbach, but in an extremely refined form. He was one of the first composers who dared set things to music that did not seem to call for music at all. I might quote, for instance, the ditties in *La Vie Parisienne*: "*Nous sommes employés de la ligne de l'Ouest*," and "*Son habit a craqué dans le dos*." Nowadays such audacities appear quite tame, and men like Chabrier, Ravel, or Erik Satie, have gone much beyond them. In Offenbach's music a continual contrast between sensibility and buffoonery produces the most delicious effect. Look, for instance, at the song "*Dis-moi Vénus*" in *Orphée*, where the melody, tender and sentimental at first, is turned in the end into a light and fanciful strain. One might accuse Offenbach of repeating himself, but this is not so; the Master's Muse is arrayed in a robe of shot silk, which, though always the same, changes colour at every turn. Offenbach was, above all else, a musician, a real musician—I was almost going to say a great musician—who, perhaps, ridiculed music, but who

certainly ridiculed it musically. He always drew the musical caricature from the intimate elements of his own music. Sometimes he was coarse, but always witty and always original. His greatest attraction is his remarkably clear and vigorous sense of rhythm. Curiously enough the Rondo "Ah, que j'aime les militaires" in *La Grande Duchesse* is rhythmically exactly identical with the finale of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Camille Bellaigue has actually said that he considers Offenbach's symphonic sense, with its well-ordered and organised frolic, akin to that of Beethoven. It might be said of Offenbach that with him order was fanciful, and fancy orderly. He has written music of a small kind—if it be possible to state where small music ends and great music begins—but he was a great artist, and none has yet surpassed, in his own sphere, the man to whom Rossini sent his photograph with the dedication: "Au Mozart des Champs-Élysées."

COUNTERPOINT REVOLUTIONIZED

By HERBERT SANDERS

IF you ask a theoretical student why he studies counterpoint he will probably tell you he does so for examination purposes: if you question him as to wherein lies the intrinsic value of the study he will promptly tell you "it is invaluable as discipline." Exempting candidates for diplomas and degrees from the counting, it is safe to assert that but few study counterpoint for its own sake and it is not wide of the mark to suggest that the number of candidates for degrees would be considerably larger were it not for the imposed tests in counterpoint. The chief objection to its serious study is not its difficulty but its alleged uselessness.

Color is given to this belief by the fact that treatises on counterpoint are contradictory in many important points so that students are ignorant as to what authoritative counterpoint really is, and, what is more annoying still, to find after years of patient study of the tenets they evolved by comparison of conflicting theories that in actual composition many of its rules are entirely disregarded.

The standard writers on the subject have helped to give currency to these beliefs. In the preface to his "counterpoint" Macfarren says:

Its study is of the utmost value, as giving to one who has musical ideas facility in their expression. It is an exercise of the musician's mind as useful for developing the power of thought and the ability to control it as is any mechanical exercise for developing muscular strength and other physical resources.

Prout says:

. the value of the strict mental discipline involved in working with limited resources cannot be overestimated. One of the strongest arguments in favor of this study is the fact that no composer has ever attained the highest eminence without first submitting himself to its restraints.

So much for the 'discipline' idea. Without labouring the point it must suffice to add that nearly all modern writers believe the intrinsic value of strict counterpoint to lie in mental discipline.

In regard to the relaxation of the rules of strict counterpoint in actual composition Ouseley wrote: "The rules are never followed in all their rigour in the works of the best composers." Mac-

farren states: "The rules of Counterpoint were established prior to the discovery of the natural principles whereon harmony, and the phraseology that springs from it, are based." Sir A. Mackenzie says: "It is generally admitted that the study of counterpoint has been hampered by a good many rules which have absolutely no application at all in the extended domain of modern music," et cetera. If, then, the highest appeal for the study of strict counterpoint be that it is good 'discipline,' and if it be authoritatively acknowledged that its restrictions are not of practical application, why study it? Cannot such discipline be obtained in some less irritating way?

Before answering the question it is necessary to define what *strict counterpoint* really is. As a matter of fact there are three distinct schools of strict counterpoint:

- (1) The OLD SCHOOL, Fux, Fétis, Albrechtberger, Cherubini, Ouseley, Bridge, etc.
- (2) The MACFARREN SCHOOL, Macfarren, Prout, Pearce, etc.
- (3) The MODERN FREE SCHOOL as taught in Germany and France.

Prof. Bridge says he regrets that modern authors are departing in theory from the principles and practice of the older contrapuntists, but he does not say why he prefers the Old School.

The main tendency of the Macfarren School is the restriction of harmonic resource and the extension of melodic resource. In the Modern Free School the restrictions of the early theorists are removed, with music, not rubbish, as the result. It will be remembered by many that some years ago when a controversy as to what really constituted strict counterpoint troubled the minds of some English students they sent to Rheinberger for some specimens. On arriving in England these specimens were shown to a prominent musician who exclaimed "Why, this isn't Counterpoint; it's music." In a lecture before the Royal College of Organists, Kitson said:

We often see in examples by men who follow the old school, things done which are due to a want of time perspective. Little things creep in that show at once that they are not sure of their ground. The abstract view of counterpoint leads some to see the evolution of the art of counterpoint, progressing with the art of music as a whole, in which by degrees all the cramping restrictions of the early theorists are removed and culminating in the MUSIC, not the counterpoint of Rheinberger.

Until we have one school instead of three, and until counterpoint is regarded as something more than an artificial and abstract study, it will be impossible to avoid controversy on the matter. Nor must it be viewed entirely from the aesthetic stand-

point for it would then be regarded as artistic or inartistic according to the varying standard of taste of the individual or period. For counterpoint to have the moral support of an unanimity of opinion and uniformity of practice it must be regarded only secondarily from the abstract and aesthetic side and primarily from the historic.

But if the historic counterpoint be taught, what period? What composer or group of composers? To these questions there is but one answer, no other has been suggested. Dickinson says ("Music in the Western Church"):

Melody as we know it is the peculiar endowment of the Italians, and Palestrina, a typical son of Italy, crowned the Netherland science with ethereal grace of movement which completed once for all the four hundred year's striving of contrapuntal art, and made it stand forth among the artistic creations of the Middle Age perhaps the most divinely radiant of them all.

Sir Hubert Parry ("Style in Musical Art") writes:

Palestrina affords the most perfect examples of pure choral style. In his work the development of many centuries is summed up; and practically he stands alone in scope and artistic resourcefulness.

Here then in Palestrina we have the basis for a treatise on counterpoint which will settle for all time the divergencies of contrapuntal theorists. But to be of exact value his practice must be summarised and adapted to the modern scalar system—a procedure to which no utilitarian can reasonably object. The questions touching the use of the harmonic or melodic scale and modulation we need not discuss at this point.

As far as I am aware no modern writer has based his treatise on counterpoint absolutely on Palestrina with the exception of Dr. C. H. Kitson ("Art of Counterpoint," Oxford), and I may state, that we have in this volume the study of counterpoint revolutionized and its tenets based on a foundation strong as Gibraltar. In short Dr. Kitson has given to the world a treatise at once historical, logical, and practical. Let us briefly, led by Dr. Kitson, consider a few of the restrictions and non-restrictions of the later theorists in the light of Palestrina.

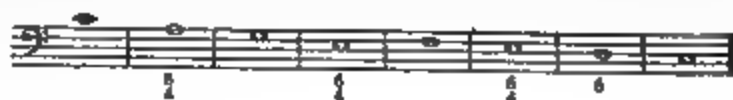
(a) Most theorists allow one chord in a bar. Those who permit two chords in a bar look on it somewhat as a 'concession to the weaker brethren'. Yet Palestrina freely uses two chords in a bar. Kitson points out that the prohibition of two chords in a bar was due to the misconception that each whole-note represents one chord whereas the contrapuntal principle is not that of writing

two notes to one chord but two notes to one NOTE. In combined counterpoint the use of two chords in a bar is often an absolute necessity if the harmony is to be smooth and the species is to maintain its conjunct nature. One chord in a bar often makes combined counterpoint an impossibility. (As a bar of scholastic counterpoint represents two accents, a strong and weak, Palestrina's bars represent two bars of scholastic counterpoint). Dr. Kitson is rightly severe on the Macfarren School for encouraging a wrong attitude of mind in allowing such a progression as the following to be considered as one chord in a bar (i.e. the treble E regarded as a passing note) whereas the MENTAL IMPRESSION is strongly that of two chords:



(b) Modern writers prohibit the use of the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord.

As a matter of fact there is no more cause for complaint in modern practice than in the ineffective use made of the $\frac{6}{4}$ chord. Professor Buck in his "Unfigured Harmony" advises the student to avoid the chord until he is accustomed to use 'edged tools.' (Though how he will learn to use it by avoiding it I am unable to comprehend). Harmony books are no help in the matter; look at Jadassohn for instance:



Such a progression as:



Macfarren would regard as a common chord followed by its second inversion. But Kitson points out that Palestrina could not possibly have regarded it in that light because the "Art of Counterpoint" belongs to a period before the term 'chord' was known. He says:

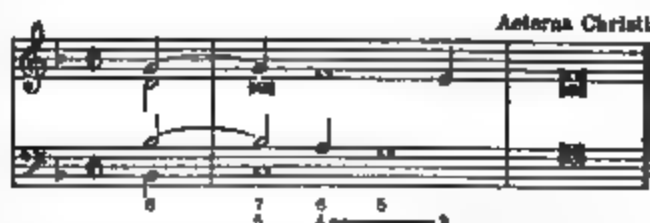
Combinations were framed according to the principles of consonance and dissonance and the consonances were the 1st, 3rd, 5th, and 8th,

and in three or more parts the perfect or augmented fourth and the diminished 5th may occur between the upper parts if each is concordant with the bass or lowest part.

And in order to understand the principles of Historic Counterpoint it is essential that we form the habit of looking at it in this contrapuntal light, though not exclusively so.

We are now in a position to consider the conditions under which Palestrina used the \sharp chord. Says Kitson:

A modern would analyse the following passage according to the figuring:



The bass (c) is a point d'orgue (pedal point). In the tenor the 7th (B flat) after preparation resolves on the concord (A). The fifth in the treble moves with it, forming a sixth, the tenor being regarded as the real bass. Again Palestrina uses what we call a \sharp with the fourth prepared, the rest being concordant requires no such preparation:

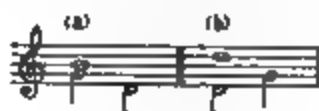
Palestrina. Kyrie-Iste Confessor



No one, of course, blue pencils \sharp resulting from the use of unessential notes:—



The following travesty of the truth would be amusing if it were not serious. A prominent theorist, being told the \sharp must not be used in strict counterpoint, and not knowing the real truth was that what was forbidden was not what we term the \sharp , nor its mental effect, but the unprepared fourth, argued thus:—



- (a) bad: mental effect of ♯
 (b) good, VII^b : V (key C).

In the music of the period both are technically correct. From an absolute point of view (a) is far better than (b). Thus the student is being told to avoid what is correct in the period, and also being told to choose instead something that is infinitely inferior as music. A student trained on historic principles will never in practical work use the six-fours and essential discords crudely because he has in this technique the origin of all our rules for the treatment of six-fours and fundamental discords.

(c) Prepared discords—allowed by all but the Macfarren School.

The application of contrapuntal analysis will show the use of prepared discords:



on which our author comments:

It must be borne in mind that any classification of the vertical chords is entirely foreign to the horizontal system, and that no prepared discord bears any relation to the essential harmony, that is, it demands no consideration except that it move one step downward into consonance.

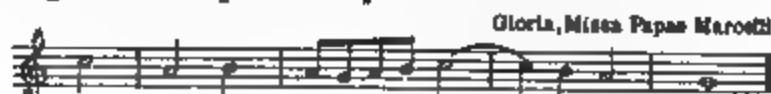
Ignoring the discord the following is the contrapuntal analysis:



(d) Eighth notes, dotted quarters, leap of 6th.

The varying opinion regarding the use of these are settled by Palestrina. Quavers may be used on the 2nd and 4th quarter note of a bar, but dignity alone forbids their use on both beats on the same bar. To quote Kitson:

There are in Palestrina isolated examples of the use of four eighth notes in succession. The rarity of such a procedure justifies its exclusion from the regular technique of the period—



Dotted quarter-notes, involving the use of a single eighth-note



form no part of the technique of the period and are therefore wrong from the historic- not absolute-point of view.

The dotted quarter note is generally used by students of counterpoint to avoid a difficulty. The avoidance of the interval of a sixth in quarter notes, the melodic restrictions as to diminished intervals, the leap of the third followed by a sixth and other controversial melodic questions can be solved by a study of Palestrina for, as Professor Wooldridge says:

The governing principle, technically speaking, of Palestrina's melody is of course that of conjunct movement; this, however, is beautifully varied by the constantly changing value of the notes, and also by occasional disjunct intervals, which are permitted upon the condition of not continuing in the direction of the leap, but immediately returning by gradual motion towards the point of departure.

This rule may also, of course, be deduced from the methods of Palestrina's predecessors since 1450, but there is in his application of it a certain final elegance, representing the ideal in such matters, which have been aimed at generally hitherto, but was now for the first time attained.

In this connection the words of Sir C. V. Stanford are worth quoting:

... teachers often overlook the natural tendency of a young and inventive brain to chafe under advice which at the moment seems merely formal, irksome and dry. The impatience of temperament cannot be curbed merely by dogmatic insistence on the rules themselves; it can only be moulded and brought into line by the sympathetic method of explaining why these rules were laid down and by clearly showing their origin. In counterpoint, for instance, a beginner who is conversant with the developments of modern music cannot be expected to understand a rule which "forbids" a skip from



in a part which professes to be a melody written to fit another melody. But when it is explained to him that this rule was made in the early times for music written for the unaccompanied human voice, an instrument which possesses no mechanical means for hitting a note as the piano has, and which finds great difficulty in producing diminished and augmented intervals with accurate intonation, he will begin at once to appreciate that such a rule is founded, not for the purpose of providing materials for examination papers, but on the principles of common sense.

There are certain progressions possible which, while correct according to modern treatises and so frequently found in students' efforts should from the harmonic point of view be impossible:



How is it that 2 and 4 are unsatisfactory in effect? Simply, as Dr. Kitson, points out, because the harmonic link between the bars is ignored. Such crudities as:



are safeguarded by the following rule:

Whenever two parts move in parallel thirds or sixths by conjunct degrees (the first combination being essential and the second unessential), they should proceed in parallels till they reach essential harmony, unless the bass be a pedal—



It is obvious that rules which permit such inartistic progressions in combined counterpoint as the following (quoted by Kitson) require revolutionizing:



By insisting on a smooth harmonic connection of consecutive harmonies Dr. Kitson brings the theory and practice of combined counterpoint into a position at once artistic, serviceable and logical.

The following use of a dotted quarter note followed by an eighth note ♩. ♪ ♩ is against ancient theory and practise. It is really a way of dodging the striking of a discord which is an effort to avoid what Palestrina never did avoid.



In striking a discord by conjunct and contrary motion we get the origin of the appoggiatura—



Of these collisions, says Rockstro, the greatest of the masters took no notice whatever. Provided their florid parts moved well with the bass, they cared nothing for the crashes which took place between them. Without taking undue license in this regard it will be readily seen that its introduction makes musical counterpoint a possibility. And surely the death knell of the barren and unfruitful counterpoint as generally understood is due to be rung! How can a system which leads to such rubbish as the following:



justify its existence?

But the fault does not invalidate the study of strict counterpoint—such results are due to the teaching of the many writers on the subject who have grafted their own peculiar ideas on to previous writers and their misconception so that we have strayed far from the fountain head of what pure counterpoint is. But the study of historic counterpoint as expounded by Kitson results in music and not mechanical rubbish, it enables the student to preserve the characteristics of each species in melodic curve, it forms the door through which modern harmony is reached, it shows the student where to change his harmony and feel his rhythm, it rests on the authority of practice and not on the caprice of theory, moreover it does not end in a cul-de-sac for its principles can be extended in modern work and "the evolution of modern harmony from them is as natural as the growth of a tree's foliage from its stem."

In conclusion I will give Dr. Kitson's idea of strict counterpoint in his own words (lecture before the Royal College of Organists):

The principles of strict counterpoint rightly understood are not arbitrary or meaningless the fundamental principles of music remain good for all time, and you cannot alter them, you cannot tinker them. A system of counterpoint which is based on a perversion of these principles must lead to disaster, a statement which I have had proved to me time after time. Let me urge you then to an intelligent study of the subject, read some meaning into it, and see in it all the fundamentals upon which the whole scheme of the present day is framed and amplified. So you will find your harmony enlightening your counterpoint and when you come to study modern composition you will have nothing to unlearn, but you will find what resource you have at your disposal is not the result of the entire rejection of the principles of strict counterpoint, but is merely a logical extension of them. Your contrapuntal study will not only give you the power of combining graceful melodies, it will have formed in you a foundation in harmonic resource, which, because it is true, lies at the very root of all further progress. The art of music as far as technique is concerned is not the history of a series of experiments each antagonistic to the other: methods of diction may vary, but the sum total of resource which is used for these ends is the result of an evolution which has its foundation in the principles which have guided composers since the birth of combined sound and which found their first culmination in the works of Palestrina.

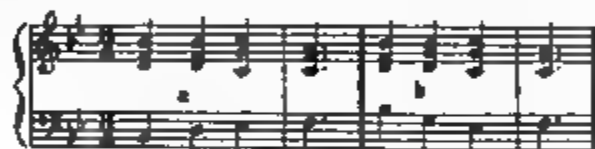
Dr. Kitson's further treatise, "Applied Strict Counterpoint," shows how the principles he has formulated lead to composition in the strict style, that is, in the style of the Polyphonic Period. Here the student has the goal of his strict contrapuntal study, and he will see that it is not the meaningless rubbish he has conceived it to be.

MAJOR *versus* MINOR

SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS

By F. CORDER

IT will readily be conceded, I fancy, that the principal factor for colour and character in music is that furnished by the two forms of key and scale designated by the terms Major and Minor. That there are minor concords in the major key and major concords in the minor is, of course, true, and these might be systematically employed to modify the bright or sombre prevailing hue, but in actual practice this is rarely, if ever, done; a composer harmonises a bold melody



with little regard for the momentary change of character induced by the second chord. Now it has often occurred to me—and probably to others—that since the difference between Major and Minor mode both in melody and harmony is the most striking feature which music possesses, it is curious that this powerful adjunct should be so frequently disregarded and ignored as it is by composers great and small. That such is the case it is the object of the following pages to prove.

Those who teach music can hardly fail to notice the universal tendency of learners to be attracted by the minor key. Directly we begin harmonising tunes in this mode I ask the pupil which he likes best, major or minor; I get the invariable response: "O, the minor is much the nicest!" despite its restricted vocabulary and the struggles which the student has to avoid augmented intervals &c. The psychological reason for the preference is doubtless the slight sense of mystery and strangeness conveyed by the Tonic minor chord. Nature gives us a major triad attached to every note we sound; the minor triad is an artificial product of man's invention. One might expect then, that in the early days of music, i.e. up to the middle of the 17th century, the predominance of the minor key would be very marked (without taking into account the complications caused by the use of

the early *Modes* in melody and harmony) and this is in fact the case. But I was startled, I confess, to find the great Henry Purcell, one of the most dramatic composers that ever lived, disregarding the claims of the major key to the remarkable extent he has done. Taking as the fairest test the three volumes of miscellaneous incidental music to plays, recently published by the Purcell Society—I find that while 94 pieces are in major keys, no less than 128 are in minor, these including Overtures to dramas and comedies, love songs and duets, and sets of dances. If the beautiful Lament of Dido is so often quoted as a model of appropriate colouring, what can we say, on the other hand, for a love-duet which ends in the following lugubrious fashion?



Handel shows much greater discrimination, using the minor mode chiefly, but not invariably, for songs of a mournful character. Such exceptions as Polyphemus's song "O ruddier than the cherry!" are not frequent, but the most remarkable example is his writing the Dead March in *Saul* in C major, and yet contriving to obtain the utmost degree of solemnity by means of hollow part-writing and great breadth of tempo. But out of 53 instrumental pieces where choice was free, 30 are major and 23 minor.

Bach seems to have had little regard for the two modes as such, modulating freely between the relative minor and major, and seldom remaining long in either. Out of 63 instrumental pieces 30 are major and 33 minor. The latter nearly always end with a major tonic chord, according to the custom of the time.

So few people know the origin of this practice that it may as well be stated here. In just intonation, such as was used up to the 18th century, it was found that the over-tones produced by a note, especially when doubled in the octave, were so strong that in churches or other echoing places the harmonic major tenth could be distinctly heard. It was therefore quite disagreeable to hear a composition end on a minor chord of any strength, while

the same chord with the third changed to major assumed a supernatural brilliancy. This explains why in some of Handel's Organ Concertos the composer has permitted the solo instrument to end with a bare 5th and no 3rd at all, trusting Nature to supply one of a better quality than he could. As is usual in music the custom once established was continued as a convention long after it had ceased to be a necessity. The name of *Tierce de Picardie* given to this unexpected major chord is of entirely unknown origin, like all the names—Neapolitan Sixth &c, given to particular harmonies.

To return to our subject, when we come to Mozart there is a great difference in the comparative employment of major and minor keys. The fastidious ear of this most perfect of musicians relegated the minor key to a proper subordinate position, and with him the major is in the ascendant to a remarkable degree. His first 32 Symphonies, for instance, are all in the major, and in the whole tale of 49 only 2 are minor. With other works the proportion is nearly as decided: thus,

MOZART'S WORKS.	MAJOR	MINOR
Symphonies	47	2
Sonatas	17	5
Vocal pieces	56	8
Songs	36	5

From the proportion of 7 : 1 being maintained in the vocal pieces it seems clear that the character of the words did not much affect the choice of mode.

Haydn's love for the major key was even more pronounced than Mozart's; no less than 92 out of his 102 symphonies being in major, with rarely any minor movement, while of the other 10 not more than 2 of the 4 movements are usually minor.

Beethoven's proportion of major to minor is about 3 : 1 in his large works and considerably more in his small ones; or, in detail,

BEETHOVEN'S WORKS	MAJOR	MINOR
Symphonies	7	2
Sonatas	29	10
Quartets	13	5
Small pieces	45	8
Songs	36	5

In his songs, it will be noticed, his proportion is the same as Mozart's.

An interesting test is afforded by an examination of Schubert's songs, 384 of which are in major keys, a very few ending in minor

when this is imperatively demanded by the words, and 141 in minor keys, frequently ending in major, whatever the text may demand. Some of the very best from a musical point of view change so capriciously from minor to major as to defy classification. His proportion of major to minor is about 3 :: 1. By the way, Schubert is generally believed to have written 600 songs, but this includes about 60 which are only revised editions of some already published.

Much the same result is obtained from examining the songs of Schumann—at least those written before his mind became affected. The first and second volumes of his collected songs, contain 131; 93 major and 38 minor, but the third has 45 major to 20 minor, and the fourth 25 major to 23 minor. Towards the end he appeared to be able only to think of one key, D minor.

Grieg, out of 110 remarkable songs has no less than 40 entirely in minor, but with the sufficient excuse that the words are very melancholy. There is one weird specimen that begins and ends on an unresolved dominant 11th and certainly sets the strange words—"A bird flew screaming"—wonderfully.

If one mentally reviews the music of Mendelssohn and Chopin in a general glimpse one is apt to think of the former composer as peculiarly affecting the major key, and the latter the minor. This is not quite the fact, as many as 17 of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words* being minor and an even larger proportion of his other piano works—24 major to 25 minor, while Chopin has practically an equal number of each.

CHOPIN'S WORKS.	MAJOR	MINOR
Mazourkas	23	24
Nocturnes	9	10
Polonaises	10	8
Waltzes	8	6
Other pieces	17	14

Brahms in his larger works has just as many movements in major as in minor; in the piano pieces he has 11 major to 18 minor. But his chief characteristic is so to mix up the major key and its relative minor as to convey the impression of being perpetually minor.

My object in compiling these statistics was to endeavour to find out whether the mental attitude of the great composers was consistent; whether they naturally employed the major mode for bright and cheerful music and reserved the minor as a special means of imparting feelings of gloom. I have found little evidence

of any such consistency. I was led to make this enquiry by noticing the singular absence of any such natural instinct on the part of composition students. Unless their attention is persistently drawn to the point these are prone to grope perpetually in minor keys for ideas which do not exist. For it is a startling fact that the minor scale is quite antagonistic to good melody, as the reader may easily prove to himself by recalling all his most admired themes and noting that these are invariably major. Or here is a better proof: take any collection of national songs you please and examine the contents. There is Moffat's 200 Songs of the Georgian Era, containing all the most popular strains sung at the public gardens in the latter half of the 18th century. Of these 200 only 10 are minor. Or take Boosey's Songs of England, a yet larger collection, ranging over two and a half centuries. In the first volume, containing 102 early songs, 8 are minor, and in the second, of 180 later ones all are major.

Since no one will be disposed to maintain that poets—even lyric poets—are on the whole a cheerful race, it will be clear that we shall often find bright and optimistic strains wedded to quite gloomy verse, and even this is not so incongruous as to find, as we do in the works of the great composers, melancholy music set to lively sentiments. Both are to be found in well-known instances, which, so far as I am aware, have hitherto passed unnoticed.

The words of Schubert's well-known *Serenade*, *Barcarole* and *Romance from Rosamund* are all three of pure amorous sentiment, uniformly pleasant; yet the composer, simply for musical contrast and variety, makes the music change delightfully from minor to major constantly without any justification from the poetry. And these songs are considered as among the composer's happiest efforts—even superior to many others where major and minor keys faithfully reflect the light and shadow of the words.

Again, in Schumann's fine song-cycle *Woman's Love and Life* many people regard the third number, *Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben* as the most attractive of all. This is perhaps on account of its dainty rhythm; but minor key and sprightly rhythm are singularly ill-suited to a song in which a maiden is timidly wondering whether her happiness can possibly be real. Schumann, for all his poetic fervour, occasionally let the music go its own way without reference to the words which were supposed to call it forth. In the song *Wehmuth*, (or, *The Nightingale*, as we have it in the English version), both words and music are very lovely, but they are sadly ill-matched:

Larghetto



As to music of the simple, popular type, where one would expect to find completely conventional employment of the two modes, it is quite surprising to note how frequently this has been disregarded in the most popular ballads. Henry Bishop seldom used the minor key; in his anxiety to write attractive melody he committed no great crime in setting such doleful verses as *The Mistletoe Bough* and *The Pilgrim of Love* to pleasant major tunes, but in his admired Glee, *Where art thou, beam of light?* his disregard of the mournful Ossianic sentiment is absolutely grotesque. Balfe and Wallace in such extremely popular appeals as, *The heart bowed down*, *The light of other days*, *Scenes that are brightest how sad they seem*, and *Let me like a soldier fall*, have adopted the inadequate device of substituting slow speed in the major for gloomy harmony in the minor, and of course one cannot quarrel with a melody for being too beautiful.

It is in opera that we should look to find most attention paid to the fitting employment of the major and minor modes; yet here are also plenty of incongruities to be found. As already pointed out Purcell and his contemporaries show little discrimination in the matter. Gluck's pathetic air, *Che farò* is the C major-est of tunes to the B minor-est of sentiments, and in Italian opera it may be taken for granted that the *scena* of a broken-hearted heroine, though occasionally it may begin in plaintive minor, will invariably conclude with brilliant fireworks in the major. I cannot recall a single instance of a striking Italian melody in the minor; Verdi has set the most harrowing situations to the most dashing major strains, and that glorious melodist, Charles Gounod, appears to have abjured the minor altogether, whatever be the

dramatic situation. With the exceptions of the two songs of Mephistophiles in *Faust*, the orchestral Salterello, and the famous Funeral March of a Marionette, I do not think there is any minor music at all by this composer, unless it be in the little-known last operas. Most striking of all is the paucity of minor key existing in Wagner's works. In the earlier operas the only example of any note is Senta's Ballad, the second subject and coda of which are in major; in *Lohengrin* there are 20 powerful major melodies to 6 minor ones, these latter being entirely associated with the wicked Ortrud and Frederick. The Preludes to *The Valkyrie* and *The Dusk of the Gods* are indeed weird colour-pictures in appropriate minor, and the yearning Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde* seems to be more or less in A minor, though that key is never confirmed; but Wagner's chief characteristic is his power of using prodigious numbers of minor chromatic discords in a major key, (the reverse of this procedure is not possible) so that the texture of his music is always felt to be stern, but yet major. Minor cadences he employs with unerring appropriateness.

On examining the harmonic material of the two modes it will be noticed that the major key contains three minor common chords, while the minor key has only two. But those in the major key are all on the weak notes of the scale, while those of the minor are on two of the strongest, and this it is which differentiates their character so greatly. Consequently the attempts made by composers to hover between the two generally result in a vagueness which is seldom effective. There is a curious instance in the popular B flat minor Scherzo of Chopin. Here only the opening bars are in the key named, and the effect is that this is really only a feint, and we are on the submediant of D flat. In that key we continue and finish, so that the piece is almost mis-named.

There is a great deal of mere follow-my-leaderishness about ordinary composers. It is curious to notice, for instance, how many have written their first Trio in C minor or their first Symphony in C major—apparently simply because Beethoven did so. The fact that the opening subject of a violin concerto is of much less importance than the second may help to account for the immense preponderance of the minor key in works of this class; 14 of Viotti's 18, 6 of Rode's 8 and all of Spohr's 11 are in minor keys. And the proportion is not very different in Pianoforte concertos. The melody of a second subject, even if of poor invention, will naturally stand out better by contrast with a minor first subject. And contrast is the most important factor in music of any scope. It is all very fine to babble about "self-expression," but art must

be governed by conventions and laws, which will be modified from time to time, but which can never be wholly defied.

A few more technical remarks in conclusion. Where an instrumental piece begins in minor and has sections in major (the principal second subject is usually major), the problem of how to finish effectively is surely a very simple one. Taking Weber's Overture to *Der Freischütz* as a typical example, is not the burst into the major at the Coda everything that could be desired? Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* Overture illustrates the same point. But it is not uncommon to find composers recapitulating their second subject in the tonic major and yet desiring to end in the minor. This always seems to me quite pointless, a hopeless anti-climax. Either you want the final impression to be gloomy or bright: if the former, do not have your second subject in the tonic major at all, but in some other key; if the latter, why discount your best effect? Perhaps the most curious instance of this perversity is to be found in a pianoforte piece by the brilliant Mendelssohn—the last man one would deem capable of such a lapse. No. 7 of his Seven Characteristic Pieces (op. 7) is a dainty, vivacious Scherzo in E major, bright and gay throughout. At the very end he had the unhappy idea of finishing with four bars of broken-chord arpeggios in E minor, with the result that he simply spoils the piece and nobody cares to play it. On the other hand, in his charming little Scherzo in E minor (op. 16, No. 2) he ends with a similar passage, but changing from minor to major, and the effect is that of dawn after a fairy revel; nothing can be more satisfying to the ear.

It is in large symphonic movements where the composer's taste, prompted by the mere whim of the moment, is apt to mislead him, and I could cite numerous instances in would-be lofty works where a movement heard for the first time (this is where it tells!) has failed to make any distinct impression, for no other reason than this. Glasounow's B flat minor Sonata has a first movement which is very near being one of the great pianoforte works, but by clinging too closely to conventional methods he has ruined it. The noble second subject is recapitulated in the tonic major, and he then works up a mournful impassioned Coda in B flat minor again. Result: anti-climax and dissatisfaction. On the other hand, one of Schumann's most brilliant efforts is the Overture to *Genoese*, where the Coda makes such splendid amends for the gloom of the preceding music.

No, you can never afford to defy this obvious truth: Major after Minor is always good; Minor after Major is always weak.

To turn a stale convention into a new beauty is artistry; to discard one merely by way of doing something new is simply a betrayal of weakness.

THE MODERN RUSSIAN PIANOFORTE SONATA

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

(Based on an Interview with M. Serge Prokofieff)

THE modern Russian pianoforte sonata is truly "modern," inasmuch as it is the result of a comparatively recent development, while at the same time a genuine tribute to the inherent vitality of one of the oldest of the more serious forms of pure music. The older Russian composers, and even the majority of those whose names are more prominently identified with the last decades of the nineteenth century, were not interested in the piano sonata. Pre-occupied with symphonic music, with the opera and ballet, they paid no attention, at a time when the piano sonata was largely cultivated by composers in France and Germany, to a form of composition which to-day is one of the most popular in Russia. Without counting works of lesser or dubious value by men of minor attainment, the most celebrated Russian composers of the last few decades have enriched the literature of the pianoforte sonata with more than thirty works, comprising much of the best piano music Russia has produced.

Any consideration of the modern Russian pianoforte sonata should begin with Scriabin—for he has done more for it than any other composer. And despite the fact that others wrote sonatas before him—among them Tchaikovsky (his Sonata Op. 37, seldom if ever played in public) with Scriabin, both as regards quality and quantity, the Russian pianoforte sonata may be said to begin.

Looking at these sonatas of Scriabin's from the point of view of formal development, it might be said that those which most closely approximate the classic model do so largely owing to the complexity of their harmonic contents. It is in his last sonatas that this harmonic complexity has been clarified, has been made perspicuous until it represents the victory of the idea over complexity of form. It is in his Fifth Sonata—a species of preparatory sketch or essay for the *Poème d'Extase*, that he definitely leaves the tonalities and form of the classic sonata, and enters upon his

second period. The Sixth, Seventh and Eighth Sonatas are notable for their tremendous complexity of development, and the extreme application of Scriabin's harmonic scheme of a natural harmonic chord built up by fourths. In the Ninth Sonata he enters upon a new period wherein the quantitative note-element is lessened, the architectural outlines become clearer, a crystallization, so to speak of the complexities of its predecessor. The Tenth Sonata has been called "a pianoforte counterpart of the radiant *Prometheus*," and in truth it blinds and bewilders by the luminous manner in which the composer takes advantage of the simple beauty of the new means he employs. One cannot but regret that Death removed him at the moment when his mastery of his medium was so complete, and when he would undoubtedly have shown it in other wonderful works.

There is a popular impression, which one often encounters, that the piano sonata in several movements represents the classic type, while the sonata in a single movement is essentially modern. This is an erroneous concept, since the sonata before Mozart was often written in one movement. And all in all, the norm of the whole sonata form is its first movement, the other movements being written in the various rondo forms are no more than additions to the first and most important section: Hence the fact that Scriabin wrote certain of his sonatas in one movement and others in several movements is of no importance as far as the development of his sonata music is concerned.

Speaking from the standpoint of form, his first and second sonatas are by no means masterful works, though the first, in three movements, is appreciated because of its funeral *finale*, and the second, in two, on account of its pathetic first movement. The third sonata has four movements; there is a dramatic first, a second full of genuine charm, and one of Scriabin's tempestuous *finales*. Among the works of the first period, this Third Sonata as also the second, is the most popular in Russia. Scriabin's Fourth Sonata is very laconic: it is the product of the time when Scriabin began to interest himself in musical mysticism, in the expression and idealization of man's psychic nature in the terms of tone. This sonata is notable for the ethereal lightness of its music—especially in the movement marked *prestissimo volando* there is an indescribable effect of a drawing away from earth, as it were.

The Fifth Sonata, the sketch for the *Poème d'Extase*, is inscribed with four lines from the extended poem which serves as a motto for the latter:

To life I summon you, O mystic forces,
In depths obscure immersed!
To thee, creative spirit, to ye, life's timid embryos,
I now bring heart to dare!

It embodies the same ideas and uses the same material as its symphonic sequel. Compared to the Fourth Sonata, it deploys a more subtle harmonic style, and represents another rung in his ascending ladder of creation.

With the Sixth Sonata begins a new period in Scriabin's composition—a phase of greater complexity. It is less popular, and more rarely played in Russia than the others, for its playing demands a greater manual technic and a greater mental grasp; and it calls for more understanding on the part of the listener. An acquaintance with his previous works, and the ability to follow the development of his genius, however, will show that the means of expression he uses in the Sixth Sonata are altogether logical, and derived from its predecessors. But those whose first introduction to Scriabin comes by way of the Seventh or some later Sonata, are very apt to say that they cannot understand the Sixth.

From the point of view of movement there are great differences between the Fifth and Sixth Sonatas. The former is strongly movemented, the latter is altogether static. From the technical standpoint this is quite reasonable, since in order properly to express the extraordinarily complex harmonic beauties of the Sixth Sonata, rapid movement is practically precluded, in order that every note and every chord be given its proper meaning and emphasis.

In the Seventh Sonata, Scriabin's turbulent genius returns to the rapid movement he abandons in the Sixth. The Eighth Sonata is somewhat too long, too extended, and it is musically more feeble than either the Sixth or Seventh, though it also makes great demands on the pianist, and its second theme is one of the most delightful Scriabin ever wrote.

The Ninth and Tenth Sonatas, opening the period which, but for the intervention of fate, would have been the most interesting and important of his creative phases, stand for the exploitation of all the means which he employs in the preceding period, together with a new clarity and simplicity which bespeak the master-mind. Thanks to this clarity of expression these two sonatas are much more frequently played than those of Scriabin's second period. The Ninth Sonata is descriptive of sombre and evil influences; the Tenth, quite to the contrary, is not brilliant, yet

full of clarity, and has a third subject of remarkable beauty, one that might be likened to a psychic tonal expression of the purity of his ideals.

After Scriabin some account of the Sonatas written by his contemporaries is called for, though most of them have paid less attention to the form. Glazounoff, though his creative habit of mind is orchestral rather than pianistic, has provided the modern Russian sonata repertory with two fine works.

Glazounoff's two sonatas were written at the same time, and have nothing in common with those of Scriabin as regards style. Like all of Glazounoff's music—contrary to Scriabin's, replete with tumult, mystic eroticism, and psychic aspiration—these sonatas of Glazounoff are more sensuous, more "of the earth, earthy," more healthily human. The spiritual element which pervades Scriabin's sonatas is represented in those of Glazounoff by the element of nationalism. His First Sonata, in B minor, is very popular in Russia, "sounds" admirably on the piano and is well worth the pianist's attention. It has even been used as a "test" piece in various competitive concerts by pianists in Russia. Yet while it is decidedly grateful for artist and audience, many serious pianists prefer the second.

This Second Sonata, in E minor, has a very intimate first movement, an extremely pianistic and effective *schizzo*, and a most interesting closing fugue.

Rachmaninoff, like Glazounoff, has written two sonatas; but while Glazounoff composed his one immediately after the other, Rachmaninoff wrote his first, in D minor, at the beginning of his career as a composer, and his second only a few years ago. The First Sonata has no very great musical value: it is dry, very long and, to be quite frank, a decided bore. Naturally, it is less popular in Russia than his other works, which have always been great favorites. It is programmatic in a way, its subject being "Faust," and its three movements entitled respectively, "Faust," "Gretchen" and "Mephistopheles."

The Second Sonata, in B minor, is quite the opposite to the first. It is full of energetic movement and *brío* and Rachmaninoff has often played it in public with great success. Though there are passages which from a severely critical point of view might be regarded as mere musical "filling-in," nevertheless there are numerous pages evincing great talent, and which have all that special quality of charm which Rachmaninoff's compositions possess. Needless to say, when played by so great a pianist as the composer the sonata seems perfection itself.

We now come to various composers little known in America; yet who have created very remarkable sonatas, as many as Scriabin himself—Nicolai Medtner, for instance, must command the keen interest and admiration of every musician who takes music seriously. Those looking for the gracefully light, the superficially attractive, will not find it in Medtner's sonatas, and Russia may well pride herself upon having produced a musician of such serious worth, who, despising the taste of the masses, writes music for music's sake.

Contrary to Scriabin, Medtner in his ten sonatas does not follow out any particular trends of development. They are all written with an admirable compositorial technic, and one very interesting for the pianist. Medtner has composed sonatas in one movement and in three movements; he has composed sonatas simple and complex. But his sonatas in every case represent his thoughts and ideas at the moment. His noblest sonata is probably the one in E minor, Op. 25, dedicated to Rachmaninoff. It is the most important, embodies the finest themes and shows a technic of development which is unparalleled. Unfortunately, owing to its great length and complexity, it is seldom played in public, even by the composer who, after Rachmaninoff, is one of Russia's greatest pianists. A very charming work is the "Sonata-Ballad" in F sharp minor, with a first movement in what might be called an epic pastoral style, and a fine concluding fugue. Then too, there are his "Sonata-Skazka" or "Sonata Tales," in C minor, also a less important work yet one decidedly attractive. And the "Sonata-Triad," Op. 11, a suite of Three Sonatas, simpler in style and less complex in development than the great E minor Sonata, is a work which voices a very legitimate appeal to the musician in general and the pianist in particular.

Even less known than the sonatas of Medtner are those of such pathfinders in untrodden fields of musical discovery as Serge Prokofieff and Nicolai Myaskovski, both of whom, like Scriabin, have given especial attention to the sonata. In fact, in the work of these three composers the modern Russian piano sonata may be said to reveal itself in its most characteristic form, in the most finished development of an expression based on radically different individualities and artistic trends.

Myaskovski, a soldier by profession—he served as a military engineer during the first three years of the war, and took part in General Brusiloff's offensive of 1916—is a very unique and individual personality in modern Russian music. His pianoforte sonatas are less known, for one reason, because, unlike Medtner,

Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff, he is no pianist, that is to say, no concert-pianist, and does not himself play them in public. Yet he has composed two very notable piano sonatas.

The First Sonata, in D minor, from a certain point of view is a work unique in the literature of the sonata, since it starts with a fugue. This fugue, beginning in the most simple and modest fashion, in severe classic style is carried through an ever-increasing *stretto* of development to an expansion which covers every register of the keyboard. This development is carried out with a gradual *crescendo* of effect, its slow and serious initial mood becoming more and more turbulent until it moves over into the agitated second movement representing the sonata *allegro*. The third and fourth movements of this sonata are somewhat too heavy and extended, which detracts from the impression made by the sonata as a whole.

The Second Sonata, in F sharp minor, written in one movement, is also a masterly work, sombre and passionate in mood, tempestuously agitated in expression, and the musician who does not know it suffers a very genuine loss. In this sonata the composer has introduced the mystic theme of the *Dies iræ*, harmonized in a most original manner.



Serge Prokofieff, who frankly avows himself in the main "the pupil of his own ideas," is beyond question that Russian composer among "the younger set" whose work is exciting greater interest, both in his native land and abroad, than any of his contemporaries. He is less introspective than Myaskovski and more versatile than Stravinsky—who, obsessed by his theories anent the ballet, eschews opera, and has never attempted the sonata. Aside from three piano concertos Prokofieff has composed no less than four published sonatas for piano, (there are various others in MS.), ascending degrees in the ladder of musical self-development.

Born in 1891, a "Rubinstein piano prize" pupil of the Petrograd Conservatory, the composer, like Rachmaninoff, has that virtuouse understanding of the keyboard instrument which enables him to develop his sonatas along the line of genuinely pianistic *media*. His First Sonata in F minor, a single movement work, is decidedly academic in form, though passionate and dramatic in mood. As far as its harmonic contents go it is not particularly modern; and cannot be said to represent its com-

poser's true style; something which, by the by, is hardly ever the case with a first opus.

The Second Sonata, in D minor, Op. 14, composed in 1912, is written in the regulation four movements: *Allegro non troppo*, *Scherzo*, *Andante* and *Vivace*. It is a work of very real interest and charm: the *Scherzo*, in particular, is a *brioso* movement of undeniable piquancy; the *Andante* shows emotional depth and appeals to the musician because of its admirably developed *ostinato*; the *Vivace*, Mendelssohnian only in its evanescent lightness and staccato flavor, supplies a climaxing movement of convincing effect. This sonata has been very successful in Russia where it has been much played.

The Third Sonata, in A minor, in one movement, is the composer's shortest work in the form. It pulses with a realism more harsh, an energy more stern and uncompromising than its predecessor. And yet, borne on the torrential current of its movement is a lyric theme of really exquisite beauty, one of the most searching and ingratiating to which the composer has been inspired. And the crashing vigor and unrelenting dissonant complexity of the major portion of the movement give these moments of lyric poesy a wonderful quality of clarity and distinction.

The Fourth Sonata, in C minor, the latest to appear in print, like the third has been developed *après des vieux cahiers*, "after old sketches," the embryonic themes and germinal ideas of older experimental sonatas "born to blush unseen." It is a work of outspoken sincerity, of deep and serious conviction which emphasizes the elemental appeal—what has been termed "the almost savage distinctness"—of all his mature work. Its inspiration is controlled by the "laconism," the avoidance of the tonally unessential which is one of the composer's main tenets of expression. Complexity of the whole concurrent with simplification of detail, worked out in decorative counterpoint and multiple theme combination are as characteristic of this sonata as of the composer's orchestral works. Like the sonatas of Myaskovski these of Prokofieff represent the outstanding, the challenging developments of the piano sonata in Russia since the death of Scriabin.

THE UNVANQUISHABLE TCHAIKOVSKY

By CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

WE may accept as axiomatic four periods in the career of the artist's work: a heart-breaking disregard, a disproportionate adulation, a disproportionate disparagement, and, finally, the equilibrium of the ultimate estimate. The matter is almost as rhythmically proportioned as the tides: the balance of the antithetical emotions quite as inevitably adjusted. As a man's work is at one time or another provocative of passionate reciprocity, so will it sooner or later suffer a discrepant depreciation: glorify a reputation (for instance, Stevenson, Tennyson, and so on), and you prepare the forces of an eventual reaction amounting to a sort of animosity almost, a sort of pervert energy that gratifies itself in destruction. The idol-breaker has his place; but see that he comes to his task highly appointed and vouched for, lest he be merely one more of the innumerable band of shallow souled vulgarians who mistake a brittle glitter of cheap extravagance for the steady, sure glow of wisdom. All unconsciously, perhaps, the spurious dabbler in esthetic activities divines the quick recognitions obtainable from an exploitation of the sensational and ultra manifestation. The result is an intemperate dismissal of older manifestations, quite regardless of whether these older manifestations contain a degree of emotional impact and substantial significance unrivaled by the intricate strivings and false vehemence of a contemporary output. These extremes of opinion (perhaps one had better say prejudice or premeditated idiosyncrasy) are invalid as criticism. They have, in their time, directed their disparagements against most of the salient personalities of art, throwing their feeble derisions, their petty cynicisms and insinuations and cheap humors against the great spiritual forces of a Poe, a Byron, a Tennyson, a Wagner. There is a kind of very tragic incongruity, a something of crooked, satirical pathos in the ease with which these sterile revaluations would dispel the labors of a lifetime in a few whiffs of facile phraseology.

The matter is, I think, an acute revelation of the inherent falsity and shallowness of much sophisticated taste. I say sophisticated taste because I believe that this instability of judg-

ment is less a characteristic of the public than it is a characteristic—a dominant characteristic—of the isolated and precious minded few, the hierarchy, so to speak, who fabricate devious decisions and discriminations under the sacred slogan, Progress. Not that I would for a moment countenance and encourage a slipshod, slovenly, indiscriminate acceptance of everything in general. To allow oneself a kind of dead level impartiality of judgment and preference is to mistake tolerance for turpitude, to think that one is enjoying comprehensively when, to the contrary, one is merely not enjoying at all. The pleasure of art lies primarily in two things—namely, reverence and an instinctively fine sense of proportion. But there is an indefinable line where this instinctively fine sense leads off and a fictitious sense begins. The infallible sign of the authentic capacity for artistic appreciation is that it shall be able to estimate accurately and to enjoy in equitable proportion things widely, even antithetically dissimilar. One whose taste is, so to speak, to the manner born, does not dismiss this because it is not that; one appraises each individual manifestation for its own intrinsic worth, maintaining the highest idealisms and attitudes without a loss of a gracious comprehension of facile prettiness, gentle comforts, easy ecstasies.

Irrelevant as these remarks may at first sight appear, it is, nevertheless, necessary to emphasize them. A moment's rational consideration of the matter will reveal the self-evident truth that the true gist of cultural development tends in the direction of an ever heightening capacity for appreciation. We mark ourselves by the measure and efficiency of our enjoyments and comprehensions; we gather no credit to ourselves for what we fail to understand. Intemperate rejections may very properly be viewed with suspicion. Some special significance—some precious specific quality—attaches to all worthy artistic endeavor. It is our duty to perceive this in full proportion. We therefore know that we are on unassailable ground in rebuking those persons who have made the mistake of confusing disparagement with discrimination. In the present popular habit of patronizing or ignoring Tchaikovsky, we see this attitude of chronic inversion exhibiting itself in its poorest light. Despite the fact that a quarter of a century has not sufficed to dull the keen measure of the public's response to the unique appeal of his music, a certain unsubstantial view point remains antagonistically unreconciled to the fact of the man's indestructible significance. Perhaps the time has come when it may not be amiss to review certain aspects of the situation, and to attempt an informal summing up of audiences.

In his distinguished and finely felt essay on Burns, Robert Louis Stevenson emphasizes the worthlessness of all critical estimate that does not possess a kind of divine understanding of the inner texture, the infinitesimal subtleties of the artist's spiritual and emotional fibre. To judge adequately of the man's work we must be in sympathetic communication, so to speak, with the essential gist of the man's emotions as accumulated and projected from the thousand inner ecstasies, hidden hurts and crucial decisions of his experience. To understand him with our intelligences is not enough; we must understand him with our nervous system as well. We penetrate to the ultimate pith of his significance not through a conscious exercise of the critical faculty, but through a process, as it were, clairvoyant and indefinable, a process of mystic reciprocity. Perhaps this occult capacity for appreciation is more essential to an adequate understanding of Tchaikovsky than it is essential to an understanding of any other composer we have so far had. And the reason is, I think, because Tchaikovsky's music, to an extent greater than that of any other composer's music, is an individual and unique experience speaking. Just here we touch a salience. When a contemporary critic dismisses Tchaikovsky as a negligible proposition of about the status of Raff, he reveals a supreme and incredible ignorance of Tchaikovsky's dominant characteristic. The immeasurable difference that exists between Raff and Tchaikovsky (to say nothing of a thousand other differences) is the fact that one is a composer of nice, fluent, external sound, and the other is, precisely, one of the most protuberant and vehement psychologies that art has ever known. However one may wish to disassociate one's point of view from conventional sentimentality, the fact remains that the beginning and end of an inspired understanding of Tchaikovsky depends on the measure and quality of one's response and reaction to the interior meaning of his music. Wagner demands—to an even greater extent—this gift of impeccable reciprocity on our part; but whereas the dominant significance of a Wagner score is the exquisite hintings it offers us of a sexual and spiritual nature, the dominant significance of a Tchaikovsky score is a something more devious and recondite, a something that Tchaikovsky brought into music out of infinite inheritances of corruption and deterioration, a something cumulatively expressing itself through his music in a series of emotional stresses and explosions. To say as much (and no more) is merely to rewrite criticism.

The obscure and intricate extravagance of Tchaikovsky's psychology has been commented upon to considerable length.

But we may note a tendency toward a kind of dubious handling of the subject, as though it were a negative, regrettable something to be used as extenuating evidence. It is this attitude that must be confuted and obliterated once and for all. Tchaikovsky is the valuable something that he is precisely because of the idiosyncrasies imposed upon him by abnormal conjunctions and complexities. Eloquent to a degree that places him second only to Wagner as the supreme emotionalist of music, he represents the highest and sharpest manifestation of one of the two cardinal characteristics of the indispensable artist—namely, the propulsive and compelling workings of the unique impulse, the unique way of seeing and feeling and expressing. We may, if we choose, dismiss him as incompatible to our tastes; but we shall do this at our peril if we are not prepared to admit his preeminent personality, and to understand part, if not all, of the extraordinary, frightful significance of what his music is an expression of, of what it is hinting at, of what at times it is overwhelmingly articulating to those initiated by inauspicious collusions of malign circumstance into the vast, mute order of the spiritually maimed, the infirm of soul, the disease ridden and the terror haunted.

One need hardly record the obvious fact that a temperamental vehemence unassisted by a commensurate degree of craftsmanship is no more than a mere (although a very tragic) dissipation of energy. In Tchaikovsky's case we observe a coincidence quite without parallel in the history of art. To appreciate it we must understand the burden under which Tchaikovsky labored, a burden that would have proved insuperable to one of a less exalted integrity of intention. There can be not the slightest doubt that Tchaikovsky suffered from an extremity of morbid neurosis. This condition is, in its nature, fatally antagonistic to the exercise of the powers of concentration as evidenced in their various ramifications by the matter of continuity of thought, tenacity of purpose, premeditated discrimination, disciplined receptivity. The supreme salience in the case of Tchaikovsky is the superlative restrictions and obligations he imposed upon himself. That a man suffering from a quite diagnosable infirmity should have possessed and maintained the immaculate ardor, the exquisite precision, the invincible determination necessary to the attainment of his high purpose and difficult efforts is one of the outstanding features of the history of art. As a result (a miraculous cohesion, under the circumstances), the most vehement ecstasy that music has ever known (one does not say the most sheerly lovely) builded for itself out of infinite wanting, a chastity of intention

that scourged and lacerated all ulterior and facile purpose, and an impeccable spiritual morale (morale in the sense of determination), a degree of technical competence in its own peculiar way unrivalled. Let us stress this point—the sheer technical value of Tchaikovsky's achievements aside from their emotional values—let us bear it always in mind: the realization will eliminate the apologetic attitude from our sub-consciousness, and we shall be the better able to estimate Tchaikovsky as he deserves, affirmatively, energetically, sure of our enthusiasms.

It is a curious fact that although Tchaikovsky represents one of the most conspicuous personalities that art has ever exhibited, we know little more to-day of the secret interiors of his life than we knew a quarter of a century ago. True, the meticulous idealism of the artist stands clearly revealed in the book compiled by his brother, Modest Tchaikovsky, but the motivating influences of actual circumstance are but lightly touched upon, as though it were the intention of the biographer to evade the responsibility of exposing them. One may argue that we have no just concern with the private life of the artist: the fact remains that we cannot disassociate the art from the man, art representing (contrary to much popular opinion) a reflex of personal experiencing. So far as the external saliences of Tchaikovsky's life are concerned, there is nothing new for one to record. Under any circumstances, all that we need know of the concrete, physical facts of an artist's life may be contained within the confines of a few thousand words. It is the occult, inner gist to which we should penetrate (I repeat) if we would secure a vivid insight into the origins and latent implications of the work he has accomplished.

Briefly recapitulated, a sympathetic insight into Tchaikovsky's spiritual and emotional fibre reveals him as one of the great seekers, one of that strange band of alien souls who go through the world indefinitely troubled and warred against by the million hurts of over-susceptibility. In calling attention to these sorrow-troubled creatures one does not necessarily sentimentalize. In the light of modern investigation we see Tchaikovsky for a clearly marked case of psychasthenia, and in remarking this fact one is merely recording a scientific phenomenon. Sentimentality does not enter into the question in any degree whatsoever. It is true one is interested extraordinarily by the extravagant complexities of the case, but the interest is a legitimate one. There are not lacking hintings of secret documents to be disclosed at some future date, documents that will, we are informed, reveal the essential impulses and inhibitions of this curious, tragic figure.

By implication, the notion has circulated about to the effect that Tchaikovsky's distress was intensified by certain morbid perversities and idiosyncrasies of a sexual nature. Personally, I incline towards explanations other than those commonly accepted. The German point of view has tendered somewhat in the direction of an over-emphasis of the potentialities inherent in this phase of the matter. How far this matter might account for the extreme and notorious hysteria of Tchaikovsky, and how far this hysteria merged into insanity, no one can say definitively. In earlier years, I was led into factitious and extravagant intensifications of these aspects of Tchaikovsky, impelled and distracted by their emotional values as exploited in certain sensational appreciations. It is difficult for the imaginative consideration to maintain an equilibrium of judgment in the face of so sharp and so high pitched a temperament. I see no reason to modify my original estimate of the degree of Tchaikovsky's emotional vehemence, but I am inclined to alter my interpretation of its significance. It is essentially the reflex of a nature sensitised to an infinite degree, not the merely egotistical articulations of an incarnated wrangle and turmoil of manias and phobias. This point should be stressed.

It has been a little difficult for me, I confess, to abandon altogether my original conception of a nature obsessed and harrassed by obscure and vicious predilections. Read in this light, Tchaikovsky's music gathers a sinister suggestiveness about its unparalleled quality of lugubrious wittiness, black pathos and explosive irritability. Such is the point of view that serves as a basis for the fantastic interpretations of Huneker and the really remarkable appreciation of Runciman. But once one has subscribed to the theory of Tchaikovsky as a recondite degenerate, one is irresistibly led into an eventual intemperance of interpretation. In reporting a Nikisch concert at which the *Fifth Symphony* had been performed in a unique and enrapturing fashion, one of the most professional of our publications indorsed the reading as a revelation of a man's conflict with the destructive impulses of moral and mental deterioration. The point of view (I repeat) fascinates one with its subtle implications, and I would not altogether oppose it, for I take it as an accepted fact that Tchaikovsky represents in music an equivalent to those salient profiles in literature, the Wilde of *Reading Goal*, the Stringberg of a play such as *The Father*, the John Davison of that massive, sorrowful thing, *The City of Dreadful Night*. Say what one will, Tchaikovsky's unique contribution, as represented by his greatest work, the *Sixth Symphony*, remains his expression of that helpless, dreadful something

we so futilely call hypochondria, the impositions and persecutions of which are not to be identified or demonstrated by words. One knows all instinctively, or one knows nothing. This work expresses, cumulatively and for all time, the composite confidences of a miserable band of creatures maimed and obstructed as surely and as actually as are the maimed of body and limb. The restrictions imposed upon them bear no face value, their struggle is not gloriously obvious in the bright tussle of physical encounter. They go down to their awful defeats alone, they rise up to their secret victories unaided. Their agonies are thrice fearful because they are not of the actual world. Needing much, they are given little; the world has tolerance for them so long as they ask nothing of the world: it will put them aside in the emergencies of active realities. Love that should give to them bountifully, takes from them instead, or leaves them desolate; for their tragedy is the cruel, paradoxical fact that they see truly and sharply what their fellows see inaccurately, and feel with so keen and immaculate a fineness that a world, unacquainted with their altitudes of emotional estimate, fails to comprehend the authenticity of their ardors and ideals. They cry out and gesticulate; and a world that does not understand condemns them. Asked to do what they have no strength to do (to meet their environment upon equal terms), they ignominiously fail, and their failure is the ultimate agony of which the human soul is capable. Out of this ultimate agony came the *Sixth Symphony*. It is a personal expression, sheerly and absolutely. It is not an objective and a philosophical pessimism; it is one man's individual experience, an experience which, if it had been expressed through the medium of human speech, would have revealed its author as an abject creature crouching beneath the unappeasable winds and havoc of chronic hysteria.

I do not hesitate to emphasize this matter, for it is important that we should oppose the point of view (presented by no less clairvoyant a critic than Arthur Symonds) that would dismiss Tchaikovsky as a mere complainer, a sort of spoilt child ignobly whining over self-created torments and inevitable disillusion. This is an inaccurate interpretation. The essential significance of Tchaikovsky's individuality (as opposed, let us say, to the individuality of a Byron or a Wilde) is the unimpeachable integrity of his emotional significance and the superlative morality of his artistic idealisms. Contrary to much that may be suspected in the case of Wilde certainly, of Byron probably, we see Tchaikovsky not as a conscious dabbler in exquisite sophistications, or as a

vivid, romantic rebel picturesque and glamorous. We see him, instead, aching in the very integrity of his truthful, passionate wanting to be understood and to be comforted. His music is more often than not the sobbing of a frightened child. There could be no greater miscomprehension than a diagnosis that should impugn the validity of Tchaikovsky's distress; to even hint as much is to expose an absolute incapacity for inspired divinations. One may not altogether unjustifiably suspect the advocates and apologists of a Wilde or a Byron or a Verlaine of factitious and super-sophisticated subtleties of interpretation. The most tolerant morality, the most catholic sensibility can hardly avoid an instinctive distrust of these so flagrant, so premeditatedly defiant egoisms. One sees this type of artist, this kind of soul, partially, no doubt, but far from altogether, dominated by the great, mysterious forces of pre-natal influence. To a considerable extent, the destinies of these fantastic figures are their inheritances. It would be an incompetent consideration that should fail to take into account the vicious predilections actively inherent in Wilde's ancestry, or should underestimate the notorious record of violence and paroxysms presented by the mother of Byron. But even admitting as much, we see these men (and their kind) gradually grow into a sort of pleasurable concern with themselves, adulterating their griefs, embellishing their infirmities, engaging themselves in a not too real but quite enrapturing courtship with disastrous extremities and abnormal passions. Fascinating to our lighter, younger years, we grow gradually to see the artificiality of the attitude as paramount, the shimmer as tinsel, and the drama of a level with amateur theatricals.

Passionately antithetical to all this, we find Tchaikovsky. Let it be completely understood that whatever he is, whatever he expresses, be it for the better or for worse, he is compelled to express, is, as a matter of fact, literally persecuted into expressing. I wish I could comprehensively explain, as a matter of record, the conditions under which Tchaikovsky labored. At the very least, it is important for us to understand that the condition of neurotic idiosyncrasy, so predominantly a factor in the case, is incalculably and incomparably removed from the safe and comfortable confines of a mere selfish over-indulgence of whim. Quite to the contrary, it has nothing whatsoever to do with one's personal wishes in the matter; it is as beyond one's control as the tides. It is a kind of chronic panic, not panic in any figurative sense or poetic sense, but plain, outright, overmastering panic as one sees it horribly exhibited in actual catastrophe. To-day, as never before,

scientific psychology is concerning itself with the sinister phenomena of obscure nervous and psychical lesions. Much that was once dismissed or rebuked for outright obliquity, is now accepted, in its proper proportions, as a symptom of legitimate disease. We see Tchaikovsky's life as a thing blown about by the workings of this apparently irremediable infirmity of nervous deterioration, an infirmity that manifests itself in the peculiarly indescribable sensations of acute depression, chronic apprehension, dread of some particular catastrophe that eventually becomes a fixed idea in the sufferer's secret calculations, an ever increasing number of fears, intensified and complicated to an infinite degree. Such was the incalculable handicap imposed upon one of the greatest musicians the world has ever known—great, not in the sense of golden altitudes and profound calms, but great beyond expression in so far as he contributes a unique note to music in a manner technically impeccable.

I have gone to considerable lengths in this review of the temperamental saliences of Tchaikovsky for the reason that it is essential we should appreciate the differences existing between the romantic, picturesque melancholy of a Byron, the studied attitudes of a Wilde, the petulant depressions of a Chopin, and the sheer, awful unadorned misery out of which Tchaikovsky's music speaks in unprecedented accents and eloquences. Compared to the gay glitter of Wilde, the cynical, bold brilliancy of Byron, the languorous, ornate retrospections of Chopin (one of the half dozen greatest composers, but something of an emotional imposter as well), Tchaikovsky appears in the light of a beggar asking alms. Nothing could be more absurd than the bracketing together of these so utterly different kinds of emotional capacity. With the notable exception of the *Sixth Symphony*, Tchaikovsky's distinctive note is a pathetic, affectionate entreating, a note for which, with the possible exception of Schubert, there is no parallel in music. There is not elsewhere quite the same note of simple, passionate affection, an affection and a yearning that one can not call even sensuous, so essentially sad it is and heart-felt. The listener of delicate and sympathetic sensibilities will hear this note paramount in Tchaikovsky. It fills to overflowing the *Francesca da Rimini*, the *Violin Concerto*, the *Fourth Symphony*. Like in Schubert, it is a sort of beautiful complaining, a sort of sorry tenderness, but it adds to this a sharper note of commentary, of remonstrance, mordant, pithy, irreconcilable. It is the highest contribution music has made to the view-point (accepted in literature as a matter of course) that reacts, essentially, to the

pathos of life, the infinite hurt of life's demands and denials and disillusion.

This attitude was bound to come, sooner or later, out of music, and in expressing it, Tchaikovsky supplied his particular art with the inevitable development of which, in his age, it was capable. Obviously, a Mozart or a Beethoven do not (in the nature of the case, could not) supply music with this very vehement, this wistful and very poignant quality of lamentation, for, aside from all question of temperament, their art was dominated by a tradition that subordinated a personal vehemence of expression to the dictates of proportion and a decorative symmetry. They were divinely delegated to the attainment of other tasks; one to design, for all time incomparably, delicate patterns of gay seriousness, follies recounted with a sort of tender regret, melancholy sighings in graceful protest against the hint and rumor of actual tears and calamities far away; the other to fill the medium of the symphony with its first notes of throbbing tussle and turmoil, elementally, nobly simple and lacking the subtler intensifications of sensuous and erotic significances. But it is futile to attempt to ignore the fact that these men fail to convey to our epoch any very acute degree of emotional impact. We enjoy them premeditatedly, so to speak: which is to say we enjoy them rather more through a process of conscious intellectual appreciation than as a result of spontaneous reciprocity. We must go to modernism for an expression of the sharper articulations of personal discomfort, as experienced in dissatisfaction with, regret of, and susceptibility to the tragic and, apparently, iniquitous accidents, inequalities and sufferings of mortal existence. In Schubert, Chopin, Wagner and Tchaikovsky we find, in varying degrees, a preoccupation with the poignant realities of mortal routine. They are the great emotionalists of music. Previous to their coming, a delicate nostalgia, a graceful melancholy had come into music with Mozart. Beethoven had supplied the note of what one might call an ethical ecstasy, a resoluteness and combativeness of spiritual forces. It remained for a later age to achieve the cry of the individual out of the bitter hurt of personal catastrophe. In Chopin and Wagner, this cry, miraculously welded into patterns decoratively beautiful, is of the senses rather than of the heart; in Schubert and Tchaikovsky this cry is of the heart rather than of the senses.

To sum up, we must put aside the totally erroneous interpretation that would depict Tchaikovsky as a sort of theatrical exploiter of superficial melancholies. One will seek in vain

throughout those four master works of Tchaikovsky wherein he has most tremendously and movingly registered his pathetically futile complaint against our sorry scheme of things—*Francesca*, *Manfred*, the *Fourth* and *Sixth Symphonies*—for a trace of affectation. The expression is, to the contrary, so frantically fraught with grief that the conventional emotional capacity, unacquainted with so passionate an attitude, is bewildered and, as it were, intimidated. But this must not be charged against Tchaikovsky. It is one of the curious characteristics of convention to accord a disproportionate amount of admiration to the optimistic attitude of mind. There may be a latent significance in this. We cannot know. But in so far as the purposes of art are concerned, there is no valid reason whatsoever why we should place a premium upon the fatuously serene Browning of *Pippa Passes*, and disparage the black, monumental agony of the Davison of *The City of Dreadful Night*, or, by the same token, assume that there is something or other to some degree more valuable about the repose of a Brahms or a Beethoven than there is about the explosive swirling vehemence of Tchaikovsky.

True, if this so extreme an emotional impulsiveness had proved inimical to the building of a substantial artistry, we should have had no Tchaikovsky. It is precisely because Tchaikovsky recognized so completely the fact that what ever else an artist is, he must first and foremost prove himself to be an artist, that he accomplished the difficult task of expressing emotions essentially inarticulate and incoherent, and of expressing them in a comprehensible and beautiful manner. Personally, I consider Tchaikovsky's record one of the most extraordinary in all art. That a man suffering from a disease, the essential result of which is the tendency towards a gradual deterioration and lowering of efficiency induced by an over-susceptibility to fatigue, should have developed within himself and maintained the degree of spiritual stamina necessary to the rigorous disciplining of his emotional impulses (especially in view of the fact that these impulses were obviously symptomatic of a psychological disturbance bordering upon insanity) is one of the supreme saliences of the history of art. It proves beyond doubt, once and for all, the bigness of this man's character. Misunderstood by transient consideration, unloved by Woman (as was inevitable in the case of so highly feminized a nature: Woman depreciating Man in proportion to the degree of development attained by Man's spiritual nature as opposed to the frank, crude aggressions of Man, the dominating male), an alien to the short-sighted theorists of his

own country—under such conditions Tchaikovsky lived a noble, lonely life and clung tenaciously to ideals none the less ultimate, exclusive and fine from the fact that they were troubled by great sorrows and distracting passions.

We shall seek elsewhere in vain for a higher proclamation of the artist's creed than that contained within the various correspondences of Tchaikovsky. The history of art shows no finer affirmations, no nobler attitudes. Beethoven faces the great inscrutableness of things with a more stalwart, redoubtable energy, but the difference is one of physique and temperament only. Brahms exhibits as lofty an exclusiveness, but less passionate a spiritual fineness. Wagner, of course, appears in the light of a mere propagandist. To any one interested in the problems of the artist's life, Tchaikovsky's letters to Mrs. von Meck are inestimable. Read appreciatively, they define with superlative distinction the essential tenets of the authentic artistic activity as opposed to the factitious and invertebrate activity of the dilettante. The genuine artist asserts, rebukes, revolts—and theorises never. In any great emotional desire to express there is no room for sophistications and shallow dialectics. Leave all self-conscious fabrications of formula to the little men of art—the essential trend pursues its way undeviatingly, sustained by some occult inner impulse that distinguishes between the legitimate development and the spurious affectation. For example, if Tchaikovsky had abandoned himself to the distracting and deleterious influences of the nationalism cult, the world would have lost one of the most original musicians of all time. Long after the name of Moussorgsky, for instance, has been forgotten by all but students of the history of music, the Tchaikovsky of the *Adagio Lamentoso* will be remembered. Whatever Gods there be—in Swinburnian phrase—will thus bestow their reward upon a man of vivid integrity, a musician whose particular problem it was to reconcile the apparently antithetical matters of a vehement neurotic impulse and a structural solidity and coherence.

One cannot believe that so tenacious a sincerity, so disciplined a technic, so passionate a wanting to be understood could have been a mere idle sport of the cosmical authorities, a combination effected only experimentally and to be disintegrated with the unmerciful passing of the years. One is confident of the contrary, secure in their estimate of the high invulnerableness of Tchaikovsky's technical efficiency. True, if this technical efficiency had been exercised in the expression of a sheer external glitter, if, as has been mistakenly assumed and proclaimed, Tchaikovsky's

music consisted of nothing more significant than picturesque illuminations and sensuous barbarities, no amount of mere adroitness in its manner could have preserved it. Obviously, its substance must contain some weightier quality than we had supposed. In his *Old Scores and New Readings*, Runciman, in reviewing a Tchaikovsky concert at which, amongst other compositions, the *Fourth Symphony* was played, observes that not once during the afternoon was the "human note heard." This makes curious reading today when the *Fourth Symphony* has become second in popularity only to the *Sixth*. This could not have been if this composition had lacked "the human note." No: once and for all we must put away the earlier tradition (fascinating, I grant you) of Tchaikovsky the victim of vicious impulses, of suicidal mania, of sensual savageries and (above all else) fictitious postures and intensifications. This is one phase of Tchaikovsky (the Tchaikovsky of the working-out section of the first movement of the *Sixth Symphony*, for example), but it is not the predominating phase. There are two other distinguishing characteristics—the note of grief at all discovered things, and the unexampled pitch of what one might call a sort of insistent, pungent eloquence, emphatic, resentful, beyond all else legitimate to an ultimate degree. It may be that it is this note of caustic commentary, of poignant expostulation—as one hears it in *Francesca*, *Manfred* and the *Sixth Symphony*—that supplies Tchaikovsky with his strongest claim upon a future consideration.

II.

Tchaikovsky represents a conclusive demonstration of the enormous fallacy of the question of nationalism in art. The idea persists, is apparently ineradicably fixed in the superficial consciousness, that art must express nationality, must convey an unmistakable indication of its national origin if it is to be accepted for a valid, vital art. An idea more enormously inaccurate has never been encountered. Art is an expression of an individual, not of an aggregate: we prize it in proportion to the degree with which it brings a new beauty into the world, a new, strange exquisiteness of seeing and feeling and expressing. The indubitable proof of this is the obvious fact that the art of the world that has come down to us with the accumulated approvals of the ages upon it, is art that is essentially abstract in its substance and universal in its appeal. There is practically no instance of a composition built out of national material that has been awarded the palm of enduring popularity. The great moments in music are the

expressions of varying kinds and degrees of ecstasies; and for the fitting expression of these exaltations, whether of lamentation or of rejoicing, they have created a language of their own. A man who would limit himself to the obvious restrictions of idiom, would, in the very nature of the case, stultify whatever capacity for emotional expressiveness he possessed.

The point must be emphasized. It has become something of a popular habit to disparage Tchaikovsky on the ground of his cosmopolitanism, and to throw him into competitive juxtaposition (to his disadvantage) with Moussorgsky. The inaccuracy is absurd. Call Moussorgsky a great original impulse, if you will, or an interesting primitive, or an epochal mystic—call him what you will; but do not fall into the error that fails to distinguish between the genius that hints tremendously, and the genius that accomplishes beautifully. We err greatly and very slovenly in neglecting to draw these distinctions. Why do we not content ourselves, for example, in accepting Whitman as a prophet or as a sort of dithyrambic essayist or as a sort of melodious sociologist! Why do we not content ourselves in accepting Moussorgsky as an eventful potentiality, a man who brought into music certain valuable harmonic indications, but who failed to cultivate his talent with sufficient assiduity! Tchaikovsky, to the contrary, will endure because he is, precisely, one of the greatest musicians, on the purely technical side, that music has ever known. An artist must be something more than an artist to be great, but he must be a craftsman even before all else. This overwhelmingly significant secret Tchaikovsky divined. His quintessence is contained in less than a dozen words as follows: In answering an insipid inquiry from someone of an obviously banal and conventionally sentimental cast of character, he said: "My ideals! My ideal is to become a good musician." One cannot imagine a foolish question answered at once more simply and more comprehensively.

If all art—music in particular—were the merely emotional and decorative matter some precious points of view would have it, the chief count that can be brought against Tchaikovsky would be eliminated. In other words, if one were to deny the predominant importance of the idea in music (as in relation to the matters of a sheer rhythm or a sheer decorativeness or a sheer mood), one could claim a place for Tchaikovsky in the front rank of the world's composers. We have heard Tchaikovsky spoken of as a "second-rate composer." The condescension is deplorable. Can we determine that a thing is "second-rate" if we have no other thing that is indubitably first-rate with which we may properly

compare it? For example, we may very properly compare Brahms with Beethoven, Strauss, to a certain extent, with Liszt or Wagner. The mould, so to speak, of the mind, and the technical means employed are obviously allied. But there is another quite different type of artist—a less weighty type, no doubt, but indispensable. One might almost dare say that the art impulse, pure and simple, is found at its keenest degree of activity in what one might call the lesser or subsidiary type of artist, as in distinction to the comprehensive type wherein we find the accumulations of preceeding tendencies arranged and employed in equitable distribution. It is for the individual to prefer the one type to the other if he chooses to do so: the equitable judgment will accept both types, each for its intrinsic qualifications. In the one class we find, for example, Beethoven, Brahms, Strauss and Wagner; in the other and by far the larger class, we may include Chopin, Franck, Grieg, Debussy and Tchaikovsky. In the sense of original impulses whether of a sheerly technical nature, or on the sensuous and emotional side, the importance of these men cannot be overestimated.

Tchaikovsky is of this latter group not by reason of any special quality of technical originality (as in the case of Chopin and Debussy), but by reason of what one might call a great originality of emotional point of view and manner of expression. This point should be emphasized. Tchaikovsky accepted an established medium of expression, and re-vitalized it and amplified it into the actualness of the something new. Both in his string quartets and his symphonies he supplied music with the spontaneous, vital, legitimate ramifications of which, in his age, these traditional forms were capable. There can be no doubt that he represents a kind and degree of development in the continuity of musical expansiveness that makes him the one indispensable symphonist since Beethoven. This does not for one moment mean that Tchaikovsky can be compared with Schubert or Brahms in the matter of substance: it means that neither Brahms nor Schubert present music with the unmistakable salience of Tchaikovsky both as a vehement propulsive force and as a recreator of conventional mediums of expression. The loss of the four symphonies of Brahms would not create an appreciable lapse in the history of music; the loss of the *Sixth Symphony* of Tchaikovsky would. No doubt, the substance of a Brahms symphony or a Schubert symphony is incomparably finer. No doubt, the music of these men will sound long after eight-tenths of Tchaikovsky has been forgotten. Well, it is questionable if Debussy contains the stay-

ing qualities of Strauss, and yet there can be no question which, of the two, is the more precious sensation, the more precious contribution. By the same token, the distinction must be made between the quality inherent in Brahms, and the something of unique insurgency inherent in Tchaikovsky. It must be unequivocally contended that Tchaikovsky stems direct from Mozart and Beethoven in the sense that expression and means are welded together with that indescribable something of inspired and miraculous inevitability that marks the perfect manner.

Tchaikovsky is of a royal company in his gift of balancing a profound technical facility with a beauty of expression. His music is alive from its first bar to its last. Obviously, the explanation of this is to be found in the almost unprecedented vividness and vitality of the part writing. The inner voices of a Tchaikovsky score are animate to a degree beyond any other example in music with the exception of Wagner. Read a Tchaikovsky score closely, and observe the remarkable assertiveness of the inner voices; observe the ease with which they progress, progress to so independent and untrammelled an extent that they seem to possess the salience of the dominant melodic line. "The greatest contrapuntalist since Bach," Huneker says of Brahms. "Brahms as a master of the management of notes stands with the highest," Runciman says in an estimate otherwise far from complimentary. Well, of what avail all this! Who cares? We are not interested in a mere academic exploitation of technical procedure. The all important question is: Do the notes and the counterpoint mean anything? (Of course, the estimate is ridiculous aside from this—the greatest contrapuntalist and the greatest master of the management of notes the world has so far seen is Richard Wagner.) But our present point is the matter of contrast in the effect of spontaneity produced by a Tchaikovsky score as opposed to a Brahms score.

After all, the end of art is the sum-total of the effect produced upon the collective mind. The matter of technical procedure is, in the last analysis, of no consequence. It is because Tchaikovsky is so essentially pre-occupied with saying something and with getting somewhere that his music exerts so powerful an effect upon the emotional attention. No composer says his say more directly: the fact that he combines this pithy, almost, one might say, caustic out-spokenness with an impeccable craftsmanship constitutes, from the purely technical standpoint, his dominant characteristic. It is one of the determining factors that supply his music with its peculiar appeal; one of the factors that will pre-

serve the finest pages of his music against the unmerciful passing of the years.

There can not be the slightest doubt that the conventional elaborations of what is invidiously called "classical" music have lost their appeal to modern ears. We no longer enjoy—if we ever did enjoy—fugue, canon and counterpoint for their own sake and quite aside from the question of their emotional expressiveness. Observe how deftly Tchaikovsky evades any semblance of pre-meditation in his exercises of these essentially academic contrivances. Instances of this—to choose at random—may be noted in the fugue from the first movement of the *First Suite*, the enormously eloquent use of the trombone in the last movement of the *Sixth Symphony*, and the ascending passage for the wood-wind in the first variation of the theme of the last movement of the *Third Suite*. Note, moreover, the ingratiating gracefulness of Tchaikovsky's counterpoint as exhibited, for example, in passages such as those in the last movement of the *Fourth Symphony* where the flute embellishes so exquisitely the theme of the Russian folk-song upon which the movement is founded. Again, note the apparent spontaneity of the passage in the second movement of this work where the flute weaves a pathetically beautiful counterpoint over the principal theme sung by the 'cellos. It may be observed that the effect is one of inevitability—precisely the effect that must be attained by the work of art that would exert a compelling influence upon our sensibilities. Three-fourths of the ineffable appeal of Tchaikovsky's music arises out of this knack of weaving together the subsidiary voices. The part-writing in the *Sixth Symphony* supplies in itself alone an unforgettable sensation, just as the part writing in the *Tristan Prelude* thrills us with its quality of irresistible progressiveness. To this may be added a merit that, I believe has never received its just due. I refer to Tchaikovsky's great harmonic gift, a unique gift, after a fashion, in so much as it entails hardly any aspect of innovation, depending almost exclusively upon an adroit manipulation of existing and quite elementary material.

Obviously, Tchaikovsky does not discover, as Chopin does, a new harmonic material. He cannot be credited with Wagner's sensuous magic, nor, like Debussy, does he attempt and achieve a miraculous reconciliation between hitherto unsuspected relationships of chords, creating a new beauty out of an inspired juxtaposition of sounds. The fact remains that out of material, essentially simple, Tchaikovsky achieves a degree of harmonic eloquence unparalleled in symphonic music. He is one of the

most poignant harmonists in all music. Through the exercise of some adroit and indescribable knack he can make an ordinary chord of the sixth take on a new expressiveness. Note that passage in the last movement of the *Fourth Symphony* where, in one of the variations on the Russian folk-song, the 'cellos descend through a succession of half-tones into the chord of the sixth in C major. No more wistfully, regretfully beautiful bars have ever been written; bars literally redolent with the heart-ache for the far-away. Turn, in the same movement, to that passage for wood-wind that follows immediately upon the giving out of the principal theme by the trombones. Study the acute, pathetic quality of these few bars, achieved by a dexterous finesse in the blending of the ascending figure in the clarinet with the harmonies given out by flutes and oboi. There is no sweeter, tenderer page than this in music. Mozart could not have exceeded it in grace. Schubert has nothing to show more truthfully, humanly sad. I would direct attention to a similar example of harmonic facility, to be found in the eighteenth bar of the second movement of the *Second String Quartet*. The effect is irresistible. Any one at all acquainted with the technical side of music will note the essential fundamentalness, so to speak, of Tchaikovsky's harmonies, and it is precisely this quality which supplies his music with the high degree of its tenacity of appeal. As a result of this, he presents us with a directness, forcibleness and structural solidity in his modulations for which we must needs go to Beethoven for our parallel. Note, in this connection, the modulation directly preceding the entrance of the love theme in the *Romeo and Juliet*; the modulation at the close of the working-out section of the *Fifth Symphony*, from the dominant seventh of F major to the original key of E minor; the passage on the bassoon, preceding the second theme of the first movement of the *Fourth Symphony*, wherein the keys of A and A flat are firmly related to each other through the medium of their respective dominant sevenths. These are salient instances out of hundreds that might be cited.

The thing to bear in mind throughout an analysis of the sheerly technical aspects of Tchaikovsky's music—the thing I wish to emphasize above all else—is the important fact that these great technical attainments are invariably part and parcel, so to speak, of the emotional eloquence. In other words, they are never an end in themselves; and as a result (I repeat) Tchaikovsky's music exhibits a unique amalgamation for which there is no parallel: on the one hand, a technical profundity of insurpassable substance, on the other, a poise and finesse equalling Mozart's

in its kind of graceful buoyancy. True, Chopin and Wagner exhibit something of a similar miraculous equilibrium (observe, as one instance out of thousands that might be cited, the Chamade-like prettiness and sophisticated delicacy of the permutations and developments of the "hunt" theme in the opening of the second act of *Tristan*), but the unique feature of the extraordinary fusion consistently operative in Tchaikovsky's music is the effect it produces of a sort of doleful insouciance, thrice tragic by reason of the discrepancy. To those for whom this music has a personal significance, these melancholy brightnesses, these lugubrious exuberances and feeble flickerings, pathetically playful, aristocratically debonair, represent the very uttermost outer rim of grief. To the initiated few, this, so to speak, laughing tearfulness, this sorrowful badinage (in which there is both a sort of reticent, gentle pride and a sort of delicate, tender bravery) will ever remain the dominant and quite incomparable characteristic of this music.

As a result, partially, of this quality of consummate dexterity, Tchaikovsky has suffered a grave misrepresentation on the matter of form. In view of the fact that critics of considerable eminence have contributed to the circulation of this superficial inaccuracy, it may not come amiss to subject this question of form to a frank and fearless scrutiny. The fundamental fallacy of this question of form in general, and of its application to Tchaikovsky in particular, is the fact that we speak of form as though it were an absolute thing, when, in reality, it is not. In other words, we speak of form as though it were a fixed law inexpugnably permanent. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Form is not a something to be slavishly adhered to as though it were a crucial and determining criterion. Form is merely a means of communication between artist and public. In other words, form is not a virtue in itself; it is merely a means to an end.

Let us recognize this great, unescapable fact once and for all. Technical procedure is a matter of absolutely no concern whatsoever to a final summing-up of an artist's significance. Technical procedure is to the musician what a grammar or a dictionary is to the novelist and the poet. One could not err more egregiously than to demand that a musician writing in the year 1918, for example, should be ruled out of court for not having paralleled with meticulous precision the symphonic form as represented, let us say, by Mozart and Beethoven. The thing is intrinsically absurd. Honeker, a brilliant but not altogether a substantial mind, counts it a point against Tchaikovsky and, as an inevitable corollary, a point in favor of Brahms, that the former

works "loosely" within the symphonic form whereas the latter is a "master of form." In other words, Tchaikovsky amplifies, elongates and intensifies a conventional medium; whereas Brahms accepts a conventional medium, and leaves it very much as he finds it. It is, of course, obvious that Tchaikovsky's attitude is, of the two, by far the more valuable; and one need not hesitate to denounce as ridiculous the easy, fallacious habit of denying form to Tchaikovsky. After all, just precisely what is form? Obviously, form is balance, proportion, symmetry. It is a means of achieving a coherence that would be lacking if the artist simply threw his moods and experimentations out into the world in an utter disregard of law and order. It is a thing one feels; it is not necessarily demonstrable. To the contrary, the whole history of criticism has sought in vain to formulate it into criterions, to fix it in words universally demonstrable, applicable, comprehensible. It may, for all we can say to the contrary, be as fundamentally operative in Ornstein as it is in Beethoven. In sum, it is a thing the artist develops for himself out of a sort of semi-consciousness of divination.

To say that Tchaikovsky is not a formalist because the structure of his music does not undeviatingly correspond to the structure of Mozart or Beethoven, is equivalent in absurdity to the claim (if one can suppose so inaccurate a claim) that J. Francis Murphy is prosaic because he paints barns and hay-stacks, or that Degas is not a master of draftsmanship because he paints ballet-girls and race-horses. As a matter of fact, Tchaikovsky is, in his way, a supreme master of what one may call the structure of music: which is not to say "structure" in the sense that one would apply the word to Bach or Beethoven or Brahms. Furthermore, we may assert with every confidence that Tchaikovsky's exposition of his ideas exhibits a clarity and coherence of design for which there is no parallel in symphonic music. This statement will not be disputed if it is understood. It means, simply, that Tchaikovsky, primarily concerned in placing a statement before you, achieves an effect of appearing to dispense with the interminable circumlocutions and purely decorative manners of the older symphonists. It was inevitable that, sooner or later, the older attitudes should give way to a sharper, a more urgent, a more immediate articulation. To say as much implies no lack of reverence for these older attitudes—one merely means that they are no longer pertinent to the emotional stress of our age. To say that we have dispensed with the elaborate formalities of "classical" music does not for a moment mean that modern music

is not in the truest and best sense "classical." We speak of a "classical" style as though it were a something possessing an intrinsic quality peculiar to itself and, more especially, to its age. In reality, a classical quality is to art what that indefinable something of to-the-manner-bornness is to the individual. In a word, it is nothing more nor less than a supreme dignity of demeanor. We are likely to think of it as a something that happened fifty to a hundred years ago as in contrast to something that is happening in our own age and locality. As a matter of fact, all superior art is classical, but it is not necessarily classical in the same way. Tchaikovsky's use of the symphonic mould is as legitimate an intensification of its potentialities as is Wagner's intensification of the operatic medium. *Tristan* is no less a classic than *Figaro*, although the styles of the two are obviously incomparable, and, by the same token, the first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony* or the last movement of the *Sixth* is no less formal than a Beethoven symphony, albeit the contents are utterly dissimilar.

The world thinks in ruts, and fallacy is ineradicable. Even Runciman, subtlest of Tchaikovsky's appreciators on the side of temperamental significance, errs in his estimate of Tchaikovsky the master-builder. It is a pardonable deficiency. We have so long endured beneath the yoke of the classical obsession that we are cowed into a subservience to the totally erroneous notion that an adherence to some form or another prevalent a hundred or, as the case may be, two hundred years ago, is an essential condition of artistic salvation. An idea is almost universally accepted to the effect that older methods made for a degree of clarity and precision far and away beyond the reach of modern methods. Of course, this is absurd. Precisely the reverse of this is the truth. We are absolutely wrong in placing a premium upon the methods of a Mozart or a Beethoven, as though these men had accomplished for all time a certain degree of adroitness and beautifulness of expression that cannot be excelled. To the contrary, as art, all art, has progressed, it has grown more simple, actual and comprehensible. One does not contend that its quality has improved (to the contrary, its quality has largely deteriorated); one merely contends that its appeal is more immediate, its methods more direct.

Frankly, let us ask ourselves just precisely how much meaning the opening of the Beethoven *Seventh Symphony* possesses for us of today. Let us ask ourselves, furthermore, whether the average listener, uninitiated into the mysteries of musical form, would

find the pith and gist of the organization of the first movement of this symphony as clearly indicated as is the pith and gist—the structural significance, in other words—of the first movement of Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony*, the last movement of the *Sixth*, the last movement of the *Fourth*. There can be no doubt that Tchaikovsky's intentions are more clearly demonstrated than are Beethoven's. Compare, for example, the first movement of the Tchaikovsky *Violin Concerto* with the first movement of Brahms' *Violin Concerto*. I, for my part, find the latter absolutely lacking in consecutiveness of design; and I say this from out of an unbounded admiration of the lofty beauty of the substance of this music. A close scrutiny of Tchaikovsky's structure will reveal an impeccable appreciation of balance and proportion. True, the pattern, as in the case of Chopin, is new, and, therefore, it is compelled to formulate its own laws in its own way, and impose upon itself a self-created discipline. The result is a coherence that, for all its vivid, unpassioned, overwhelming eloquence, remains fundamentally symmetrical. Instances of this remarkable welding together of a redundant emotional energy with a flawless pattern may be noted in the first movement of the *Fifth Symphony*, the last movement of the *Fourth*, the last movement of the *Sixth*. It will be observed how clearly Tchaikovsky indicates throughout all his music its various divisions and sub-divisions, building up his sections with the clear-cut, four-square compact definiteness of blocks. The effect, even in the use of subsidiary matter, is one of energetic assurance, of, so to speak, "getting somewhere," and it is precisely this quality which gives to Tchaikovsky's music its high degree of tenacity of appeal.

What then, with all these high virtues in his favor, is the one deficiency that may be charged against our desire to rank Tchaikovsky with the very greatest? One thing and one thing only—the lack of the very highest, weightiest quality of that indefinable something one may call substance. Broadly speaking, there are three kinds of musical contents—melody, mood, idea. I have observed elsewhere that a musical idea corresponds to a literary idea, that, in other words, a sequence of notes such as, for example, the opening theme of the Brahms *Violin Concerto*, represents to music what a line such as, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" represents to literature. One will easily observe a distinction between this kind of musical thought and the kind that is represented by mood or melody. The opening of the "Emperor" *Concerto* is an obvious example of musical idea as opposed to mood or melody. The opening of the Beethoven *Fifth Symphony* is an even more famous example.

If music were the mere matter of instinct and emotion some points of view claim it to be, we should have no use for idea in music. Obviously, music contains a large degree of that kind of tough fibre built out of intellectual premeditation we find in a Browning or a Meredith, and it is this quality that we shall not find in Tchaikovsky anymore than we shall find the ethical note of Arnold or Tennyson in the poetry of Heine or Byron. There is no conclusive evidence to the validity of the universal assumption that this note of breadth and bigness is a superior note, but the fact remains that the world has accepted it as such, and in agreement with such a criterion, we must recognize the preeminence of those musicians that have spoken largely and grandly, in distinction to those that have passionately protested, or sung merely beautifully, or wrought, out of devious occultisms, fantastic witcheries frail as gardenias and as evocative as the odor of violets and heliotrope. Judged by this standard, Tchaikovsky fails to rank with the greatest of the great; judged by any other standard, he remains one of the world's finest musicians; and he will survive misunderstanding and disparagement. It is true that there is hardly a single big idea to be found in all Tchaikovsky. At the moment, I can suggest no instance to the contrary, with the possible exception of the first theme of the *Fourth Symphony*, the last movement of the *Sixth* and, possibly, some parts of *Manfred*. One has only to turn to a page of Tchaikovsky from, let us say, the opening of the Brahms *Fourth Symphony* or the second movement of the Brahms *Second Symphony* to receive an emphatic indication of the incalculable difference that exists between the thin, lithe, rapier-like smart and snap of the one, the brooding, weightier, bulkier kind of utterance of the other.

But to admit as much as this is not, necessarily, to relax one whit of the tenacity of one's allegiance to Tchaikovsky. It is arguable whether the original impulse so intensely operative in Tchaikovsky is not of greater value as a contribution to the history of music than is the deeper intellectual premeditation and fuller musical substance of Brahms. It is questionable (I repeat) whether we might not better abandon the entire output to Brahms if this were the alternative to a destruction of the *Sixth Symphony* of Tchaikovsky. Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert supply us with anticipations of Brahms that would to a certain extent, compensate us for the loss of Brahms if we were compelled to do without him: the "Pathetic" is, to the contrary, a great, unique salience of human expression, precisely, as a matter of fact, one of the two highest, sharpest, most acute exclamations that music has to offer us.

Moreover, we must balance the deficiency of Tchaikovsky from the side of a sheer bigness of expression with the incontrovertible fact that he is one of the greatest melodists the world has ever known. One cannot too strongly emphasize this fact. It is questionable whether Tchaikovsky does not stand close to Schubert as a melodist, in the sense of a simple, homely pathetic quality. Personally, I believe that this aspect of Tchaikovsky has not yet come into its own. For a peculiar something of pleading, wistful, tenderly mournful beauty, music has nothing to show that excels (I had almost said equals) the second theme of the *Violin Concerto*, the *Francesca* theme so plaintively sung on the clarinet, or the love theme in the *Romeo and Juliet*. Needlessly invidious as the distinction may appear, it is of interest to note the obvious fact that at least two of Tchaikovsky's melodies—the andante cantabile from the *First String Quartet*, and the horn passage from the second movement of the *Fifth Symphony*—have sung their way into the common consciousness, and are treasured. That the distinction is a treacherous one, I grant you: the fact remains that none of Tchaikovsky's contemporaries has accomplished as much.

III.

As one looks back over the matter from the standpoint of the situation as it exists today, one distinctly observes that the balance is all in favor of the case for the defense. Tchaikovsky has survived the crucial test of an unqualified emotional reaction on the part of the public. As in the case of Wagner, his popularity has extended beyond the reach of any suspicion of its validity. It has now become a logical and an inevitable reflex of his music's intrinsic qualifications. Obviously, we cannot dismiss Tchaikovsky as a mere voluble mouther of facile phrases, nor as a melodramatic masquerader. Supreme emphasis must be placed upon the almost frantic integrity of the man's intentions, and the keen, unique capacity of the man's intellectual organization.

To read his letters is to realize the awful hurt of a fine, complex, super-sensitive nature struggling in the meshes of a compulsion-neurosis with its accompanying disruptions, obsessions and phobias. Small wonder that he should have cried out over-loud at times! The wonder is that he should have been able to dominate himself so extraordinarily well! He was a reader and, in so far as his unstable nervous system would permit, a thinker; a man who, living always under the rainy, dolorous skies of a vicious unhappiness, yet sought to see and think with that large

universality of seeing and thinking which is, perhaps, the distinguishing mark of the classical manner.

When I think of the handicap imposed upon him by inheritance, I feel as though I should like to shield his memory as we shield a child from the brunt of life; I feel a kind of eager defence of him, a kind of irritation at the thought of so equitable, so stolid a temperament as Brahms competing with this frightened, unfortunate nature who was given on the one hand the great gift of musical expression, and on the other the hard bondage of a most sinister unhappiness.

Bear all this in mind, and then consider the passionate persistence with which Tchaikovsky, conscious always of his inferiority, and acutely antagonistic of fraud and affectation, labored to eliminate the negative and unworthy elements from his nature. It was a sublime struggle, a travail of soul-bearing. What an indictment of divine dispensation it would have been if so much turmoil and stress had gone to the making up of nothing more significant than a moment's amazement!

We are glad to believe to the contrary. Music here does not speak to us out of a great, cloudy calm or a great sunniness in a golden, genial voice as with Beethoven. Or, as with Brahms, in grave, obscure, judicial accents. It does not come to us with the four winds of the world blown about it, thundering its upward way over formidable and monstrous mountain-peaks as Wagner has taught it how to do in the *Ring*. It is music that is, at its greatest, dependent upon the degree and kind of interpretation imposed upon it. Miscomprehended, it fails of its effect. But, after all, is not all art seventh-tenths what we bring to it? We cannot expect that persons that are temperamentally unsusceptible to the vehement significances of Tchaikovsky's emotional exuberances will maintain any very keen degree of affection and admiration for Tchaikovsky's music. The academic temperament or the temperament nurtured on prim and prosaic seclusions will, no doubt, depreciate the stress and tumult of these unique expressions of over-excitability, of brain and nerve disease, altogether ignoring the fact that art is not necessarily limited to an expression of states of perfect health and happiness. This phase of the matter needs no further emphasis; it is a self-revealing proposition to people of emotional discernment. Our point, however, is aside from all question of idiosyncrasy and mutability of personal like or dislike. We are concerned merely in emphatic proclamations of the indubitable durability of Tchaikovsky as artist and musician.

The records, as we see them from the vantage ground of to-day, show that those critics erred enormously who estimated the staying qualities of Tchaikovsky from the sentimental standpoint alone. Tchaikovsky lives on his merits of a sheer fineness of material consummately manipulated. We could not spare that peculiar kind of passionate, expostulatory, pleading musical speech so characteristically his and his alone. Not even in Wagner—master musician of all time—do we find quite the same sort of thing that we encounter in, for example, the E major melody in the *Francesca*. Much of all we have loved falls victim to the passing of the years. Tchaikovsky, at his greatest, will not fail us, for at his greatest (as, for example, the middle section of *Romeo*, the working-out section of the *Fifth Symphony* the working-out of the *Sixth*, the *Adagio Lamentoso* and all of *Francesca*) he represents that combination of original impulse and impeccable craftsmanship which we accept as of transcendent and predestined origin and of the innermost texture of the miraculous stuff of Genius.

plainly that no "chance resemblance," however striking, can contest its "genuineness."

There is, *e.g.*, an unmistakable resemblance between this old German children's song



and the well known "Happy Farmer" by Schumann:



yet no musician ever regarded this resemblance as anything but a funny coincidence because—aside from Schumann's inexhaustible wealth of musical ideas, which made cribbing quite unnecessary to him—his version, with its two sustained notes, is so masculine, so "grown-up," so intrinsically different from the rhythmically monotonous childlike prattling of the song as to silence even the most malevolent reminiscence hunter. (Reminiscence hunting is, even at its best, an ignoble sport).

A still more striking example of chance resemblance we find in the following three quotations, but before we charge Mendelssohn and Wagner with so plebeian a thing as plagiarism, let us remember that these two masters had absolute command over all the means of concealing a "loan," if it had been one; that the very closeness of the parallelism attests their innocence and does it better than a more remote likeness could have done:



It so happens that these three notes



are the chief motive of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, of Schubert's

"Atlas," of Liszt's "Les Préludes" and of no inconsiderable number of other compositions. Speaking, however, only of these three, the moods expressed in them through these three notes have absolutely nothing in common and thereby furnish "internal evidence" against any suspicion of plagiarism—which charge has, in fact, never been made.

At this juncture we should reflect that human language is constantly changing. Under the influence of politico-historical events, of scientific discoveries and inventions or of changes in theological or natural philosophy, certain forms of expression, spoken or written, come into general use. After a while they die out and new ones take their places. These changes affect not only rhetoric and oratory but are occurring in all forms of human expression and, hence, in all branches of art. If we should have to say of a certain melody by a living composer that it was of a Mozartian cast, we would not have Mozart, himself, on our mind but rather the style and manner of musical idiom that was general in Mozart's time. The same applies, of course, to any other great composer's period of life and it explains, partly at least, the sway of the masters over the musical parlance of their time. Their mode of expression reflected the spirit of their time, the genius of their people. That their work retained its art value for many subsequent generations and for all the world is not due to its vocabulary but to the thoughts, to the world view for which the musical wording served merely as a vehicle. However highly we may still think of the *Rambler* papers and of *Rasselas*, we could not venture nowadays to speak or write in good Dr. Johnson's style without being charged with affectation. And yet, in his day his style of writing was general among his literary contemporaries without exposing them to the reproach of plagiarism. It is very similar in music and in all other branches of art.

A few years ago the present writer bought from one of the *bouquinistes* on the Quai d'Orsay an old reprint of the *Gesta Romanorum*, the oldest book of Christian legends in existence, and he found in it the entire plot of—Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, complete in every detail and told in a little over five pages. Does this discovery (made by others long ago, by the way) detract one iota from Shakespeare's masterly play? Are not all, or nearly all, the plots of his plays taken from other sources? And can we, because of this, call Shakespeare a "play"-giarist? (Excuse the pun, dear reader!) If two artists should happen to paint the same landscape or a portrait of the same person, would the second one be a plagiarist? If not, why not? Because, in spite of the identi-

cal features the pictures would still differ from each other and the difference would consist in the personal conception of the subject; in that which each of the two artists *saw* in the subject.

By this time the reader might ask: if all this is not *plagiarism*, what, then, *does* constitute it? Let us see:

A genuine pearl is never without some slight—what shall we call it? It is not a “defect,” not an “imperfection,” but merely some slight irregularity of shape or color or both; a “deviation” from the regular which, however, gives *character* to the pearl. The imitation pearl is always perfectly round and tediously even in color; it is, in one sense, better than the genuine pearl, but—it lacks life, character.

Just so it is in music, where a plagiarism is always smooth, but lacking that mysterious something which makes the original “say something.” The plagiarist is a thief, and therefore it must be his first endeavor to cover his tracks by making some alteration in the unessential part of what he stole; to use some disguise in order to be protected from the law—a sort of musical “alibi.” We often recognize the fraud by its effect upon our mind, for, if we happen to know the original, the essential part of the fraud will remind us of something which at that moment we cannot place but which produces the distinct feeling of having heard the just presented thought before and more convincingly expressed. Hence, we rummage in our memory, (with some irritation, too) instead of listening to the remainder of the piece in progress. To refer once more to the metaphorical imitation pearl and what it lacked, the parallel with plagiarism is made rather clear by G. B. Shaw in his “Dramatic Opinions” where he speaks with an earnestness somewhat unusual with him. Says he:

In all the arts there is a distinction between the mere *physical* artistic faculty—consisting of a very fine sense of color, tone, form, rhythmic motion and so on—and that supreme *sense of humanity* which alone can raise the art work, created by the physical artistic faculty, into a convincing presentment of life

It is more than doubtful that he could have found so profound a truth if he were not the *musical* connoisseur that he is, for his words apply with quite particular force to music. It is this “supreme sense of humanity” which explains the longevity of great masterpieces of all kinds and which, by the very nature of it, cannot obtain in a plagiarism. As Horace Traubel puts it: “Some music comes from nature, from life, and some comes from other music.”

Now it does happen to perfectly honest men that a thought occurs to them which, in the best of faith, they take for their own; it may, in fact, be genuinely original with them; but there are certain phrases in music which enjoy so wide a popularity that a prudent writer will and must avoid any resemblance with them as carefully as the architect has to avoid lines that suggest a human face. No dramatist or novelist could afford to let one of his characters say: "To continue this earthly life or not to continue it, that is the uncertainty in my mind." No more could a musician allow a Waltz like this



to go into print, however certain he might feel that he had no thought of Bizet. Resignation may come hard but—the waste basket is the only place for that Waltz.

Ah, it's a long chapter, that of plagiarism. Here is still another phase of it! There are cases where a really good idea occurs to one who is utterly unable to develop it; to one who through lack of talent or learning (usually both) is incapable of perceiving and of realizing its artistic possibilities. If he has hit upon such an idea, as a blind hen hits upon a grain of wheat in the sand and another man, who is mentally and by innate talent equipped, sees and feels what to the first one was a blank, there is no reason why this second one should not regard the idea as he does any other bit of audible nature and do with it what was not within the power of the first one to do. This phase of plagiarism is very aptly analyzed by C. C. Colton (in "Lacon"):

There are but two modes to obtain celebrity in authorship: discovery and conquest. Discovery, by saying what none others have said, with the proviso that it be true as well as new; and conquest, by saying what others have said, but with more point, brevity and brightness.

Some such idea of "conquest" Händel may have "felt in his bones" when he "appropriated" an idea of Buononcini's and, having had his attention called to it, said: "Is itt? Vell, it's much too goot for him (here follows an adjective that is better suppressed), he ditt not know what to do mit it!"

So we see (although stealing is stealing, no matter how cleverly done) that theft changes its aspect considerably if the thief can make of the stolen object something better than the

former owner was able to make; in other words: the thief must have the power to keep what he stole! We know that this proviso has been of no small importance in the building of Empires; those that could not keep their cribbings had to return them, as we saw only recently; others were somehow able to keep theirs.

During one of the first rehearsals of "Die Walküre" in Bayreuth Wagner said with the utmost candor to Liszt: "Papa, now you will hear something from your St. Elizabeth" (or was it St. Cecilia?) and Liszt replied. "Really? Oh well, then it will at least be heard." An absolute parallel with Händel! Wagner had found in Liszt's work an idea which its creator had underestimated, something which Wagner regarded as particularly worthy to live if it were fully worked out or elaborated. So, he did it and "kept" what he stole in the wonderful symphonic introduction to the third scene of the second act. It need scarcely be said that in the musical significance of these two masters there was not anything like the difference that was between Gluck and Piccinni and Händel and Buononcini, still, by some few degrees Wagner was the greater of the two and hence he became by "conquest" the owner of one of Liszt's ideas. *Beati possidentes!*

A privilege which was generally thought to be reserved for governments: the privilege of "eminent domain" (the controlling of personal property for public uses by making compensation)—genius seems to have "adopted" it, and made compensation by teaching the former owner a lesson, showing him how blind he was to the value of his idea. Of course, the assuming of this privilege may be sternly disapproved by stiff-necked moralists of the Puritan stripe; yet even they would instantly change their attitude if the case were reversed. If some little Nobody should steal from a man of recognized genius he would be immediately caught and punished by—hilarious laughter, in which even the *unco guid* would heartily join. Thus, when Genius steals he commits a sly little roguery, for he subsequently establishes his right of possession by the magnificent use he makes of his "annexation;" but when Mr. Tom Noddy steals he is simply a fool! The one, single silver spoon among his tin tableware will arouse suspicion at once; besides, it wears the "hall-mark" of genius which will betray the thief, and before he knows it the whole police force of musical criticism will be after him.

All this is, unfortunately, very inconclusive, but this was foretold in the opening paragraph. Still, Andrew Lang's statement there, that a charge of plagiarism cannot be *disproven*, may open a path toward a partial conclusion; for what has never been

charged *need* not be disproven. Thus the whole matter seems to hinge upon the question whether a charge has or has not been made.

We saw that both Mendelssohn and Wagner used an idea which had first occurred to Beethoven and was well developed by him; and yet no accuser has ever risen to charge the former two with plagiarism. Why not? Because the world was convinced of the integrity of these men. They have, concerning their inventive power, satisfied the world to so high a degree that in case of a similitude in melody it has accepted it as a pure "chance resemblance" and has taken for granted that the idea in question was genuinely original with each of them. It leaves the matter of plagiarism entirely to the judgment of the musical world.

A Spanish proverb says. "One man makes charcoal from his wood and another man carves a Saint out of it." The reproach of plagiarism is either silenced by the fact that the plagiarist has expounded an idea better than its originator has done or there has been no accusation made because the resemblance has been for good reasons accepted as fortuitous. No accuser, no conviction! No charge, no refutation!

UNPUBLISHED BERLIOZIANA

By J. G. PROD'HOMME

I

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF BERLIOZ

BY chance I have quite recently come into possession of two letters written by Berlioz when a youth; by a singular coincidence, these letters are contemporary with that of Beethoven, recently published in this magazine. On the one hand, we see the old Master—prematurely aged—in the midst of his perpetual struggles with domestic cares and family afflictions; on the other, the young student of medicine, twenty-one years of age, to whom the amphitheatre of the Faculty appears infinitely less attractive than that of the Opera, and who, pleading his cause with a warmth of enthusiasm not lacking in acumen, seeks to persuade his family of the genuineness of his musical vocation.

Some months ago I was apprized, at the Dépôt of X., where I then happened to be, of the impending arrival of a sergeant by the name of Berlioz. While the number of the collateral relatives of the great French composer is exceedingly small, his patronymic is of frequent occurrence among the provincials of Lyons and the Dauphiné; consequently, I felt no particular surprise. However, I speedily learned that this young Sergeant Berlioz was a direct descendant of the composer's uncle, a fact of which he soon brought me most eloquent proof—namely, two letters written by his great-granduncle as a youth, which letters, besides the merit of being unpublished, are important in themselves with regard to both content and length (one of them fills no less than four quarto pages), and also on account of their date, 1824–1825, a period from which only two letters by Berlioz had been known, one addressed to his master, Lesueur, in the summer of 1824, before his return to Paris, and the other written to his father, shortly after returning, on August 31, 1824.

The vacation spent in his native town of Côte-Saint-André having come to an end on the 25th of July, Berlioz, the pupil of Lesueur, had arrived in Paris four or five days later. In his *Memoirs* he tells of the family opposition, especially that of his mother, which he was obliged to combat in order to obtain per-

mission and the allowances indispensable for the further prosecution of his musical studies. His father finally yielded. Hector suddenly, almost secretly, left the Côte; and it was probably soon after his arrival in Paris that he wrote this first (incompletely dated) letter to his uncle Victor:

A Monsieur

Berlios, Avocat General
à la cour Royale de Grenoble

A S^t Étienne de S^t Geoire
par la Côte S^t André

Isère

Paris ce Vendredi [août-septembre
1824]

Mon cher oncle

Ce n'est point à la negligence ni à l'oubli de mes devoirs qu'il faut imputer mon si long retard à vous écrire. Le vrai motif est que je n'osais le faire, vous sachant irrité contre moi; je ne savais comment excuser mon départ, quoique certainement, papa vous ait donné après, les motifs du secret dont il fut enveloppé. Il m'en a bien coûté de m'éloigner de vous, sans vous avoir fait part, de la nouvelle détermination que j'avais obtenue de sa tendresse, il m'en a coûté encore davantage d'embrasser ma carrière, que vous reprouviez, et qui devoit causer tant de chagrins dans ma famille, mais qu'y faire? ma funeste destinée m'entraînait malgré moi et toute autre occupation m'aurait rendu le plus malheureux des hommes. Il me semble en outre qu'avec les arts on peut payer à la société le tribut qu'elle attend de nous, cette partie de nos connaissances et surtout la musique élève l'âme en lui donnant plus de sensibilité, et cette qualité étant la source de celles du cœur, la culture des beaux arts ne peut pas depraver l'homme. Quand (sic) à la célébrité plus ou moins grande qu'on peut y acquérir; j'espère avec l'aide et l'appui de mon Grand maître, pouvoir m'y distinguer un jour. Je ne crois pas que vous partagiez mes idées là dessus, mais j'ose espérer que je n'aurai pas perdu votre affection, et que vous ne

To Monsieur

Berlios, Attourney-General
at the Royal Court of Grenoble

at St. Étienne de St. Geoire
by the Côte St. André

Isère

Paris, Friday [Aug.-Sept., 1824].

My dear Uncle,

My long delay in writing should not be imputed either to negligence or to forgetfulness of my duties. The real reason is, that I did not dare to, knowing that you were provoked at me, I did not know how to excuse my departure, although Papa assuredly acquainted you afterwards with the motives for the secrecy surrounding it. It was very hard for me to leave you without informing you of the fresh readjustment which his affection has granted me. It was still harder for me to enter on my career, of which you disapprove, and which is bound to cause my family so much annoyance—but what can I do? my unhappy destiny has prevailed in spite of myself, and any other occupation would have made me the most wretched of men. Besides, it seems to me that with the arts one can pay to society the tribute which it expects of us; this sphere of our knowledge, and music above all, elevates the spirit by endowing it with greater sensibility, and this property being the source of those of the heart, the cultivation of the fine arts cannot be depraving to man. Concerning the greater or less celebrity to be acquired thereby, I trust, with the assistance and support of my Great master, to gain distinction in time. I do not feel that you agree with my ideas in this matter, but I venture to hope that I have not lost

doutes pas de celle de votre respectueux
et tendre neveu.

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

your affection, and that you do not
doubt that of your respectful and
loving nephew

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

Veillez présenter mes devoirs à ma
tante et à Madame Dauriac. La
famille prudhomme m'a chargé de
mille choses de leur part pour ces
dames.

Please present my respects to my
aunt and to Madame Dauriac. The
Prudhomme family desire me to convey
all good wishes to these two ladies.

Victor-Abraham Berlioz, born in 1784, was a lawyer, appointed Auditor of the Council of State in 1810; advisory councillor of the Court of Appeals in Grenoble, and Deputy Prefect of Valence 1811-1814; Chevalier of the Legion of Honor; deputy in 1818, and in the following year Advocate-General; finally, in 1830, Court Councillor, a position which he held until his decease (about 1846—the year of the *Damnation de Faust*). He was the youngest of the four uncles of Hector. We dare say that the latter received a sufficiently favorable response, and that uncle and nephew carried on a correspondence. Hector persuaded him to be the mediator between himself and his family, still in a more or less resentful mood; to mollify relations which were somewhat lacking in cordiality. Doctor Berlioz felt uneasy on observing the state of incessant enthusiasm which possessed his son; and Hector replied to his uncle, as he had already done to his father (letter of Aug. 31, 1824), by citing the example of great men of genius whose biographies had fascinated him since childhood.—He had read with avidity the "Biographie universelle" of Michaud, which he recalled in later years, more especially in his articles on Bach and Händel.

In the course of the year 1824 Hector had attempted to compose a High Mass; he intended, during his vacation, to revise such portions as he had written, but wrote to his teacher, Lesueur:

The reading over of the *Kyrie* and the *Credo* left me so indifferent, so cold, that . . . I gave the thing up. Then I took up the revision of the oratorio on *Le Passage de la mer rouge* (Crossing of the Red Sea) which I showed you, and which now seems to me awfully muddled in certain passages. I hope to have it performed at Saint-Roch when I get back.

This same oratorio was really brought out at Saint-Roch on the 28th of December following; but it would appear likely—and our letter confirms this hypothesis—that Berlioz, having revised his *Messe solennelle*, had sought to have this latter produced on that day. His material resources being inadequate,

he had written in all simplicity to Châteaubriand . . . "as the sole man capable of understanding and meeting such a request, to beg him to put me in a position to make arrangements for the production of my mass by lending me 1200 francs." (Berlioz, *Mémoires*, end of Chap. vii.) Châteaubriand's reply arrived *post festum*, on December 31st. "I love art and artists (he answered the youthful disciple of Lesueur), but the trials to which talent is sometimes subjected, cause it to triumph, and the day of success repays it for all it has suffered."

So Berlioz brought out his little oratorio (in the style of Lesueur) merely as a stop-gap. He was determined to hear his *Messe solennelle*, and actually did hear it on July the 10th, 1825. "Half a dozen" journals praised this "composition by M. Hector Berlioz, a pupil of M. Lesueur," and among others *Le Corsaire*, a friend of the young musician's, declared that "this brilliant début" had produced "the greatest effect."¹

In the preparations for the performance of this *Messe solennelle*—later destroyed by its author, who, however, saved several numbers—is found the occasion for the letter addressed, some weeks subsequent to Châteaubriand's declination,

A Monsieur
Monsieur V. Berlioz
Avocat Général à la cour Royale
de Grenoble
Rue neuve
Isère

Paris ce 18 février 1825

Mon cher oncle

Vous allez être sans doute étonné de l'objet de ma lettre. Je viens vous supplier d'être le médiateur entre mon père et moi, l'extrême amitié qu'il a pour vous me fait espérer qu'il fera cas de vos conseils, et la conformité de vos opinions avec les siennes, ne peut manquer de lui faire voir que, si vous plaidez ma cause, vous la croyez celle de la raison.

Voilà, ce que je puis dire en ma faveur.

D'abord, papa se croit parfaitement de sang-froid, ce qui lui donne, dit-il un grand avantage, pour voir les choses sous leur vrai point de vue; sur mon état habituel d'enthousiasme. Dans

To
Monsieur V. Berlioz
Avocat Général at the Royal Court
of Grenoble
Rue neuve
Isère

Paris, Feb. 18, 1825.

My dear Uncle,

You will undoubtedly be surprised at the object of my letter. I write to beg you to act as mediator between my father and myself; his devoted friendship for you gives me reason to hope that he will value your advice, and the agreement of your ideas with his cannot fail to make him perceive that, if you plead my cause, you believe me to be in the right.

What I can say in my own favor is this:

First, Papa thinks he possesses perfect mental poise, which gives him (so he says) a great advantage, for seeing things from the true point of view, over my habitual state of enthusiasm.

¹ Cf. the letter from Berlioz to his mother (July 14, 1823), and that to his friend Dubois (July 20)

sa dernière lettre, il commence par me dire, (que c'est à tort que j'espère que ma persévérance pourra le laisser ou que des succès pourront le faire revenir) Ce qui est avouer que, Lors même que je devrais devenir un Gluck ou un Mozart il ne consentirait jamais à ce que je sois musicien.

Est-on de sang-froid quand on pense ainsi? réfléchissez aux conséquences d'une pareille opinion. Je lui disois un jour que si tous les pères avoient agi comme lui, il n'y aurait jamais eu en Europe ni poètes ni peintres, ni architectes ni sculpteurs ni compositeurs. Il me répondit *tel! le grand malheur!*

Etoit-il de sang-froid?

Vous pourriez peut-être m'objecter que Quand tous les pères qui se trouvent dans le même cas que le mien, penseroient de même, cela ne pourroit pas anéantir les arts, parceque les hommes nés dans les basses classes de la société, n'ayant rien à perdre, pourroient s'exposer aux périls de cette carrière épineuse; je vous répondrai encor, que si les opinions de ces hommes étoient les mêmes que celles de mon père, ils devroient en conclure naturellement, qu'au lieu d'exposer leur carrière à la moindre chance, il vaut mieux prendre un état sur, tel que ceux de charpentier cordonnier et autres. Donc les arts seroient anéantis; et je ne crois pas nécessaire de mettre en question si ce seroit un malheur pour les nations civilisées.

Mon père me dit ensuite que l'état d'enthousiasme détruit toutes les qualités du cœur et fait des hommes qui en sont possédés des êtres faibles, immoraux, égoïstes et méprisables. Il me donne pour exemple Lafontaine, qui avoit abandonné sa femme et ses enfants. Mais sans entrer dans le détail des raisons, qui engageoient l'illustre fabuliste, à en agir ainsi, et que tout le monde connoît; je riposterai par l'exemple de Boileau, du Grand Cor-

In his last letter he begins by telling me that I am wrong in hoping that my persistence can tire him, or that my success could make him change his opinion—This means that even if I were by way of becoming a Gluck or a Mozart, he never would consent to my becoming a musician.

Does such an idea show mental poise? Reflect on the consequences of such an opinion. One day I told him that if all fathers had acted as he does, Europe would never have had either poets or painters, either architects, or sculptors, or composers, and he answered, "Dear me, what a misfortune!"

Was that a proof of mental poise?

You might possibly object, that if all fathers found themselves in the same position as mine, and held like opinions, this could not annihilate the arts, because men born in the lower classes of society, having nothing to lose, could expose themselves to the perils of this thorny career; then I should reply to you, that if the opinions of these men were similar to those of my father, they would naturally reach the conclusion that, instead of exposing their lifework to the slightest hazard, it would be better to choose some safe occupation, such as carpentry, or shoemaking, and the like. Thus the arts would be annihilated; and I do not consider it necessary to ask whether this would be a misfortune for civilized nations.

After that my father said to me that the mood of enthusiasm destroys all the endowments of the heart and turns the men who are possessed by it into feeble, immoral, egoistic and despicable beings. As an example he mentioned Lafontaine, who abandoned his wife and children. But without entering into details concerning the reasons which moved the illustrious fabulist to act thus, and which everybody knows, I retorted with the examples of Boileau, of the great Corneille,

nelle, de Racine, de Gluck, de Grétry, de Lemaire et d'une infinité d'autres; Tous les contemporains se sont accordés et s'accordent encore sur les qualités qui en ont fait des hommes recommandables indépendamment de leur génie. Et certes si l'auteur des *Horaces*, celui d'*Athalie*, celui d'*Iphigénie en tauride*, celui du *Silvain*, et celui des *Bardes* n'étoient pas possédés du Démon de l'enthousiasme, je ne sais pas alors comment on doit appeler le feu qui les animoit.

Vous allez sans doute, mon cher oncle, me demander sur quoi je fonde des espérances de succès.

Je crois le temps de me faire connaître au théâtre d'une manière éclatante, extrêmement éloigné, mais j'espère beaucoup d'une messe Solennelle, qui sera certainement exécutée d'ici en quatre ou cinq mois. Dernièrement j'avois voulu la faire entendre, comme vous l'avez peut-être appris, mais l'impossibilité de réunir, sans payer, le grand nombre d'artistes indispensables et sa trop grande difficulté d'exécution pour un ouvrage qui ne doit pas être répété souvent, ont été des obstacles insurmontables. Je viens de retoucher ma partition et d'en élagner toutes les grandes difficultés; Je l'ai de nouveau montré à M^r Lesueur qui après l'avoir lue attentivement pendant quatre jours, me l'a rendue en me disant. "Il est désespérant que vos parents veuillent vous arrêter, je ne mets plus le moindre doute à ce que vous réussirez en musique, on voit que vous irez grandement. Il y a dans cet ouvrage une imagination inconcevable, une masse d'idées qui m'étonne, le défaut (*sic*) c'est qu'il y en a trop, modérez vous, modérez vous, tâchez d'être plus simple." Voilà ensuite ce qu'il a dit de ma messe à quelqu'un qui me l'a répété. "Ce garçon là, a une imagination du diable, sa messe est étonnante, il y a tant d'idées qu'avec sa partition j'en ferois dix des miennes; mais c'est plus fort

of Racine, Gluck, Grétry, Lesueur, and a great many more; all contemporaries were in agreement, and still agree, with regard to the qualities which made them men to be commended, independently of their genius. And surely if the author of *The Horatii*, or of *Athalie*, or of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, or of *Silvain*, or of *The Bards*, was not possessed by the demon of enthusiasm, I am at a loss to say how the fire which inspired them ought to be named.

You, my dear Uncle, are doubtless about to ask me, on what I found my hopes of success.

I believe the time to be still very remote, in which I shall make myself known at the theatre with brilliant distinction; but I cherish great hopes of a *Mass solennelle* which will certainly be performed within four or five months from now. I wished to bring it out a short time ago, as I may have informed you, but the impossibility of bringing together, without remuneration, the large number of indispensable artists, and the too great difficulties of its execution for a work which would not be frequently repeated, proved to be insurmountable obstacles. I have just finished the revision of my score and cutting out all the chief difficulties; I have resubmitted it to M. Lesueur, who took four days for attentively reading it and returned it to me with the remark, "It is disheartening that your parents propose to restrain you; I no longer have a shadow of doubt that you will succeed in music, you are visibly making great progress. In this work there is an incredible imagination, a mass of ideas that astonishes me, the fault is, that there are too many, be moderate, be moderate! try to be simpler." And thus is what he said about my *Mass* to some one who repeated it to me. "That boy has the devil of an imagination, his mass is astounding; he has so many ideas that I could make a dozen of my scores out of his one, but

que lui, il faut absolument qu'il lâche sa bordée, il veut foudroyer son monde à toute force." Les mêmes choses m'ont été dites à peu près par le chef d'orchestre de l'opéra qui après avoir étudié ma partition pendant 8 jours, s'est engagé à en diriger l'exécution. J'ai reçu une lettre de compliments et de conseils, de la part de Mr. Lefebvre l'organiste de St. Roch; qui avait assisté à la répétition que nous commençâmes, et que je ne laissai pas achever, la veille du jour où je devois donner ma messe dans cette église. Un Monsieur de ma connaissance lui parloit de moi directement et entre autres choses Mr. Lefebvre lui dit: "Ce sera peut-être dans quelques années le premier compositeur que nous ayons."

Tout cela est fait pour m'encourager; mais ce sur quoi je compte principalement, c'est une certaine puissance motrice que je sens en moi, un feu, une ardeur que le ne saurois décrire, qui se dirige tellement vers un seul point la grande musique, dramatique ou religieuse, que je ne l'éprouve pas même pour la musique Légère, et que je ne ferais pas six pas pour assister à un opéra comique.

En résumé—Il paroit que papa bien loin d'être de sang-froid, s'est tellement exalté l'imagination, qu'il m'écrit actuellement des choses qu'il étoit bien éloigné de penser il y a un an—Il me semble évident que je rumèrai—il est certain que rien ne peut me faire changer de direction; et que mon père me considérant comme un fou, ce n'est pas moi non plus qui pourrais le faire revenir de ses préventions.

C'est pourquoi, mon cher oncle, je vous conjure de réfléchir mûrement à ma situation, mettant à part tous les préjugés, et de plaider ma cause moins pour moi, que pour rendre la tranquillité au plus tendre père; si vous prenez mon parti, je ne désespère pas de retrouver le bonheur que son affliction nous a fait perdre.

they run away with him, he absolutely must let go a broadside, he wants to overwhelm his hearers with might and main." Very much the same thing was said to me by the conductor of the opera, who, after studying my score for a week, has agreed to conduct its performance. I have received a letter full of compliments and advice from M. Lefebvre, the organist of Saint-Roch, who attended the rehearsal which we had commenced, and which I did not allow to be finished, the evening before the day when I was to bring out my Mass at that church. A gentleman with whom I am acquainted spoke with him personally about me, and among other things M. Lefebvre said to him, "Perhaps, in a few years, he will be the foremost among our composers."

All this serves to encourage me; but what I chiefly rely upon is a certain urging power that I feel within myself, a fire, an ardor that I cannot define, which so strives towards one sole point, music in the grand style, dramatic or sacred, that I do not feel it in the least for light music, and would not take six steps to attend a comedy-opera.

To sum up: It appears that Papa, far from possessing mental peace, has wrought up his imagination to such a pitch that he now writes me things which would not have entered his head a year ago. I feel quite sure that I shall succeed. It is certain that nothing can change my purpose, and that, as my father considers me crazy, it is out of the question that I should succeed in overcoming his prejudices.

This is why I implore you, my dear Uncle, to take my case into careful consideration and with an open mind, and to plead my cause less on my account than to restore peace of mind to the tenderest of fathers; if you take my part, I shall not despair of recovering the happiness which his affliction has made us lose.

Votre affectionné neveu

H. BERLIOZ

Rue St. Jacques N° 79.

Your affectionate nephew

H. BERLIOZ

Rue St.-Jacques No. 79.

It may be assumed that the Advocate-General Victor Berlioz was convinced by his nephew's sincerity of tone, and that he contributed, to the extent of his ability, to allay the irritations which unavoidably arose between the latter and his relatives, down to the day when the Institute, having awarded him the *dignus intrare* for the Académie de France at Rome, set the seal of official recognition on the triumph of his inflexibility over all obstacles.

In 1825, at a time when the repertories of the Opéra and the Opéra-Comique offered nothing of genuine interest—Gluck did not reëmerge at all in the Rue Lepeletier till the end of the year—for a musician eager for "the sublime," like our young Berlioz, these two theatres were marking time, the one against the arrival of Rossini, the other before the advent of *La Dame blanche* by Boieldieu (Dec. 10, 1825), which repaired its fortunes. The Opéra subsisted solely by grace of public curiosity; its audiences gathered to gaze on the "marvels" of the new illumination by gas, in *Les Bayadères* or in *Aladin, ou la Lampe merveilleuse*. As for the Théâtre Italien,

had it been in my power to place a barrel of powder under the auditorium of the 'théâtre Louvois' (so writes Berlioz ten years later) and to blow it up during the representation of *La Gazza ladra* or *Il Barbiere* with all that was in it, I should have done so, never fear. My readers may easily imagine that my blood has cooled down remarkably, and that my musical opinions have been greatly modified.

Only at the Odéon, where, since the 7th of December, 1824, Cautil-Blaze had been giving his *Robin des Bois*, a pasticcio of *Der Freischütz*, with extraordinary success, could the youthful Berlioz find musical pasture to his taste.

Indeed, in the fine and valuable letter which we have just read, he expresses undisguised contempt for "light music," the only kind which he then had an opportunity of hearing in Paris. His clairvoyant soul already warned him that the theatres, "these evil haunts of music," would not show him hospitality. This the future made him see clearly. And although France lost thereby a composer for the theatre, music gained a grand symphonist whose works, wellnigh half a century after his death, will bear comparison with the most celebrated instrumental compositions of all the Schools.

(Translated by Theodore Baker.)

II

A YOUTHFUL AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERLIOZ

(From the autograph manuscript at the Conservatory of Music in Paris)

In 1832 Hector Berlioz, "prix de Rome" of 1830, came back to Paris; he planned (but his plan was not carried out) to set out again at once for Germany, to continue the travel and study prescribed for prize-winners at the Institute. But, before that, he was eager to take a flight, musically speaking, to give the Parisians a chance to hear or to hear again some of his works, among others the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which, with the addition of the bizarre "mélologue" *Lélio*, had become the *Épisode de la vie d'un artiste*. More than anything else, he wanted to interest in himself Harriet Smithson, the Irish actress; he had again fallen wildly in love with her, though still without knowing her personally, on finding her again in Paris, after two years of absence and after a certain "violent distraction," into the details of which we may penetrate in the *Mémoires* and correspondence of the master.

Miss Smithson was present at the first concert on December 9. A second performance of the *Fantastique* and of *Lélio* was given the thirtieth of the same month. Berlioz—who knew well the value of advertising in all its forms and who was not, on occasion, opposed to a certain amount of "bluff"—in order to interest the public and Miss Smithson not only in the work which she had just heard but also and especially in his own personality—conceived the idea of having his biography written by his friend d'Ortigue¹ and published in the "biographical gallery of French and foreign artists" in the *Revue de Paris*. This review, founded in 1829 by Véron, was at the time a very "chic," very modern magazine, the founder of which had "flung wide open the doors of full publicity to young and still obscure talents as well as to writers already celebrated." The year before, Dr. Bennati had contributed a biography of Paganini, almost pathological in character, well calculated to excite public curiosity. Why should not Berlioz do something similar, under the sheltering name of d'Ortigue? As soon as the first concert was finished, he hastily drew up this first autobiography; d'Ortigue took it, improved the style a little, pruned down or corrected some exaggerations, giving

¹Joseph d'Ortigue, born at Cavaillon (Vaucluse), was a friend of Berlioz from his first appearance in Paris. He had published in 1839 *De la guerre des Dilettantes, ou la révolution opérée par M. Rossini dans l'opéra français*. As a defender of Berlioz, ten years later, he published a volume on his friend's *Résumé Callias*.

free rein to his southern enthusiasm and facility. He interspersed long comments, æsthetic and otherwise. Replacing the too transparent initial given by Berlioz (who had written "Miss S. . ."), d'Ortigue designated as Miss *** the Irish actress, the target of this romantic little shot. Rendered thus presentable, the improvisation appeared in the *Revue* for December 15, a fortnight before the second performance of the *Épisode de la vie d'un artiste*.

The autograph manuscript of Berlioz which had been the basis of d'Ortigue's article was found again twelve years ago by the late Weckerlin, the librarian at the Conservatoire, and its authenticity certified by Charles Malherbe. It consists of fifteen pages written on letter paper. In several places and on the sixteenth page, d'Ortigue has scribbled a few notes, to help him in drawing up the article. I print here Berlioz's text as it left his hands, closing in square brackets [] the erased words which are still legible. The text may be compared with an article of the same period, *La Lettre d'un enthousiasme* [sic] which the *Revue européenne* had just published, as well as with the first chapters of the *Mémoires*.¹

* * *

(1832)

Hector Berlioz was born at La Côte-Saint-André (Isère) Dec. 11, 1803. His father destined him for the career of medicine, which he himself pursued with distinction. Only, with the purpose of making his son's education complete, he gave him, at the age of twelve or thirteen, a teacher of music. At the end of six months, the young Berlioz sang at sight and played passably well on the flute. His aversion for pathological studies increased as he saw approaching the moment for finally taking them up. To overcome this aversion his father used the following method. He spread out in his study Monro's enormous *Traité d'orthologie* with lifesize plates, summoned his son, and, placing him before the picture of a corpse, said to him, "There are the studies which we are to take up together. See, if you will begin now, I will order for you from Paris an excellent flute with all the new stops."

The unhappy child, caught in the trap, promised everything his father wished, and then ran and locked himself into his room, where he shed bitter and abundant tears. Nevertheless, dragged along and beguiled by the tenderness which his father always showed him, he travelled for two years the path he had entered so reluctantly. But the demon of music had already seized him. He passed his nights growing pale over treatises of harmony which he could not understand; he made

¹D'Ortigue reprinted the article 1835 in his book *Le balcon de l'Opéra* and the late Charles Malherbe published an article about this manuscript under the title of "Une autobiographie de Berlioz," in the *Revue Musicale*, 1906, showing by parallel columns the changes which d'Ortigue made in the text of Berlioz.—*Translator*.

useless attempts at composition, which, given to the amateur performers of la Côte-St.-André, failed from the start amid jokes and bursts of laughter.

A quartet by Haydn finally revealed to him spontaneously what harmony might be. By dint of listening to it, reading it, writing the score of it, Berlioz unveiled the mystery of the fundamental bass, and from that moment understood all that the hodge-podge of didactic books had concealed from his intelligence. He composed at once a quintet for flute, two violins, alto, and bass, which this time was not hissed but applauded by the performers. This success began to disturb his father.

Shortly after this, Berlioz came to Paris, with the purpose of finishing at the School of Medicine the studies so ill suited to him. He saw the dissecting room and he saw the Opéra. Placed thus between death and pleasure, between frightful corpses and ravishing dancers, between the music of Gluck and the prose of Bichat, he [nevertheless] kept for a whole month his promise to his father to follow the course faithfully; in this he was sustained and guided by his friend and fellow pupil M. Robert, who is to-day [one of the] a young surgical anatomist of great distinction. Still, he often disturbed the peace of the dissecting amphitheatre by passionate accounts of the performance of the night before, accompanying the rhythm of the saw or the scalpel with which he was opening a skull by rich melodies of *La Vierge* or *Cortez*.

The following year the young musician-anatomist wrote to his father that he could no longer resist his yearnings for art and his antipathy for medicine, he implored his father's consent to a change of direction, since the way that he had so far followed seemed to him henceforward absolutely incompatible with his temperament. The parents of Berlioz then began a battle with their son which lasted nearly four years and which succeeded only in making all the members of the family unhappy, for each one persisted obstinately in his own opinion. All means were used to bring back Hector into what they called the right way. Prayers, threats, stopping of allowance, caresses, promises for the future, even curses—all were in vain against the iron will of Berlioz and his profound passion for music.

In a moment of despair and distress, his father having written him that he was to expect no more from his feebleness and that he would have to be satisfied with his own means of support,¹ Berlioz went to the director of the Théâtre des Nouveautés which was then being built² and asked for a place as a flute-player in the orchestra.

"No place for flutes—all full."

"Well, then, take me as a member of the chorus."

"Sir, the lots are full. [There is no vacancy.] I see no way to employ you. Yet, there may be need of a bass for the chorus, if that would suit you, leave your address."

Some days after, Berlioz received an invitation to come to the office of the Nouveautés. There was a competition for a place in the chorus. He found as rivals a blacksmith, a weaver, a chorister from St. Eustache and an old [chorus-man] singer from the Panorama Dramatique. These gentlemen sang their pieces. It was the turn of Berlioz.

¹Berlioz first wrote "he should expect no more from his family and must depend," and then corrected the phrase.

²This theatre, situated in the Place de la Bastille, opened May 1, 1837.

"Well, sir, what have you learned?"

"Nothing. Have you no music here?"

"No, there is none."

"Nothing? Not even an Italian *collegio*?"

"No, nothing; but you couldn't read it at sight if there were."

"Pardon me, Sir. I will sing at sight anything you like."

"Ah! That's another matter. . . . Then, you must know some operatic arias."

"Yes, sir. I know by heart all the repertory of the opera, *le Votais*, *Cortez*, *Edipe*, *les Danaïdes*, the two *Iphigénies*, *Orphée*, *Armide*——."

"Stop! Stop! The devil! what a memory! Well, since you know so much, sing us the great air from the third act of *Edipe* with the recitative."

Berlioz sang the great air, accompanied only by a few improvised chords on a violin. The candidates [competitors] were dismissed. The next day Berlioz received an official letter [telling] announcing to him that he had won over the blacksmith, the weaver, the chorister from St. Eustache [and] even over the singer from the Panorama-Dramatique, and that he was admitted as a member of the chorus at the Théâtre des Nouveautés, at fifty francs a month.

He stayed there three months. After that time, too weary of howling the "sons-sons" of vaudeville, and having found a few pupils in *collegio* who assured him means of existence, he came away from the theatre, that he might in solitude finish the opera of the *France-Juges*. That opera has never been presented, but the overture has won fame. His parents, conquered by his perseverance, gave back the modest allowance which they had withdrawn. He was, for a moment, happy, but an event befell which was to upset his existence.

It is difficult to realize what love must be to a soul like that of Berlioz; he [even] did not know that there is a time in life when the passions have a degree of intensity which makes everything felt before pale and weak. It was reserved for a celebrated Englishwoman to teach him. The English theatre had just spread before us the marvels of Shakespeare's genius. An actress, who had been misunderstood in England, tried the part of Ophelia in *Hamlet*, and obtained the prodigious success that she deserved. Berlioz saw her at this moment, a love seized him, inexplicable [by] in its results, terrifying in its violence, its tenacity; it submerged him completely.¹ All his efforts to be loved and to be understood failed utterly; he fell into the deepest and most pitiable despair. He neither wrote music nor even listened to any. In this state of broken-heartedness and of nervous excitement, listening to music caused him only intolerable pain.²

¹Here d'Ortigue has written in the margin of the manuscript, "*Le Marquis et Lélia*" and in a brief enlargement has made allusion to the *Lélia* of George Sand which the *Revue de Paris* had just published, and the title of which Berlioz took for the title of the second part of his *Épisodes de la vie d'un artiste*.

²D'Ortigue notes here again "*Mme. de Staël, myself*." He cites in his article *Mme. de Staël's* picture of the suffering of Oswald. "Oswald since his misfortune had not had the courage to listen to music. He feared sounds which wound the melancholy and cause veritable pain when we are oppressed by real griefs." Then citing himself, d'Ortigue quotes a page of a former study, the last line of which ends much in the style of Berlioz: "No, music is not a relief."

Berlioz was to be seen in a corner of the orchestra at the Odéon on the days when the English actors were not playing [for he could not think without shuddering of seeing Miss S. again]. Pale and worn, his long hair and his beard in disorder, he was a taciturn spectator of some comedy by Picard. From time to time the play would drag from him [a rare] a frightful burst of laughter, like [that] the involuntary and painful laughter which results from the spasmodic contraction of the muscles when one is tickled. An object of pity to the artists, he was an object of raillery to others, who called him "the father of joy."

"Oh unhappy woman," he sometimes cried to his friends and even in the street, "if she could understand a love like mine, she would rush to my arms, were she to die there, consumed by the fire of my impatience."

Often, after fifteen months' separation from the fair islander, the friends of Berlioz, seeing him more calm, hoped he would come back to ordinary life, since nothing was left to remind him of the features, the talent, or the success of her whom he had loved with such frenzy. But in the midst of joyous conversation he would break off. His pale face would be covered with sweat, a convulsive trembling would make his whole body shudder; and a deluge of tears would end the frightful paroxysm.

[One day it was] In the middle of the third year of this incredible passion he heard from the lips of a friend an absurd slander of Miss S. . . and he disappeared from Paris for two days.¹ . . . [heard from in-different lips . . . having received the information, true or false, that she who had been so rigorous with him. . . had yielded herself during her last stay in London . . . with one of her compatriots] . . . The imprudent friend who broke his heart with this fatal news, became alarmed when he failed later in the evening to find Berlioz at home. He was sought everywhere, even at the Morgue. No trace was found. He himself related how, walking blindly, he left Paris and found himself at midnight in the fields near a village the name of which he never knew; how, unable to walk further, stupefied with despair, he threw himself on some sheaves of grain, where he passed the night, not in sleeping or in weeping, but in listening in the most complete numbness to the cow-bells, the barking farm-dogs, the jolting wheels on the highway, or in laughing at the fright he gave some partridges which he saw in the moonlight come and eat near his feet. The next day he wandered on, still without food, until he came to a plain near Soaux; there he fell exhausted in a ditch and slept a sleep as heavy as lead till evening. He came back to Paris in the middle of the night, to the great astonishment of the people in the house, who thought that he was dead. For several days he responded only by a most obstinate silence to all the affectionate questions of his friends.²

¹The manuscript is almost illegible here because of the numerous erasures with which Berlioz has covered it. It is just possible to make out the words given above relating to the "absurd slander" against Miss Smithson by one of Berlioz's comrades.

²Hervé d'Ortigue introduces in his article about eight pages on the work which Berlioz was presenting to the public, on the necessity to the auditor of "all these biographical details, indispensable for the understanding of this extraordinary composition"; he explains, in a word, the plan and the form—and also the occasion.

Miss S. . . . was present at the last concert of Berlioz,¹ holding in her hand a copy of the *Mémoires*, which she read with close attention. [If she is not of the type of "femme galante"] her heart must have been flooded by strange feelings at the striking success of the man she had disdained and at the ingenious vengeance he had taken. All this, all these circumstances brought about by chance give to our biography [quite] the air of a romance. The story is a true one [it is true] nevertheless, as [all] those who are acquainted with Berlioz know only too well.

The winning of the prize for composition at the Institute during the three days of the revolution² amidst the rattle of shots and the cries of the infuriated people; his voyage to Italy, and his escape from shipwreck in the Gulf of Genoa on his way to Livourne; his wanderings over the mountains in the kingdom of Naples with a gun on his shoulder, living on the products of his hunt—almost entirely—haunting bandits' dens, passing whole days building pyramids of stones on the rocky peaks of Subiaco, or smoking a dozen cigars lying in the sun like a beggar, throwing himself fully dressed into the Anio at the risk of dying from fever three hours afterward; extravagantly gay, or dumb and brutal according to whether his Irish memories attacked him or let him alone; his furious cries of admiration when he read at Florence for the first time Shakespeare's *King Lear*; [his violating a tomb] his momentary fancy for a Florentine lady whom he did not know, whom he never saw till she was dead [but] and whose funeral he followed after having admired her features during the service at the Duomo, and whose beauty he contemplated at leisure in [the place] the kind of morgue where the Florentines leave their dead before burial, and whose dead hand he kissed as he parted from her in tears—all this seems like an exaggerated imitation of a Byronic novel.³

Hector Berlioz.

Here he limited himself to a few hints to d'Ortigue, which he probably amplified in speech. The article in the *Revue de Paris*, the purpose of which was to interest Miss Smithson as well as the bearers of the *Symphonie fantastique* and *Lélio*, closed with this portrait of Berlioz, well calculated to intrigue the Irish actress.

Berlioz is of medium stature, but well proportioned. Still when one sees him sitting down, one thinks him much taller, doubtless because of the virile character of his face. His features are fine and clearly cut—an aquiline nose, a delicate, small mouth, a prominent chin, deep and piercing eyes, sometimes covered with a veil of melancholy and languor. Long blonde wavy hair shadows a brow already marked with wrinkles where

¹December 9, 1838. The *Épisode de la vie d'un artiste* was repeated on the 20th of the same month. [The date, Dec. 30, which M. Prod'homme gives earlier, is confirmed by him in *Hector Berlioz* (1893-1896) p. 127, and by other authorities.—Translator.]

²July 27, 28, 29, 1830.

³The reader will find in the *Mémoires* which Berlioz wrote long after the amplified and dramatic account of this last episode.

are drawn the stormy passions that have tormented his soul since childhood.

His conversation is uneven, brusque, broken, passionate, sometimes effusive, oftener restrained and stiff, always dignified and loyal; and according to the turn it takes, arousing in the auditor a lively curiosity or a feeling of interest and tender yearning. He has applied to himself these fine verses of Victor Hugo:

Certes, plus d'un vieillard sans flamme, sans cheveux,
Tombé de lassitude au bout de tous ses vœux,
Pâlirait s'il voyait, comme un gouffre dans l'onde,
Mon âme où ma pensée habite comme un monde;
Tout ce que j'ai souffert, tout ce que j'ai tenté,
Tout ce qui m'a menti comme un fruit avorté,
Les amours, les travaux, les deuils de la jeunesse;
Mon plus beau temps passé sans espoir qu'il renaisse;
Et quoi qu'à l'âge encore où l'avenir sourit,
Le livre de mon cœur à toute page écrit.

(Certainly many an old man, now bald and cold at heart, exhausted with weariness and with no desires left, would grow pale could he see, as in a whirlpool in the ocean, my soul, which is the whole world to my thought,—if he could see all that I have suffered, all that I have tried, all that I have found deceitful as fruit rotten at the core,—if he could see the loves, the labors, the laments of my youth, my fairest years gone with no hope of return, and, though I am still at the age when the future is supposed to smile, the book of my heart already scribbled over.)

(Translated by Marguerite Barton)

THE MALE SOPRANO

By FRANCIS ROGERS

FROM the point of view of the twentieth century there is nothing in musical history more curious or harder to explain than the importance and popularity of the male soprano during the first two centuries of Italian *opera seria* (1600-1800). Nowadays, if there were a survivor of this sexless tribe, we might take an interest in him as in a freak, but should certainly consider him out of place in any dignified musical environment. Occasionally in vaudeville or minstrel shows one hears men singing in the feminine register, but, probably in all such cases, they are employing a highly developed *falsetto* or are possessed of exceedingly light and high tenor voices. We are here concerned with the castrate soprano, who down to the close of the eighteenth century held the same exalted position in Italian opera that the tenor held in the nineteenth and still holds in the twentieth. He is now as extinct as the dodo, but the leading part that he played in the early history of the art of singing quite justifies the writing of a chapter on the rise, supremacy, and gradual disappearance of this strange being and his art.

For reasons not far to seek, much, if not most, of the history of the male soprano is shrouded in mystery; his origin is entirely obscure. Admiration for the lower notes of the human voice, both masculine and feminine, exists only where there is a considerable development of musical taste. Among primitive peoples there is an unmistakable preference for a high-pitched voice, deep tones being considered grotesque or mirth-provoking. It is possible, though not demonstrable, that the vogue of the male soprano in the early days of art singing in Europe was due to an undeveloped musical taste.

The exclusion of women from the choirs of the Roman church accounts for the introduction of male sopranos into choral singing. Boys could be substituted satisfactorily for women then, as now, but there was one drawback to their substitution—their voices were very short-lived. A boy had scarcely attained efficiency as a church singer when the process of mutation robbed him of his peculiar vocal fitness and transformed his voice into quite another organ, an octave lower in pitch and altogether masculine in *timbre*. One remedy for this unfortunate state of things was the use of the masculine voice in its *falsetto* register, but this was only partially successful, because the *falsetto* voice,

even at its best, has, when emitted with only moderate power, an unpleasant, strident quality. Nevertheless, this expedient was employed in the sixteenth century, in the Papal Choir, where the two upper voice parts were sung by falsettists trained in Spain according to some special system of which nothing now is known. These "*contraltini*," as they were called, had superseded boy choristers.

There was another way out of the difficulty. It was long ago discovered—when or how, none can say—that when a boy is castrated mutation never takes place and his voice retains its boyish pitch and quality indefinitely. It was found also that with maturity and intelligent discipline such a voice gained greatly in volume and emotional quality. This physiological fact accounts for the entrance into musical history of the male soprano, or, as he was variously called, *castrato*, *evrato*, or *musico*.

We find traces of anonymous *castrati* in Italy as far back as the twelfth century, but the first *castrato* known to us by name was a certain "Padre" Rossini, who became a member of the Papal Choir in 1601. The *contraltini*, who at that time were in vogue, resented his appointment so actively that without the backing of the Pope himself Rossini's position would have been untenable. The experiment was evidently considered a success, for by 1625 the *contraltini* had been completely superseded by *castrati* and Pope Clement VIII had declared officially that the creation of *castrati* for church choirs was henceforth to be held "*ad honorem Dei*."

Ecclesiastical music reached its climax of excellence about 1594, the year of Palestrina's death. In the same decade modern opera may with sufficient accuracy be said to have been born. It was quite natural that the new form of art should make use of the only professional singers there were, those in the choirs. The art-loving prelates were opera-mad and as the church forbade the appearance of women on the Roman stage, the *castrati* were transferred from their choir-stalls to the stage, where they were assigned the feminine rôles in the new-born operas. It was incongruous enough for these sexless creatures to impersonate the heroines of romance and history; still more absurd was their assumption of characters so virile as those of Alexander and Roland and those even of fathers of families. However—the opera-supporting public of those faraway days overlooked such absurdities, and set the seal of its august approval on the musical efforts of the *castrati*.

The first male soprano of whom we have any detailed knowledge was Loreto Vittori (1588-1670). At an early age he entered

the service of Cosimo dei Medici and took part in the Florentine operatic representations. In 1622 he became a member of the Papal Choir, but continued his operatic appearances. He was a composer and a poet, as well as a singer, and so complete was his equipment as an artist that his contemporaries set no bounds to the expression of their admiration for his many gifts.

Another famous male soprano of the 17th century was Baldassarre Ferri (1610-1680), whose professional career was one long succession of artistic triumphs. He was held in high esteem not only in Italy, his native land, but also in Poland, Germany and Sweden, where royalty showered upon him wealth and honors and the public petted him as enthusiastically as we Americans fêted Jenny Lind two hundred years later. All contemporary comments agree in extolling the perfection of his person, his voice and his art.

Then there was Grossi, known as "Siface" from one of his most successful rôles, whose name is closely associated with some of the earlier works of Alessandro Scarlatti. He, too, was famous for the beauty of his voice and the noble expressiveness of his style. He came to England and for a time was a member of the choir of James II. Evelyn mentions in his diary hearing him with this choir in January, 1687, and also at the house of Samuel Pepys three months later.

By the end of the 17th century the place of the *castrati* was firmly established in the musical world. In comic opera, with its essential touch of realism, the *castrato* naturally could find no place; but in serious opera, the plots of which were derived from mythology, Greek, Roman or medieval history and treated according to a most unrealistic convention by such artificers as Zeno and Metastasio, the *musicista's* ability to sing seemed to render his public oblivious of the abnormality of his personality. Inexplicable as this insensibility may seem to us of the twentieth century, we must not forget that the early fathers of opera were serious musicians striving for their ideals just as conscientiously as did Wagner and Verdi.

The public that concerned itself with *opera seria* was made up largely, if not altogether, of *dilettanti*, who then, as now, did not exact that art should hold the mirror up to nature, and when once a convention had been established and received the seal of approval of the socially elect, accepted it as one of the eternal verities of art. It was for such as these that the *castrato* sang. The big general public probably seldom heard him sing and knew little or nothing of the form of art in which he flourished.

The most famous *castrato* in Europe in 1700 was Francesco Pistocchi (1659-1726), who had a distinguished career both as a singer and as a composer. Early in the first decade of the century he founded a school of singing in Bologna which turned out many fine singers and did much to fix the early standards of *bel canto*. His most celebrated pupil was Antonio Bernacchi (1690-1756), whose voice, although not of exceptional beauty, was so perfectly trained as to win for him the title of "King of Singers." He was popular in Germany, as well as in Italy, and also made two visits to England, in the course of which he sang in some of Handel's operas. As time went on his interest in vocal technique led him into an unprecedentedly florid style of singing, which he imparted to his many pupils. Before long mere virtuosity was to become the end and aim of vocal art.

Senesino (1680-1760), a contemporary of Bernacchi's, was one of the most admired singers of his time. His singing was especially well known in England, where he created a number of rôles in Handel's operas. His voice was limited in compass, but of exquisite quality. His rendering of recitative was considered altogether exemplary.

Twenty years younger than Senesino was Carestini, who, according to Dr. Burney, was a "tall, beautiful, majestic" creature, whose voice, originally a soprano, later "changed into the fullest, finest and deepest counter-tenor that has ever been heard." Hasse, who knew a thing or two about singing, thought him the very best singer of his time.

One has to go back to the musical career of King David to match the romantic story of Carlo Broschi, known to fame as "Farinelli." Farinelli was born in Naples in 1705, was trained by the greatest of all singing-masters, "il Patriarca dell' *Armonia*," Niccolò Porpora (1686-1768), and made his début in one of Porpora's own operas in Rome in 1722. Porpora devised a clever *tour de force* for the display of his pupil's voice and technique. There was in the orchestra a trumpeter far-famed for his virtuosity. Porpora arranged to have him play an *obbligato* for one of the arias assigned to the young singer, in such fashion as to bring the voice into direct comparison with the instrument. Farinelli stood the test admirably; in breath-control, in phrasing, in flexibility, in every technical detail the boy of seventeen showed himself the peer of the master of the trumpet.

Farinelli continued his studies with Porpora for two more years before he made his first tour of the Italian capitals. At Bologna he appeared in the same opera with Bernacchi, "the



[The Merchant]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

[The Merchant]

King of Singers." The event of the evening was a duo for the two *castrati*. Farinelli sang first, and in the manner of the time performed every vocal feat in his repertory. Then Bernacchi stepped forward and repeated without mistake or blemish every note that the younger man had sung, throwing in, for good measure, some vocal pyrotechnics of his own invention. The honors of the contest rested with Bernacchi, who graciously acceded to Farinelli's request that he accept him as a pupil and impart to him some of the secrets of his wonderful art.

When Farinelli arrived in Vienna in 1731 he was generally considered the finest vocalist in Europe, but there was still something lacking in his voice. The Emperor said to him: "Hitherto you have aroused amazement by your wonderful facility; why not now try to touch the hearts of your hearers by the simplicity and truth of your musical expression?" Farinelli accepted the imperial suggestion and acted upon it with happy results.

He came to London three years later as a member of Porpora's opera company, the rival of Handel's. The first note he uttered was so lovely that the audience interrupted him with applause that lasted several minutes. London went simply mad over him. In Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" is to be found a reference to one authentic scene of his career, in which a noble lady nearly fell from her box crying, "One God; one Farinelli!"

His face was pleasing, rather than handsome; he was "as tall as a giant and as thin as a shadow, therefore, if he had grace, it could be only of a sort to be envied by a penguin or a spider." Possibly because of the ungainliness of his person, he stood perfectly still when he sang and made few gestures. Mancini, a well-qualified judge, wrote: "His voice was thought a marvel because it was so perfect, so powerful, so sonorous, so rich in its extent, both in the high and in the low registers that its equal has never been heard in our times." Another critic records that "he had a voice proportioned to his gigantic stature, extending beyond the ordinary compass near one octave, in notes equally clear and sonorous."

Farinelli went to Madrid in 1737 for a brief visit; he remained there twenty-two years. When he arrived the King was suffering from apparently incurable depression. The queen arranged to have Farinelli sing in a chamber next to the king's, and the unhappy monarch was so much cheered by the songs that he at once engaged him as permanent court singer at a yearly salary of some \$15,000, with a coach and equipage to boot. Every honor was heaped upon him. His only duties appear to have been to sing

the same four tender ditties in the royal presence every evening. A statistician would probably take an interest in calculating that Farinelli must have rendered his little program some 36,000 times before death removed King Philip from his earthly kingdom and thereby afforded Farinelli a wider and more stimulating field for his talents.

These talents must have been considerable, for Ferdinand, Philip's successor, not only appointed Farinelli the manager of the court opera, but also made him his confidential adviser in matters political and diplomatic—a post seldom, if ever, held by a eunuch in an occidental court. Wealth and honors of every kind were heaped upon him, but he performed his duties so skilfully and bore himself with such discretion and tact as to arouse no jealousy or dislike in those with whom he was thrown. His cup of prosperity was running over when in 1759 the king died.

Unfortunately for Farinelli, the new king either could not or would not retain him in his service and the old singer had to withdraw permanently from Spain. He decided to spend his declining years in Bologna and there, in a villa purchased with the profits of his seasons in England and appropriately dubbed by him "English Folly," Dr. Burney found him in 1771, living in luxury and ruminating regretfully on the glories of his past. He died in 1782.

Almost exactly contemporary with Farinelli and of equal artistic fame was Caffarelli, who was born in Bari in 1703. He, too, studied with Porpora and the story has been told countless times of how the wise master kept him working for several years on a few pages of vocalises and then dismissed him, saying "Go; I can teach you nothing more. You are already the best singer in Europe." Caffarelli made his début in Rome in 1724 in the rôle of a woman. His remarkable artistic gifts brought him an instantaneous triumph and within a few years had placed him in the very front rank of Italian singers. All the capitals of Europe knew and admired his lovely art.

Porpora, the teacher of Farinelli, judged Caffarelli to be the greatest singer Italy had produced. Handel, too, had a high opinion of his quality, and though he usually insisted on having his music sung just as he wrote it, occasionally permitted Caffarelli to change it to suit his own taste. Handel wrote for him his famous "Largo" (the opening air in his opera, "Serse") "in a clear and majestic style," as Dr. Burney put it prophetically, "out of reach of time and fashion." Another great man, David Garrick, heard him sing in church so late as 1764 and wrote home:

"The principal part was sung by the famous Caffarelli, who, though old, has pleased me more than all the singers I have heard. He touched me; and it was the first time I have been touched since I came to Italy." Dr. Burney heard him sing seven years later than this and found his voice still enjoyable. Certainly, Caffarelli must have been a great artist.

As a singer Caffarelli may have been even the superior of Farinelli, but as a man the comparison was altogether in Farinelli's favor. Farinelli was a man of refined tastes and elegant manners; Caffarelli was Leporello masquerading as Don Giovanni. Many tales are told of his conceit, his parsimony and his amorous adventures. Once, when in Paris, he sang for Louis XV, who, though usually indifferent to music, took so much pleasure in his singing that the next day he sent him a handsome snuff-box as a token of his royal approval. The singer examined the box, then tossed it contemptuously on the table, saying, "I have already a drawerful of snuff-boxes quite as handsome as that. The king might at least have sent me his picture." "But that," replied the messenger, "is an honor accorded to ambassadors only." "Indeed!" cried the singer, "but all the ambassadors in the world would not equal one Caffarelli!"

When he first sang for the Prince of Savoy, the Prince praised him highly, but added that when he should sing for the princess, his daughter, she might find him inferior to her favorite singer, Farinelli. Caffarelli replied confidently, "To-night she shall hear two Farinellis."

Throughout his long career Caffarelli received large fees for his services, though they were never so large as he felt he merited. Being a thrifty soul, he accumulated a substantial property with which he purchased an estate that carried with it the title of "Duke of Santo Dorato." It was there that Caffarelli made his home and died in 1783. It is said that the descendants of some member of his family still possess the estate and the title.

With Farinelli and Caffarelli the *castrati* may be said to have reached the zenith of their artistic worth and popular vogue. The large fees paid to the favorites among them influenced the conscienceless parents and teachers of many talented boys with good voices to prepare them for what they hoped would be remunerative careers. Occasionally their hopes were realized, but much more often the boys did not fulfil their early promise and had nothing to compensate for the irremediable injury done them.

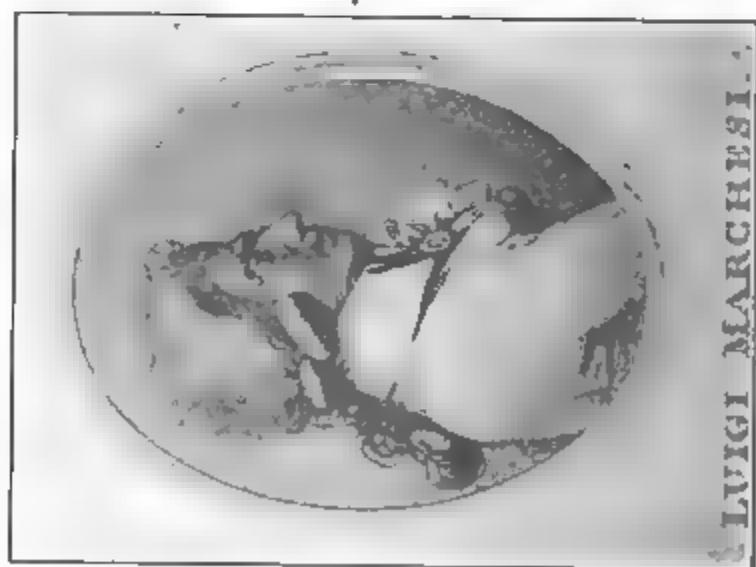
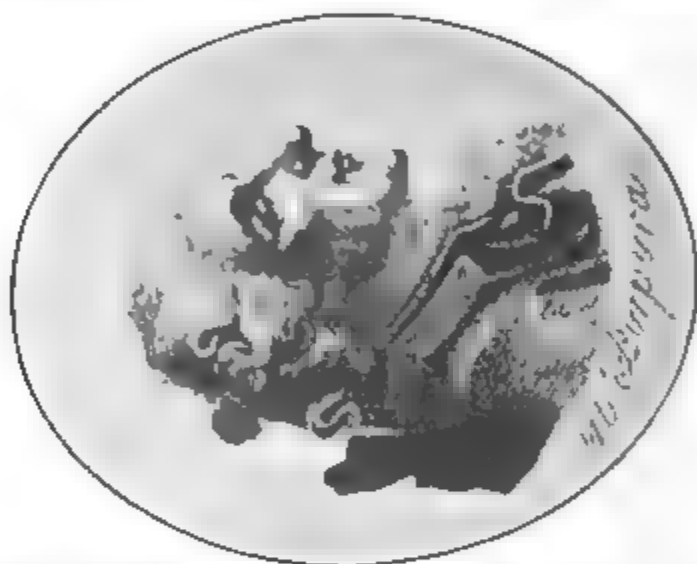
From first to last the whole business was Italian, flourishing most luxuriantly in southern Italy, with Naples as headquarters,

and in the Papal States. In theory the surgical operation was illegal; but in practise it was winked at. Dr. Burney reports that wherever he made inquiries about it the natives assured him that there was no violation of the law, but that everywhere else it was a dead letter. Another traveler quotes a sign he saw over a door in Naples, which read, "*Qui si castra a basso prezzo*" (castrating done here at bottom prices).

Of course the *castrato* figured prominently in the scandalous memoirs of the time. Here we are concerned with his musical history only.

Of the *castrati* of the generation succeeding that of Caffarelli the most memorable was Guadagni. He first came into prominence by reason of his admirable performance of Handel's "Messiah" and "Samson" in English under the composer's own direction. It is doubtful whether before this any *castrato* had ventured to sing publicly in any language but his own. Guadagni's voice, at first a counter-tenor, developed into a lovely mezzo-soprano. He was a man of remarkable intelligence and ambition and of such striking histrionic gifts that, under the tutelage of David Garrick, he became one of the best actors in Europe. He created Gluck's "Orfeo" in its Italian version, and it is said that whenever he sang "*Che fard*" in Vienna the entire audience dissolved in tears. Dr. Burney admired him with reservations, thinking him most interesting in unaccompanied songs and in the spinning out of his tones. Guadagni's temper was extremely capricious and irritable. He never would repeat an air or respond in any way to applause. His enemies, and he had many, would often applaud him excessively in order to ruffle his temper and to arouse a hostile feeling in the audience, whose approval he feigned to scorn.

The most meritorious of the male sopranos that came after Guadagni was probably Pacchierotti (1744-1821). After brilliant successes in Italy he came in 1778 to London, where he entirely justified his great continental reputation. Lord Mount-Edgumbe described Pacchierotti as "decidedly the most perfect singer it ever fell to my lot to hear." His voice was an extensive soprano, full and sweet in quality. He was master of every style; his technique was flawless. In an epoch when skill in embellishment was highly prized, he was so fertile in invention that he never sang a piece twice in just the same fashion. If he may be said to have been more effective in one style of singing rather than in another, he excelled in the rendering of pathetic airs. Once while he was rehearsing he noticed that the orchestra had



ceased to accompany him. He, too, stopped and asked the leader the cause of the orchestra's silence. "We cannot play because we are weeping," was the reply. Pacchierotti was an indifferent actor, and for this reason won his greatest successes on the concert stage. Lord Mount-Edgcumbe was so lucky on one occasion as to hear him sing an air by Haydn with the composer himself at the pianoforte.

Scarcely less famous than Pacchierotti was Luigi Marchesi (1755-1829), who made his début in Rome in 1774 in a feminine rôle. Soon he became famous all over Europe, although he did not reach London till 1788, when he created a fine impression of his powers in Sarti's "Giulio Sabino." Dr. Burney thought him "not only elegant and refined to an unusual degree, but often grand and full of dignity." The brilliancy of his technique enabled him to achieve extraordinary effects in *bravura* passages. Towards the end of his career his professional association with the young Catalani did much to develop the security and facility of her astonishing voice.

Marchesi had exalted ideas concerning his own talent and was especially exacting as to the character of his opening air in all his operatic rôles. He was partial to the color red, and when the curtain first rose was usually discovered standing on a rock, clad in a robe of his favorite hue. In answer to a blast from a trumpet he would utter his first notes, remarking that his ears had heard the call. Then he would descend slowly and majestically from his rocky eminence, and after a few lines of recitative enter upon the air, which generally dealt with the havoc that unhappy love had wrought in his mighty heart.

Still another noted *musico* was Crescentini (1766-1846). One of his most famous parts was that of Romeo in Zingarelli's opera. His performance in the final scene is said to have been so eloquent as to draw tears from the eyes of the great Napoleon himself. An amusing tale is told of how once, just before the rise of the curtain on a new opera, Crescentini, who was small in stature, observed that one of the minor singers, an unusually tall man, was more resplendently dressed than he himself, the "*primo uomo*." He was much disturbed and absolutely refused to begin the performance until the tall man had exchanged costumes with him. The exchange finally effected, Crescentini, in perfect conceit with himself, played the whole performance in a costume much too large for him, while his unfortunate colleague had to struggle through his part clad in a tunic hardly sufficient to cover his nakedness. Fétis wrote of Crescentini: "Nothing could ex-

to the creation and production of *opera seria*. His operas were cast in a strictly conventional form,¹ but Handel was a great enough man to rise superior to them and to create music some of which survives in the repertory of to-day. Those that came after him—I cannot call them his successors—were no greater than their singers and their public and *opera seria* deteriorated into the *pasticcio* and its hopeless inanities. The *castrato* had not the force to stem the downward tendency and as the years went by fell into disrepute in company with the opera that nourished him.

Just as in the boy's voice we note the lack of the passion that stirs our deeper natures, so the voice of the male soprano must have been similarly deficient. In this we find one reason for the superficiality, the artificiality of all the music, except some of Handel's, that was written for the *castrati*. But the eighteenth century did not seek sincerity and profound feeling in any kind of art so much as it prized a facile technique and elegance of style. Porpora, "the Patriarch of Harmony," and Hasse, who were thought by many to be the equals and by some to be the superiors of Handel—their innumerable operas all sleep in deserved oblivion and with them slumber Jommelli's forty-two "master-pieces," though Jommelli, even prior to Gluck at least deliberately attempted to break away from the rigid conventionality of the *opera seria* of his time. Metastasio, who wrote twenty-nine dramas, some of which were set to music thirty or forty times, is now only a name in musical history. He used to speak of Farinelli as his "twin-brother," and he was right: both of them were typical of their era. They could have flourished in no other, but in their own they stood out as men of talent, exemplars of what was best in their respective artistic fields. Handel, being a real genius, cannot be grouped with them, but either Porpora or Hasse can be selected to complete the representative trio of librettist, composer and *primo uomo* of *opera seria* in the eighteenth century.

It was often said, especially, by German writers, that the *castrati* could not act, but there is no reason to believe that they

¹His arias, mostly constructed according to the *da capo* convention, fall almost invariably into one of the five following categories: I *Aria cantabile*—a pathetic melody, offering opportunity for ornamentation at the discretion of the singer, with a simple orchestral accompaniment.

II *Aria di Portamento*—slow in movement—strong in rhythm—with sustained notes—few chances for embellishment—flowing but ordinate accompaniment.

III *Aria di Mezzo-Corsetto*—less pathetic than I, less dignified than II—usually *andante*—rich, full accompaniment.

IV *Aria parlante*—declamatory, opportunity for emotion and passion—elaborate accompaniment.

V *Aria di Bravura*—allegro, with opportunity to display agility.

There was also the *aria d'imitazione* where the voice imitated the execution of trumpet, flute or violin—echo songs.



were, on the average, less proficient in this respect than their successors, the tenors. We have seen above how deeply Guadagni and Crescentini could move their audiences by their histrionic skill. Of Nicolini, a male soprano of Queen Anne's time, Sir Richard Steele wrote:

I have seen him advance with such greatness of mien and air as seemed to fill the stage and at the same time command the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance. His action was so significant that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of the part he acted.

In length of professional activity the male soprano exceeded all other singers. Chosen for his career at an early age and deprived of all normal ambitions outside of his particular sphere, he concentrated all his energy on the development and preservation of his voice. In consequence, he often retained his power to please his hearers for thirty or even forty years. Caffarelli was more than sixty when he touched the heart of Garrick by his singing, and Matteucci, another *musico*, still sang agreeably at eighty.

We may disparage a musical taste that could admire so unnatural a prodigy as a male soprano, but we cannot deny that not a few of these strange beings were serious, well-trained musicians, for whom some really great composers wrote much excellent music. By precept and example they helped, when the art of singing was still young, to develop and perfect the laws of vocal technique. Last, but not least, their art gave untold pleasure to several generations of music-lovers and did its share towards laying the foundations for the broader and nobler vocal art of the nineteenth century.

A BRIEF STUDY OF THE RUSSIAN LITURGY AND ITS MUSIC

By N. LINDSAY NORDEN

THE Russian Liturgy and its music is a subject upon which much might be written, for of all churches, there is none which can possibly compare with the Russian in regard to perfection of the system regulating the musical part of her services. Music plays a most important part in the liturgy; in fact, the service could not be performed without it. It is, therefore, necessary that every detail be carried out correctly, and that all elements combine to perfect the whole. Russian church music has been the admiration of visitors to Russia for years past, and many have declared it to be the most marvelous choral music known. Those who have heard it never forget it, so forceful and so wonderful is the impression it creates. Of the music itself, it appears that there has been more written for the Russian church than for any other. There are thousands and thousands of magnificent compositions as yet entirely unknown in this country. This music, however, differs so extensively in style, harmonic and melodic treatment, and in general conception from the religious music of other nations, that it requires a special and detailed study. One writer states:

The foundation of Russian music is the wonderful folk-song, which can be traced back to pagan times and which contains melodies of great variety, full of unexpected progressions, and expressive of every motion, and accent; almost savage in strength and spirit at times, but more often melancholy in character. The Russian people have not found their existence an altogether happy one, being oppressed by domestic tyrants and invaded by savage Asiatic enemies. The Russian sings at his work,—the peasant in the field, and the soldier in the army (for every company has a choir).

The imagination and emotion of the Russian people have found their freest expression in music.

There is a constantly increasing interest in this music, but while numerous acceptable performances of it are given, it is very evident that those responsible for such performances are not familiar with the style and spirit of the music. Many beautiful elements in this music are overlooked in such perfunctory renditions. The Russians have produced genuine, pure, ecclesiastical music,

whether old plainsong, or from the pen of a living composer,—which is church music. The music requires careful and serious study.



When Russia accepted Christianity from the Greeks in the year 988, in the reign of Vladimir I, the interest in music became centered in religious music, which was the first music Russia herself produced. Prince Odeievaki, a musician of great fame, said, in 1864, that the music of the Russian church is a treasure, whether considered from the spiritual, the historic or the artistic standpoint, and that no other nation in Europe could boast of having church songs in the very form in which they appeared at least seven centuries ago.

As is now well known, Russia has always excluded instrumental music from the liturgy of the church. In addition to this, the Council of Laodicea (343-81) imposed silence upon the congregation, so as to prevent the hymns and chants from being corrupted. Even to this day the congregation takes no part in the service as far as the music is concerned. This has given room for the development of a highly artistic ritual. The music of the Eastern church developed independently of the influence of Western Europe, and thus evolved original cadences, melodies, contrapuntal devices, etc. These elements, combined with others, have produced a remarkable condition in choral music in Russia. A superior type of choral music has been created, and choral effects far in advance of any other have been produced by Russian composers. The single fact that all church music in Russia is sung *a cappella* at once places it upon a very high plane, and the great number of voice parts and the use of the octavo-bass suffice to strengthen this position.

The first religious music was simply a kind of recitative, void of accent, rhythm or time, and generally within the limited compass of a few tones. Music of the same type may be heard to-day in the Greek monasteries. It was during the reign of Peter the Great that polyphony was introduced, at his direction. After the Italian influence began, the whole development was much retarded and neglected until the time of the Empress Elizabeth. In 1797 the Emperor Paul ordered only Russian compositions to be sung in the church. It was fortunate that the old religious chants had not been lost.

Maxim Sozonovich Berezovsky (1745-77) is considered to be the first composer who endeavored to free himself from the Italian

influence, and though his death is attributed to the partial failure of his efforts, his work is most important in the history of church music in Russia.

Bortniansky (1751-1825) who followed him is also a pioneer in this field. His works, nevertheless, are not thoroughly Russian in conception: the Italian influence is strong. Many of them are uninteresting and monotonous, although he has produced some splendid specimens of choral writing. The harmonies are usually very simple and there is a decided lack of development. As we pass from Bortniansky down through a list of many important composers, among whom are Turchaninoff, Lvoff, Glinka, Smolensky, Poliektoff, Arkhangelsky, Ippolitoff-Ivanoff, Tchesnokoff, Gretchaninoff and Kastalsky we find the music becoming more involved and more "national" in general treatment. Many of the modern composers have used the ancient church melodies and folk-songs as thematic material, upon which they have built up luscious and full modern harmonic structures. In this respect Rimsky-Korsakoff stands alone, for he made the music of the church thoroughly religious in character through the use of ancient melodies. While it is true that the early composers did not produce music which was thoroughly characteristic, it is also true that the modern composers have succeeded in producing works which are extremely individualistic in character and effect. In a group of one hundred compositions selected at random rarely will two be found alike in structure. Kastalsky is perhaps the greatest of all Russian church composers, if not of all church composers, yet it is indeed a most perplexing task to choose between him and Gretchaninoff, Nikolasy, or Tchesnokoff.

To find such a large group of great modern church composers is most remarkable. No other nation is able to boast of such a splendid group. The choral writing is of the very highest order. The anthems "From My Youth" by Kastalsky, "The Lord Said Unto My Lord" by Nikolasy, "O Gladsome Light" by Gretchaninoff, the "Nunc Dimittis" by Kastalsky or Tchesnokoff, the "Cherubim Song" by Tchesnokoff or Tchelisheff could not have been written outside of Russia. The musicianship, the scholarly treatment, and the remarkable part-writing are incomparable.

The reason that the choral music of other nations is forced to take a second place, is that the great majority of it is extremely instrumental in conception. It is the product of a keyboard style of composing. Perhaps this also explains why so much of the modern writing is uselessly chromatic in character. Composers here seem to have forgotten that extreme modulations are very

difficult for singers to perform, and that such modulations are unessential and do not form a legitimate part of true choral writing. It is also to be remembered that a well-trained chorus sings a *cappella* music in the so-called true or untempered (just) intonation, in which extreme modulations are almost impossible, and certainly undesirable. In untempered intonation the various positions of the chords, the major and minor forms, etc., all have more decided values than they have in tempered, or "out-of-tune" intonation. The Russian composer is, of course, educated musically under remarkable conditions. He hears only pure vocal music in church, and, in the majority of instances, outside the church,—for the influence of the church style has been strongly felt in secular choral music as well. The maintenance of large well paid choirs at the many cathedrals and churches gives ample opportunity for excellent renditions of difficult choral selections. Further, the liturgy is *all* music. Therefore, there is large opportunity for the performance of great quantities of music. Choirs are well paid as they are the sole means of having music in church. This permits sufficient rehearsing, —always unaccompanied rehearsing (the only genuine manner in which to rehearse). Accurate renditions are possible. The Holy Synod every month examines compositions for use in the church. Music which is secular in character or too florid is excluded. Thus only compositions of merit are permitted in the church. Such conditions approximate the ideal.



There are three liturgies used in the Russian church, each of them so highly complex that only lengthy study would make their meaning clear. These are the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the Liturgy of St. Basil and the Liturgy of the Presanctified Gifts. The Liturgy of Chrysostom is the normal Liturgy of the Eastern Church. St. Basil's Liturgy is used on all the Sundays in Lent (except Palm Sunday), Maundy Thursday, Easter Eve, Christmas and Epiphany Vigils and on the Feast of St. Basil (Jan. 1st). The Liturgy of Chrysostom is the union of two sets of material. The first is the ordinary Greek text of the Liturgy, as given in the Euchologion. This embraces the text and rubrics of the invariable portions of the office, without the variable portions, which constitute about one-third of every Liturgy celebrated; it also omits many hymns and responses by the choir, which are always sung except on Great Feasts, and which are, therefore,

universally known. The second is the *Egkolopion* (Manual) of Raptare, which gives the texts and rubrics of the parts performed by the choir and the people. The original service was intended for monasteries, where the inmates gave their whole time to worshiping and praying. As it came to be used in churches much was condensed.

Before explaining the services it is essential to glance over the arrangement of the church, which is quite different from that customary in the West. The inside may be roughly divided into four parts: the Sanctuary, the long platform outside the image-screen, the body of the church and the porch. The Sanctuary faces the east, when at all possible. Parts of the service are performed inside the Sanctuary, with the Holy Doors closed. The Holy Doors are the main entrance to the Sanctuary from the platform in front of the image-screen. There is also a curtain inside these doors, and this is drawn aside at the beginning of the Liturgy. Part of the service is performed in the center of the church, the Bishop standing or sitting on the Kathedra, or dias. The Priests vary in number, from one or two, to as many as ten or twelve, on the Great Feasts: they perform part of their functions within the Sanctuary and part in the body of the church. It is forbidden to celebrate more than one Liturgy at any one altar in a single day, and also, no Priest is allowed to celebrate more than one Liturgy in any one day.

The worshipers stand in the body of the church, the men on the right and the women on the left. Many, as they enter, purchase candles, which they place in various parts of the church, in receptacles provided for them. Wax and pure oil are used for lighting, since they symbolize the purest of substances, but, of course, other artificial lights are also used for illumination. Lights are always used, even on the brightest days since they symbolize the truth that the Lord gives to the world the light of the spirit. Lights also vary with the importance of the service and at various stages of the service. All the lights are not lighted at the beginning of the Vigil Service,—a combination of Vespers and Matins,—but, as the service progresses, more and more are added, until the greatest illumination takes place at the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*. The illumination at the Liturgy proper is greater than at any other service.

The congregation, as before stated, makes no response. The service is performed by the Priest, the Deacon, the Reader, and the choir, in large churches divided into two groups. The Priest, except at the Communion, has little more than Exclamations and

Benedictions. The people join in only by crossing themselves and bowing at certain points, as after words like "Lord, have mercy" or "Let us attend!"

Services begin on the evening of the day before, as with the Jews. Vespers and Matins being combined into one service on the evening preceding a feast-day or Sunday, the Liturgy being said on the morning of the day itself.

The Vesper Service is so variable that only a general outline of it can be given here. When Matins follows Vespers which is the usual procedure, part of Vespers is omitted. Originally these services continued all night, but have been condensed to meet modern requirements. The Priest opens the service with a blessing and the choir immediately chants part of the 104th Psalm, "Praise the Lord," while the Priest, or Priest and Deacon cense the church. Vespers always begins with this psalm, for the reason that it recounts the wonders of Creation, and is, therefore, a fitting beginning for the complete performance of a day's divine worship, which, commencing with Vespers, concludes in the celebration of the Liturgy, in which the great act of Redemption is shown forth. During the singing of this psalm the Priest recites secretly certain prayers, called the "Prayers of Light." These prayers said before the Holy Doors, symbolize Adam standing repentently before the doors of heaven, and in uttering them the Priest prays for spiritual illumination.

Following this comes the Great Litany, the choir reciting the "Gospodi Pomilui," or "Lord, have mercy" to each of the petitions uttered by the Priest, or Deacon. The responses are most inspiring, the music lending itself admirably to use in the Episcopal and other churches. After a Gloria, the choir sings portions of the 1st and 2nd Psalms, beginning with "Blessed is the man" etc. These excerpts recall Adam's sorrow concerning his transgressions and his counsel to his children to obey the Lord's commandments. Tchaikowsky's, Arkhangelaky's, Rachmaninoff's and Ippolitoff-Ivanoff's settings of these psalms are among the finest.

The Little Litany now follows, the choir again responding with "Lord, have mercy." After this "Lord, I have cried unto Thee" is sung in the proper tone. This psalm is used on account of the thought contained in the second verse,—"Let my prayer be set forth in Thy sight as incense and let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice." Other appropriate psalms, recording prophetically the descent of the Redeemer into Hades on the evening of the day after His passion are subjoined. With the verses of these psalms are interspersed proper psalms com-

memorating the occasion. They are said in full only in monasteries, it being customary in church to use the first two and last two verses only, together with the Gloria.

The Hymn to the Birthgiver of God follows and during the singing of this hymn the Holy Doors are opened, the Priest and the Deacon standing before the doors, the Deacon censuring the Holy Pictures. The Deacon announces "Wisdom, O believers," and the choir answers with the "O Gladsome Light," one of the oldest of the Latin hymns. Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem is generally given credit for being its author. As the text of this hymn implies, the Gladsome Light was given forth to mortals in the person of Christ. During the singing of the anthem the Priest, preceded by the Deacon bearing a lighted taper enters the Sanctuary. The light is symbolical of the spiritual illumination brought by the Lord from heaven. The text of this, and its many settings, offers a splendid evening anthem for general use.

Following this the Gradual is sung. This is a verse preceding certain sections of the Scriptures. Except upon evenings preceding great feasts, but two or three verses are used. The verses relate to the thought expressed in the lesson or refer in some way to the day. The Parables themselves are only used on special occasions. The Greater Litany is now sung, followed by a few short responses. After this the appointed Canticles are sung in the tone proper for the day. The Nunc Dimittis follows, except upon certain special occasions when it is preceded by prayers called the Litiya. The settings of the Nunc Dimittis of the Russian Church are without question the finest settings of this famous hymn to be had. Kastalsky's for eight part chorus and baritone solo, Tchemokoff's, or Gretchaninoff's, both in eight parts, are perhaps the finest. There is no Gloria following, but as it is unessential that a Gloria be sung in the Episcopal service, this fact will not bar these wonderful settings from use in that church.

The Trisagion, a Gloria, and the Lord's Prayer, all intoned by a Reader, follow. The tropar, or hymn of the feast is then sung, and at this point the Bread, Wine, or Oil, are blessed at the celebration of great feasts. The Priest offers a prayer to which the choir responds, "Blessed is the name of the Lord, world without end" three times. Psalm 84 is intoned, following which the Priest, standing before the Holy Doors, blesses the people.

After two short responses the Reader intones six psalms,—the 8rd, 38th, 63rd, (followed by a Gloria), the 88th, 103rd and the

143rd, during which prayers are said secretly within the Sanctuary, and in front of the Holy Doors. These psalms begin the celebration of Matins. The Great Litany follows, after which the choir sings "God is the Lord, and hath revealed himself unto us. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord," the Deacon interposing certain verses. The Hymn of the Day and the Hymn to the Birthgiver of God follow and then selections from the Psalms, the Little Litany being sung after the first, and likewise after the second selection.

After an exclamation the Priest and Deacon cense the church while the choir sings "Praise the name of the Lord,"—verses from the 135th and 136th Psalms. There are many excellent settings of this text. On Saturday evenings there are certain hymns which follow, and also a hymn to the Birthgiver of God. The Degrees of the Antiphon are sung and the Graduals after which the Holy Gospels are read, the choir chanting before and after "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, glory to Thee." The Holy Gospels are then brought to the centre of the church and are saluted by the Priests and the people. The Canon of the day follows, but is preceded on Great Feasts by the distribution of the Bread and Wine, which was blessed during Vespers. The Little Litany follows the third, and also the sixth, theme-song of the Canon. Before the ninth theme-song the Magnificat, with its refrains is sung, the Deacon standing meanwhile before the image of the Birthgiver of God and censuring it. The Little Litany is again repeated preceding the Hymns of Light, so called because they have to do especially with spiritual illumination. Another hymn to the Birthgiver of God is sung, and immediately after the morning hymn,—“Glory be to God on high,” etc., ending with the Thrice Holy. Hymns of Dismissal follow, these being sung in the proper tone. The Greater Litany, a Benediction by the Priest, and the “Many Years,” bring the service to an end, the Holy Doors being closed at this time.

The length of time necessary to perform this service depends upon the importance of the occasion. When elaborate forms are used as on Great Feasts, when everything is used in full, the service is almost twice as long as it is on ordinary occasions.

The Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom is divided into three parts. First, the Office of Oblation, in which the Bread and Wine are prepared; second, the Liturgy of the Catechumens, consisting of anthems, responses and prayers; and, third, the Liturgy of the Faithful, which is the Communion itself. The first part concerns itself principally with the Priests within the Sanctuary; the second

and third parts are those which contain the music. The Bishop enters and is vested by the clergy while standing upon his dais in the centre of the church. During this the choir sings, very slowly and with great dignity, a number of verses, the words of which are particularly beautiful and rich in poetic feeling. The Bishop then gives the signal to begin in the words, "Blessed is the kingdom of the Father, and the Son and the Holy Spirit, now and ever, and unto ages of ages, Amen." The Deacon comes forth, and taking his place in front of the Holy Doors, says the Great Litany, while the choir responds, "Gospodi Pomilui," or "Lord, have mercy." These responses form one of the most inspiring parts of the Liturgy. Sometimes they are in simple four-part harmony, but on great occasions they are most elaborate. Arkhangelsky's and Kartalsky's settings are splendid, but perhaps Rachmaninoff's is the most unique. In this case the choir sustains the closing tone in three octaves, while the Deacon intones upon this tone. The effect is beautiful!

Following the Litany, the First Antiphon is sung. This consists of part of the 103rd Psalm,—*"Bless the Lord, O my soul,"*—except upon certain feasts. While this is being sung prayers are said secretly by the Priests within the Sanctuary. By these Psalms the Incarnation of the Word is understood to be foretold. At the end of the Psalm the Deacon, returning again before the Holy Doors, recites the Little Litany, while the choir responds "Lord, have mercy" after each supplication. The Second Antiphon,—the next response in the Liturgy,—is generally omitted. The text is Psalm 146. This is followed by the anthem, "Only Begotten Son," called the Hymn of Justinian (527-65), celebrating the perfect completion of grace in the Son of God Incarnate, with all His work for our salvation, and including adoration of the Virgin Mother. The Third Antiphon begins with the prayer of penitent thief on the cross, "In Thy Kingdom, remember us Lord, when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom," followed by the Beatitudes. Of this text there are also many fine settings. This commemorates the Saints who died a holy death, and last of all, Christ. The Prayer of the Third Antiphon has come into the English Book of Common Prayer, but just how, is not clear.

The Little Entrance is now made, the Priest following the Deacon, preceded by a lighted taper. This light is symbolic of our Lord as the Light of the World, and the Entrance signifies the entering of Christ upon His work. After they have entered the Sanctuary, the Deacon elevates the Gospels and announces in a loud voice, and with great dignity, "Wisdom, O believers!"

recalling the Resurrection. As the Gospels are laid upon the altar, the choir chants "O come, let us worship, and fall down before Christ, Save us, O Son of God, who rose for us from the dead, as we sing unto Thee; Alleluia."

The Proper Hymn and the Collect, which are now sung, are performed in old plain-song. These tones are simple melodies, sung in harmony, and their rendition is exceedingly beautiful and uplifting on account of their extreme simplicity and purity of style. Every week in the Church Year includes the singing of one of these tones. They do not resemble the Gregorian tones or the chants of other Slavonic nations. The Russian tones are written in modern notation upon a staff of five lines, in the G clef, whereas the Ambrosian and Gregorian chants use only four lines, with a C-or F-clef. The music in some old Russian manuscript books bears strong marks of antiquity, for there are no lines and the characters are different from those used since the time of Guido. As early as the 12th century the Russians had a notation of their own. The Russian Church uses Greek chants frequently in its services, and many compositions modern in character are based on these chants. They are very simple and direct in their appeal. In addition to the Greek chants, other chants of particular localities, as used in certain monasteries are used in the service. The Kieff chant is one of these, and is used particularly in Lent. The idea of having eight tones is, of course, of Grecian origin, although the Greeks do not use harmony, but prefer the unison usage, while the Russian Church uses full harmony. The ancient Greek modes are to be found among these chants.

After the "Alleluia" the Priest blesses the Gospels with the sign of the Cross, symbolizing the illumination both in heaven and in earth through the Incarnation of Jesus, with His two natures. The choir then sings the Trisagion, "O Holy God, Holy Mighty One, Holy Eternal, have mercy," three times, with a Gloria, and then again very slowly. The Trisagion is one of the oldest parts of the Liturgy, dating from before the time of St. Proclus. This proclaims the mystery of the Trinity, manifested to men by one of its persons, and also the sympathy and union between men and angels.

The Bishop then takes his seat on the throne at the rear of apse, and blesses the people with the trikerion. The Priests and Deacons are seated beside him. The Gradual is now read representing the preaching of the Gospel throughout the world, brought to pass, after the Ascension, by the hands of the Disciples. The Gospel and Epistle now follow, the Bishop and Priests standing

during the former. Before the reading incense is offered. The Deacon then takes the Book of Gospels and, passing through the Holy Doors, places it upon the tribune, while the Priest exclaims, "Wisdom, O believers! Let us listen to the Holy Gospel." The Gospel is then read by the Deacon, and its reading is very impressive, for he begins in his deepest tones, and gradually raises his voice higher and higher, until at the end he has covered a range of at least two octaves. The Gospel is preceded and followed by the sentence "Glory to the Lord," sung by the choir. The Bishop now blesses with dikerion and the trikerion, and the Litany of fervent Supplication is said, with the choir responds, "Lord, have mercy," three times after each prayer. The Litany of the Catechumens now follows, and the faithful are exhorted to remain, this moment representing the end of the world.

Several "Amens" and short responses now follow, while prayers are said secretly within the Sanctuary. Then comes the Cherubim Song, a text of great antiquity. It is found in the chief Eastern liturgies before the Great Entrance, and is generally ascribed to the time of Justinian, who directed that it be sung in churches. It has been part of the Greek Liturgy since 600 A. D. This anthem is perhaps the best known portion of the Liturgy and the first to be used to any extent here. It is to be regretted that in certain English editions, there have been words written which have no relation to the meaning of the original text. The music of some of the settings is most elaborate. The first part of the song is always sung very slowly. Between the first and second parts, distinguished by a change in the spirit and tempo of the music, the Priest utters the prayer of the penitent thief. The joyous tone of the second part is occasioned by a military figure—the elevation of the Host being likened to the elevation of a king upon his shield by the soldiery. Between the two halves the Great Entrance is made, and the Holy Gifts are taken from the table of oblation at the Altar. Priests, Deacons and Readers go in procession, preceded by lighted tapers. This symbolises the last advent of Christ upon earth, when he shall come with glory. Then all the faithful fall down before the Priests, partly desiring their prayers and partly venerating the Divine Gifts. The choir sings the "Many Years," followed by a short litany. The Doors are closed immediately after the Great Entrance, for it is not fitting that the Mystery should be observed by any outside of the priesthood. The Symbol of Faith, or Creed, follows and some inspiring settings are to be found here. That of Gretchaninoff, for alto solo, with a choral background, of eight parts

is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, that has ever been composed in any country at any time. Rachmaninoff's setting contains some remarkable writing, and Tchaikowsky's must not be overlooked. Sometimes the Creed is rendered in simple plain-song and this setting is also inspiring.

The Kiss of Peace is now given, and the "Mercy of Peace" is sung. Many prayers are said secretly within the Sanctuary by the Priests, while the choir sings, "We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we give our thanks to Thee, and pray to Thee, O Lord, our God." Following this the Hymn to the Birthgiver of God is sung. Tchaikowsky's is the only setting now available in English.

The prayers for the Synod and for the people now follow, and a short Litany is sung, with the usual responses by the choir. Then the Priest exhorts the people to praise God with one mind and one heart, and thus leads up to the Lord's Prayer. Here the people kneel and the whole ceremony is most impressive and is always spoken of by visitors to the Russian Cathedral in New York as having impressed them very greatly. A few short responses follow, and then the doors are closed and the curtain is drawn. The choir sings the Communion Anthem. Ordinarily this is, "Praise the Lord from heaven, praise Him in the height, Alleluia," but other texts are used freely. The Communion takes place, after the proper preparation, and the Holy Doors are opened. During this the choir sings, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; God is the Lord and hath made Himself known to men," and, "Receive the body of Christ, taste of the fountain of life." At the close "Alleluia" is sung. Then the Bishop blesses with the dikerion and trikerion, and, after several short responses and some prayers within the Sanctuary, the 34th Psalm is read by the Reader, and the Priest pronounces the final Benediction.

It is impossible to explain the details of the entire liturgy, or the directions for variance on different occasions. For example, the description briefly given above is of a Pontifical service, which differs to some degree from an ordinary service. The whole is very complex, and would admit of a lengthy discussion. The entire service is so bound up with the music and the incomparable impression which it makes upon an auditor, that any written description must fail to convey a sense of the splendor of the whole service. The music alone is able to convey an adequate description; words are insufficient.

The music of the Russian Liturgy is in the opinion of many musicians, the most beautiful ecclesiastical music which the world has ever known. To Western ears, accustomed to organ accom-

paniment,—or rather, organ domination—the pure *a cappella* style sounds strange, and perhaps, at first, even limited. But, having passed this point, the intrinsic beauty and splendor of this music is at once perceptible. There is so much music in the Liturgy,—in fact, the Liturgy is all music—that the composer must skillfully use means so that the complete service may not become monotonous.

A great quantity of the music is in more than four voice-parts,—frequently in as many as ten or twelve. When a four-part structure is used the addition of the octavo-bass, singing an octavo below the written bass, adds a fifth part. The use of many voice-parts is one of the principal charms of this music. Four-part writing is too thin for unaccompanied voices, and limits the composer too greatly. The addition of the octavo-bass gives a foundation to the other parts which is remarkable. After hearing a number of such renditions, a simple four-part structure seems extremely thin and frail, and without foundation. The use of many parts presents great solidity and strength, and gives the composer the opportunity for the freest expression. On account of the fact that there is no instrumental background, everything must be dealt with chorally. This has given rise to remarkable effects. Some of the principal devices are worthy of note.

The soprano and alto parts are frequently discontinued for a period, and the tenors and basses sing a four-part harmony, or, the altos sustain a tone for a group of measures, while the men's voices give forth a moving phrase against this sustained tone. The contrast is remarkable. An example from Gretchaninoff's "Praise the Name of the Lord" is given:

Ex. I

SOP & ALTO

TEN & BASS

Al - le - lu - i - a.

Al - le - lu - i - a, al - le - lu - i - a.

2 SOPR. & 2 ALTOS

O praise the name of the Lord. *etc.*

CHORUS SOP. & ALTO

p O praise the name of the Lord.

Frequently in eight-part writing the first soprano and the first tenor, and the second soprano and second tenor are written in octaves. This gives great solidity to the structure and strengthens the melody by doubling in the octave. An example from Gretchaninoff's setting of the "Cherubim Song" is given: often the 1st tenor part is written on the soprano staff in octaves with that voice.

Ex. II

SOP.
borne, Al-le-lu - i - a, al-le-lu - i - a, etc.

ALTO
borne, Al - le - lu - i - a, al - le - lu - i - a

TEN.
borne Al-le-lu - i - a, al-le-lu - i - a

BASS
borne, Al - le - lu - i - a, al - le - lu - i - a

There is an extensive use of pianissimo singing, particularly in veiled and subdued tones. Contrast is a vital element in this music. The melodic passage in such cases may be found in the tenor or bass part, while the sopranos and altos give forth long sustained, veiled harmonies. This is a feature peculiar to this music. Church music does not make its strongest appeal, or best fulfill its mission in those compositions which are lively and rhythmical, shouted vigorously perhaps by a large chorus. There is always associated with things heavenly and divine, a certain spirit of gentleness, beauty and tranquillity. More hearts are turned to the Church for consolation and comfort, than in a spirit of rejoicing. Such an atmosphere is created only by the mystery

of a pianissimo tone. An example from Kastalsky's "O Gladsome Light," the Evening Hymn, is given:

Ex. III
SOP. & ALTO
(Three notes to be softly sustained for ten measures)
TEN & BASS

O glad-some light
O glad-some light of the ho-ly
O glad-some light etc.
glory of the Fa-ther, im-mor-tal, heav-nly, ho-ly, bless-ed Je-sus Christ

Another usage which is peculiar to the Russian Church music is the writing of the soprano and bass parts in octaves while the inner parts sustain tones, which serve to complete the harmony. This is a majestic effect! Two examples are given, one from Tchelischeff, and the other from Tchaikowsky,—both settings of the "Cherubim Song."

Ex. IV
SOP.
ALTO
TEN
BASS

That the King of all we may raise on high. That the King of all we may raise on high.
That the King of all we may raise on high. That the King of all we may raise on high.
That the King of all we may raise on high. That the King of all we may raise on high.
That the King of all we may raise on high. That the King of all we may raise on high.

Frequently all the parts save one, sing very softly and in long-sustained tones, while the single part repeats a tone, sharply accenting it. In many cases this task is assigned to the altos. An example from Tchesnokoff's "Nunc Dimittis" is given:

Ex. V

SOP
ALTO
TENOR
BASS

Light, to be a light, to be a light, and to be the

An unusual procedure in the matter of the cadences lies in the use of the seventh chord on the second degree of the scale to the tonic chord, instead of the customary dominant seventh-tonic close. In fact, the two-seven chord seems to sum up the whole atmosphere of Russian Church music,—particularly this chord in the minor mode, where it is actually awe-inspiring. An example from Kastalsky's "Praise Thou, The Lord" (major) and one from Tchaikowsky's "We Praise Thee" (minor) are given:

Ex. VI (a)

SOP
ALTO

sing, then all pray us - to Thee.

It is impossible to give here any number of the remarkable cadence-effects to be found in this music, so many are there, but these below will suffice to show some of the more striking ones, as well as some general peculiarities. The customary dominant-seventh-tonic ending or the sub-dominant-tonic ending so very frequent in the Western music, are neglected to advantage. This, of course, given considerable additional scope and effect to the music.

Ex. VII

SOP. & ALTO
TEN. & BASS

sing, then all pray us - to Thee.



The constant use of "open" fifths is very suggestive of the infinite, with its mysteries. Often rich and full harmonic passages terminate suddenly in an "open" fifth, or in a unison. This produces a weird effect. It seems to suggest the ever presence of fate, for it repeatedly brings to mind the fact that all magnificence must eventually return to the simplest elements from which it emanated. Thus a gorgeous harmony fades off in a moment to a simple fifth, or even the simpler unison. An example from Nikolsky's "Praise the Name of the Lord" is given:

SOP. & ALTO
Ex. VIII Al - lo - lu - i - a,

TEN. & BASS Al - lo - lu - ia, Al - lo - lu - i - a, O give

Al - lo - lu - i - a, Al - lo - lu - i - a,

Thanks un-to the God of heav - en, for His mer - cy en - dar - eth for ever etc.

ff

Al - lo -

Much of the music is written in free rhythm, that is without bar lines, save at the end of the phrases. Occasionally an author inserts dotted bar lines to indicate strong pulses, but, of course, in this case the measures are of varying lengths. This use of the bar line is a very proper one, although it presents temporary difficulties to singers. The ends of the phrases are shown by this method, and the feeling of regular measure lengths is

destroyed. A short excerpt from Tchesnokoff's "Salvation is Created" is given:

Ex. IX

Sal - va - tion is cre - a - ted, sal - va - tion etc.

The musical score for Ex. IX features a vocal line with lyrics "Sal - va - tion is cre - a - ted, sal - va - tion etc." and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of sustained chords in the left hand and moving lines in the right hand, creating a harmonic backdrop for the vocal melody.

The chanting of the low bass parts against a sustained harmony in some or all of the upper voices is another splendid effect. This gives a feeling of great profundity, or of awe and terror. This element again bears witness to the fact that the Russian composers fully appreciate the possibilities of the bass voice in choral music. The treatment of the bass part is such as would unfailingly interest any bass singer. It does not consist merely in supporting the upper voices, but the writing for this part gives it ample opportunity for interesting work. In fact, many of the unusual effects lie in the exceptional treatment of the bass voice, or the bass and tenor voices. A decided advance in choral music will be made here when the extreme importance of the bass voice is thoroughly appreciated and composers write for it with that appreciation well in mind. It is not unusual to find three bass parts in Russian choral music. The foundation this gives is superb! It is impossible to quote the whole men's chorus from Kastalsky's "From My Youth," but the reader is earnestly recommended to study this wonderful composition which contains many remarkable choral effects on every page. Two short passages are given:

Ex. X

TENOR I
up, be with-ered up

TENOR II
up, be with-ered up

BASS I
up, be with-ered up, be with-ered up

BASS II
up, be with-ered up, be with-ered up

Glo-ry to Fa-ther, Glo-ry to Fa-ther.

The musical score for Ex. X shows four vocal parts: TENOR I, TENOR II, BASS I, and BASS II. The lyrics are "up, be with-ered up, be with-ered up, Glo-ry to Fa-ther, Glo-ry to Fa-ther." The score illustrates the effect of low bass parts against sustained harmony in the upper voices.

etc. SOPRANO *pp*
ness ——— ev-ry soul —

ALTO *pp*
ness ——— ev-ry soul —

etc. TENOR
Son and Ho-ly Spir-it now, and for-ev-er and ness. ———

BASS *p*
Son and Ho-ly Spir-it, now, and for-ev-er and ness, and the Tri-une U-ni-
ev-ry soul ——— in mys-tic ho-li-ness!
ev-ry soul ——— in mys-tic ho-li-ness!
in mys-tic ho-li-ness!
ty death il-lu-mine it in mys-tic ho-li-ness!

In the anthem "The Lord Said Unto My Lord," by Nikolsky, the basses are the most important singers in the entire chorus. The whole structure is most unusual and should be studied in detail. The basses constantly reiterate a theme to the words of "The Lord said unto my Lord."

Another short excerpt from the Christmas Song, "On This Day," a Bulgarian Chant, is given. This is written for five bass voices. The effect obtained is very different from the ordinary effect of tenors and singing together.

Ex XI
BASS 1, 2, 3
p
On this day etc.

BASS 4 5
ppp

All these peculiarities require keen appreciation of choral tone, for the group of voices are required to give forth almost as much variety of tone-color as does an orchestra. Merely commonplace tone utterance is uninteresting in a *cappella* singing, although it may suffice when organ accompaniment is used. This is choral music in the fullest sense of the word. The intentions of the composer are not so very evident on paper, but are discernible after careful study of the characteristics which prevail. The music possesses a marked individuality and, if properly rendered, is extremely beautiful, but loses the greater part of its appeal if improperly rendered.

The ancient modes are to be found extensively and rare effects are produced by their use. Observe the opening phrase in Kastalsky's "O Gladsome Light," which is in the old *Æolian* mode. In order to avoid any confusion as to the mode Kastalsky writes the anthem with one sharp, "F", and adds the "C" sharp necessary for the *Æolian* tonality of "B" minor as it occurs throughout the piece. The customary "B" minor with its raised 7th step, "A" sharp, cannot be confused with this more beautiful form. This is an excellent method, for there is no signature for the customary minor mode. The actual key signature for this composition, did not tradition forbid, would be "F" and "C" sharps, but very likely no music publisher would assume the responsibility for printing such a signature.

The Mixolydian mode, or mode of the fourth, is to be found in Kastalsky's "God Is With Us." The tonic is "F", and the scale F, G, A, B flat, C, D, E flat, F. Two short excerpts are given:

Ex XII

The musical score is for a four-part setting of "God Is With Us" in Mixolydian mode. It consists of four staves labeled SOPRANO (SOP.), ALTO, TENOR (TEN.), and BASS. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "God is with us! O ye na-tions, un-derstand; etc." The melody is characterized by a mixolydian scale (F, G, A, B-flat, C, D, E-flat, F) and features a prominent descending eighth-note pattern in the vocal lines.



The necessity of procuring low basses seems to have offered temporary difficulties in presenting this music. It is, however, erroneously supposed that low basses are not to be found outside of Russia. The whole tendency of Anglican and American choral music has been to force the bass voice upwards in its register. Vocal students, therefore, have been interested in developing the upper range of their voices in order to meet these requirements in seeking positions. There are many such students who possess excellent low registers, but who have never discovered them. The majority of low basses at present are to be found in men's glee clubs, where this voice is an absolute necessity. The low bass voice, in fact, is a feature essential not only to Russian ecclesiastical music, but to all choral music. Composers are coming to realize the importance of these deep voices and are beginning to write low "C's",—a thing entirely unheard of until Russian church music came to be known here! In many of the Russian compositions the second bass parts—called the octavo-bass—are written down as low as A and G below low C. But whether the composer writes this part or not, the octavo-bass sings in octaves with the written bass part as far as it is possible for him to do, except when the harmony is such that this part would alter the effect intended. The value of this voice in pure choral music cannot be overestimated. A four-part structure with the addition merely of the octavo-bass produces new effects.

Russian church music presents new difficulties to both director and singers. The greatest problem of a *cappella* rendition is, of course, to produce a smooth unified ensemble,—a result which is very rarely attained. The usual result of choral ensemble is

the effect of four independent elements, which parallel but do not unify. To secure a unification of vocal parts the most painstaking rehearsing must be undertaken, and singers must have a full consciousness of the function of the part to which they are assigned. They must be able to form intervals of thirds, fourths, etc., with other voices readily. The second sopranos, or second tenors, must be able to maintain their part when it separates from the first of the same part. The bass part is perhaps the most difficult of all the parts for it has a twofold function to perform,—harmonic and melodic. This part, as before noted, frequently divides into three sections.

Each singer must be trained to listen to the other parts, and be conscious of the relation his or her part bears to the whole structure. Choirs which have been accustomed to rehearse with a piano, and give all renditions with organ support, will find it difficult to begin a *cappella* singing. Out-of-tune singing will be the greatest difficulty perhaps, and following upon this will come a marked roughness of ensemble. The only method of overcoming these, and other difficulties, which will present themselves, is to rehearse entirely without an instrument, even if part of the music has to be rendered with accompaniment. As far as possible difficult passages should be played upon the rehearsal piano, but the singers should not sing with the piano, but merely listen to the phrase, and then sing it after it has been given on the instrument. All of this process takes time, but the results which will be attained in the end will more than compensate for the time and effort consumed. The beauty of a *cappella* singing by a really fine choir is incomparable. Relatively few people have ever heard such singing. It is of the very highest artistic order. Accompanied singing seems tame and lifeless after it. It is only a question of time before many of our churches will develop this field of religious music and congregations will come to know it. It is principally a matter of education.

Professor Edward Dickinson in his book, "Music in the History of the Western Church" states these facts clearly:

The usages of chorus singing in the present era do not prepare singers to cope with the peculiar difficulties of the *a cappella* style; a special education and an unwonted mode of feeling are required for an appreciation of its appropriateness and beauty. Nevertheless, such is its inherent vitality, so magical is its attraction to one who has come into complete harmony with its spirit, so true is it an exponent of the mystical submissive type of piety, which always tends to reassert itself in a rationalistic age like the present, that the minds of churchmen are gradually returning to it, and scholars and musical directors are tempting it forth

from its seclusion. . . . Little by little the world of culture is becoming enlightened in respect to the unique beauty and refinement of this form of art. . . .

There is frequently a false accusation made against Russian church music. It is this,—that it is beautiful, but very depressing and melancholy in character. Those who make such a statement do not understand this music, which many contend to be on a much higher plane than the religious music of other nations. Then, too, the absence of noisy instrumental accompaniment is very marked at first. The listener is in a new realm, in which he finds everything strangely beautiful. An opinion formed at such a time is valueless. The contrast between this genuine ecclesiastical music and the inferior type of material generally used in churches, and to which the ordinary individual has become accustomed, is, indeed, very sharp. But, after some contact with this better music, anything less artistic is unsatisfactory and elementary. To reach this higher stage of æsthetic appreciation it is necessary to hear good *a cappella* renditions at least once a week, for a year. The Rev. Turchineff, writing on this topic, said:

The value of church singing is this—it relieves man's soul from the oppression of sorrow. When it is perfectly intelligible it easily affords an escape to the scum life deposits in our hearts. . . . It is true they (Russian religious chants) are sorrowful. Yet this sorrow is not of oppression, but of regret, that we are still so far from the ideal, from holiness and divinity. The consciousness of our sinfulness blends with the longing to become one with our Saviour, suffering now for us. Yet the whole of reconciliation has been granted to us and so the final chord sounds solemn and triumphant.

If those who have thought Russian Church music melancholy and depressing will examine such pieces as the "Easter Verses" of Smolensky, "Praise the Name of the Lord" by P. Ivanoff, or A. T. Gretchaninoff, or "God is With Us," by Kastalsky,—as well as others—they will discover in these selections a joyous, happy spirit, but no cheap, rhythmic, commonplace writing, intended to catch the ear. Nevertheless, there is appropriate music for all of the church's celebrations,—music which is within the keeping of the spirit of the service, but always dignified and uplifting.

There seems to be a general misapprehension as to just what church music should be. The field of religious music has become saturated with compositions which are more secular than churchly: they do not fit into the ritual of the service. When they are performed it seems as though the ritual had been temporarily interrupted to permit such performance. Sweet, cloying, sugary

harmonies certainly have no place in church, yet here are hundreds of such pieces regularly used in churches, by musical directors who ought to know better. The Russian style is devotional and thoroughly serious. It is not trivial and sing-songy. It possesses the qualifications of any good church music, devotion, reverence, lofty conception, and inspiration. It is on this account that one frequently hears the name of Palestrina connected with the music of the Russian church. Palestrina's writing was on the same plane, save that the Russians have composed at a later period in the world's history, and their art is therefore more highly developed. Great praise is due the Russian church for having permanently excluded instrumental accompaniment from her services, if one may judge by her high standard and complete musical system. Perhaps, had the American churches attempted this ideal, we might now possess a well established ecclesiastical choral art.

The general public has no well defined view as to what is artistic church music and what is not. Those who have a developed musical appreciation, however, have, and it is these people who attend our best orchestral and choral concerts, and who stay away from church music. The standard maintained at such concerts is generally much higher than those the church choirs maintain. There is a general indifference about the whole matter. Only a very few churches are seriously concerned about their music. Unaccompanied music, properly presented, is the most inspiring of all forms of choral music. Further, such music is the nearest to musical perfection, for the chords in this case ARE the chords of nature, unaltered,—just as nature gave them to man. The *a cappella* chorus is one of the very few methods of producing pure music. Those who have never had the privilege of hearing such music, and in this group are to be found the great majority of American musicians, have no conception of the supreme beauty of untempered harmonies. The author has questioned many reputable musicians and has learned that they have had no experience in such music. Investigators in this field, however, are unanimous in their staunch support of pure harmonies, and they are in a position to judge.¹

At the present time church music in general is the worst choral music produced, and there can be no doubt that a great deal of thought and study will be required before those who are responsible for this matter can be brought to realize the possibili-

¹See the author's article, entitled "A Plea for Pure Church Music," in THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY for April, 1916.

ties before them. At present things must be "bright" and "popular" or "pleasing." So the poor old "Holy City" and "Messiah" and the "Crucifixion" are a regular feast in our churches, for the people know them, and *must* have them! Conceive, if you will, an orchestral conductor obliged to construct his programs on such a false and impossible basis!

The interest in Russian church music has been developing here for approximately five years, and in this time has made remarkable progress. The rendition of this music has greatly improved those choral bodies which undertook the study of it, and also brought out the fact that the public is interested in high class religious music. This music, therefore, has been the source of great uplift in the religious music of the country. The choral societies on the whole have done much, if not more, than the church choirs, in developing an interest. These societies are very much alive and on the alert for the best that there is in the choral field. The same cannot be said,—it is to be regretted—about the majority of church choirs, where the usual problem is to get something ready for Sunday services. Thousands of visitors to the Russian Cathedral in New York City hear¹ this marvelous music, without realizing that they can have the same music performed regularly in their own churches, should they make the demand. There are many churches where sufficient funds are available for maintaining high standards, should the people demand them. When an orchestra fails to maintain a certain standard the press and public at once make vigorous comments. It would be a very splendid policy if others would make an outcry against the music some of the best churches put regularly on their programs. No choir can afford to neglect the music of the Russian church. There are many selections of surpassing beauty, which any good choir may offer, provided that they are willing to study the music seriously, and also provided that the director is willing to cope with the difficulties of a *cappella* singing. No one who has ever heard Russian church music properly rendered can refrain from an expression of admiration and exaltation. Lecturers on Russia, authors of books on Russia, travelers, musicians, critics, clergy and others all say the same thing. Is any further recommendation necessary?

¹The choir has been temporarily disbanded.—Ed.



Rudolph E. Schirmer



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Rudolph E. Schirmer

THE Editor is under the sad obligation of informing the friends of **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** of the death of Mr. Rudolph E. Schirmer, at Santa Barbara on August 20th, 1919, after a long illness.

It is not here the place to point out Mr. Schirmer's far-reaching influence on American musical life as President of G. Schirmer, Inc. Comment in the pages of **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** on his constructive powers and his business acumen as a publisher would have been extremely distasteful to him.

He conceived and created **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** because he considered the time ripe in America for such a magazine and because it was his second nature to do things for the art which he so loved and understood, regardless of cost and with indifference to commercial obstacles.

Perhaps the Editor did not succeed, confronted as he was by War conditions, in reaching and maintaining the standard of excellence set for **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** by its founder. In that case, Mr. Schirmer would never have voiced his disappointment with severity but he would have criticized the Editor in his quietly reserved yet stinging manner had at any time the idealistic purpose of his magazine been obscured.

Just how far he was willing to go to undermine any impression of **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY** as a Schirmer house organ, a few characteristic episodes may illustrate.

Soon after the first issue of the magazine, the publicity representative of a manufacturer of some highly lucrative article of commerce offered Mr. Schirmer several thousand dollars a year for the use of the back cover of **THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY**. Much to the amazement of that gentleman, Mr. Schirmer promptly turned him down, amused at the mere suggestion that he might

prefer money to the Schirmer emblem with its motto: *Laborum Dulce Lenimen*.

On a prior occasion, when the physical appearance and character of the magazine were being tentatively discussed, the Editor, boldly testing, as he later on confessed, the idealistic motives of Mr. Schirmer, urged that Schirmer publications be rigorously barred from the section devoted to publishers' announcements. With but a moment's hesitation, Mr. Schirmer accepted this unprecedented condition. The Editor then relented but had his difficulties to persuade Mr. Schirmer to do likewise.

Just at the time when his illness compelled him to take up his home permanently in Santa Barbara and to retire gradually from the active management of the business in favor of his beloved nephew, Mr. Gustave Schirmer, the Editor found Mr. Schirmer in a reminiscent mood. He described graphically, for instance, the Liszt *séances* at the Altenburg in Weimar. So graphically indeed, that the Editor immediately tried to enlist Mr. Schirmer as one of the contributors to THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY with a series of autobiographical articles.

The reply was negative: Mr. Schirmer was too sensitive of the possibility that his motives for such a contribution by the publisher of the magazine might be misconstrued. Perhaps, if his health had improved, Mr. Schirmer might have succumbed to the repeated entreaties from the Editor. At any rate, it is the latter's conviction that those proposed articles, written in Rudolph E. Schirmer's polished style, with his gift of observation, his culture as a man of the world, his love of the beautiful, his discriminating interest in the progress of our art and out of the richness of his acquaintance and friendship with so many artists, great and small, for more than half a century, would easily have been among the most entertaining, instructive and valuable contributions to his MUSICAL QUARTERLY.

THE MIRACULOUS APPEAL OF MEDIOCRITY

By CARL ENGEL

Sir, it is burning a farthing candle at Dover, to show light at Calais.

—DR. JOHNSON.

AMONG the many injustices, in which the annals of mankind are so rich, there is perhaps none more cruel than the long-continued and unreasonable persecution of Mediocrity. To be sure, dear to the heart of mortal man, mediocrity has never lacked defenders of one sort or another. But they have always been either timorous apologists or double-faced opportunists. For, although mediocrity has been despised by many who thought themselves superior, it has been "used" by not a few of them. We might have pointed with pride to the wisdom of Horace, Rome's jovial bard of alcoholic bliss and female pulchritude, who sang so eloquently of, and for, *aurea mediocritas*, were it not that his haughty *Odi profanum vulgus* put him down as the cunning actor who filched applause from the gallery while playing to the boxes. And thus one of mediocrity's reputed chief-supporters stands revealed as the prototype of its fiercest foe, the Snob. This insatiable parasite, for whom no pleasure is too rare, no beauty too exquisite, has usurped prerogatives in a domain which he himself has circumscribed by bounds of his own making, and which, if you please, he has labelled "Art" and placarded with "None but the Chosen may enter!" Unfortunately, he has not constantly attended to the choosing with rigorous care; hence no end of confusion has arisen. And matters have become greatly complicated by the fact that he has permitted the hallowed precinct to be parcelled into smaller and supposedly choicer circles, through which an eager throng of the admitted fluctuates incessantly. To keep some semblance of order, the policing of the district has been entrusted to the Critic, who aims at proper segregation of his wards, and labors hard to establish the unimportant facts, that one group is nearer the center than another; that the vaunted exploits of some one are mere trespassing upon the heritage of a neighbor; or that certain centripetal aspirations of the outer ring must be discouraged and dismissed as futile. All of which to confirm the suspicion that we are not born equal, that no

man is free, and that the pursuit of absolute and ultimate happiness is vain. Yet, in spite of the Critic's indefatigable efforts, things have not been going well, of late, with our friend, the Snob. The battlements of his stronghold have been crumbling under missiles thrust from without, and something akin to revolution—a periodical house-cleaning—is threatening him from within. Light is beginning to dawn in quarters other than his alone; the sun of Mediocrity is slowly and majestically rising.

It is remarkable how this handful of Chosen Ones was able, for so long, to curtain the Greater Orb, and succeeded in blinding the rest of humanity with pretty strontia fires. Antique Athens under the Tyrant, mediæval Rome under the Pope, immortal France under *le Roi Soleil*, are but a few of the set pieces and pin-wheels with which the pyrotechnists have amused themselves and kept the multitude at a respectable distance. But the distance is spanned by the magic of democracy, and the multitude is coming into its own. With it, mediocrity is taking its rightful and dominant place in the world.

Whence the disparaging implication which the word "mediocrity" had assumed? Originally, in the Aristotelian sense, it was the true philosopher's highest ambition to attain a state of mediety, "equally removed from two opposite extremes." This presupposes, as Hobbes says, that "Virtue consisteth in Mediocrity and Vice in Extremes," the excess being possible in both directions, of good and of bad. Bacon still speaks of a thing that fails to satisfy, as falling "beneath mediocrity," which plainly shows what he understood to be the normal line of demarcation and the standard of desirability. But gradually a change took place. It was left for Southey, the crabbed laureate, to bluster out: "The mediocres in every grade aim at pleasing the public." Here we have it. Fie! for shame! and tut! So it is noble to please crowned heads, but a crime to please the public! Quite evidently, not every poet is so versatile as Horace. One cannot help feeling that Southey touched a very sore spot, and touched it rather rudely. The whole case hinges upon the question whether his statement, being true, does not justify the existence and practices of what he terms "the mediocres." And who are the mediocres, so-called? Southey probably would have subscribed to an opinion generally held among the occupants of the aforementioned sacred zone, namely, that man, as a representative of the species, is interesting only when he shows the animal that lurks in him, or when he approaches the superhuman. There are those who would restrict their interest to the rare instances when the two extremes meet—when beast and superman are blended, as in genius. Just think, how uncomfortable it would be to live with only brutish

dolts and brilliant cranks around us! It is the plain "human, all-too-human" that makes our terrestrial globe so congenial an abode for all anthropomorphous creatures. Dear, dependable, and unadulterated man remains inveterately attached to his herd, and relies for his main support on the realization that he belongs to the Great Majority—that imposing body which cannot err. George Bernard Shaw, in a searching probe of anarchism, upbraids "Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, of Boston, Mass." for the gentleman's suggestion that "The right of the majority is absolute." Indeed a splendid basis for the constitution of a State Socialistic country, familiarly known as Utopia. In its real meaning, however, the article has always existed and found application; only it should read: "The majority is absolutely right." Since safety seems to lie in numbers, mankind—pardonably resolved upon "safety first"—clings faithfully to mediocrity. And not without reward. Anæmic masses are warmed by mediocrity into cheerfully munching their daily bread; and their appetite is daily waxing for a larger slice of it.

Nay, they are going farther. They recently discovered cake, and are now bent on having the cherry on the tartlet.

Naturally, this presumption has created a great deal of disturbance in the sacerdotal pastry-shops. The vituperations have been many and bitter. While every one admits, although the heartless but reluctantly, that a state or condition may be unnecessarily bad, no one, outside of mediocrity, seems willing to concede that there is such a thing as the undesirably good. The result is utterly confounding. Whistler, who never minced matters, did so least when he wrote: "Mediocrity, flattered at acknowledging mediocrity, and mistaking mystification for mastery, enters the fog of dilettantism, and, graduating connoisseur, ends its days in a bewilderment of *bric-à-brac* and *Brummagem*." Pray, heed not the polished phrases, the felicitous choice of words, let not clever alliterations dim your vision; mark only the merciless indictment! What an inhuman lot your "artists" are! They seem to forget that the First Artist, being in the enviable position of finding himself without critics at the moment when he viewed his work, pronounced it good. Whatever later comment may have been passed on the correctness of this judgment, the work betrays the Master, and satisfaction with their own creations is not uncommon among men. How could it be otherwise: vanity is the root of all cavil. Only by the blessings of flattery are we enabled to preserve peace about us, and flattery begins at home. The obtrusive candor of a Whistler must necessarily lead to "the gentle art of making enemies"; and it would seem sometimes that friends and flattery are more essential

to success than is talent. At all events, talent must be born, whereas friends and followers can be made. With judicious and lavish publicity our advertising mediocrity has arrived at gaining a very considerable foothold. Society is a complex organism, in which each individual is rated according to the opinion that the others hold of him, while he is governed by the fear of that opinion. A *modus vivendi* has tacitly been accepted, known as politeness—or flattery, if you will; for the two are kin. The important thing is not that some object of our fancy be perfected, in shape, in color, or in tone, but that an opinion of the object be created, and that it be a politely favorable one. Mediocrity has realized this great truth, and, by working on its principle, is proving the practical value of flattery.

As to mediocrity "mistaking mystification for mastery," the idea is preposterous. What mediocrity is doing, is to display the admirable courage of insisting that mastery, being distinctly an extreme of accomplishment, is reprehensible. We are returning to the sober tenets of Aristotle's school. More than that. Allowing, to a certain degree, an excuse for "masterly" products, but wishing to make these the property of the many, instead of a privilege belonging to the few, mediocrity has shown that, by skillful reproduction, such treasures may be made accessible to all who care for them, and thereby lose the objectionable touch of particularity. Our machine-driven age has made this mystification completely possible, and some of the reproductions improve on the originals. The machine is mediocrity's great ally. The picture of Mr. Whistler's own mother, sepulchred in the catacombs of the Luxembourg, becomes eternized only when turned out on the rotogravure presses of our newspaper syndicates by millions of copies, to be given out as pictorial supplement on "Mother's Day," so that thumb-tacks may hold it on the wall of the humblest hut, to cover a weather stain. A thing of beauty should be a joy for everybody, and to make everybody share in it, mediocrity resorts to imitation. To all intents and purposes, imitation is fully as good as the genuine thing, if not preferable. It has generally the advantage of being cheaper, thereby coming within reach of the greater number. Through a reduction in cost, its acquisition demands a lesser sacrifice, and its loss is more lightly borne. Gratified desire and minimized disappointment are mediocrity's great contributions towards worldwide serenity. Wander through the palatial grandeurs of the modern department store, look at the bargain counters that hold fair evidence of what the people think they want, and the astonishing ingenuity in the only useful art, the art of imitation,

will be instantly patent. The primordial longing to adorn our person and our home is kindled by a ravishing display of magentas and veridian greens, luminous and rich, to which we willingly succumb. Imitation is the keystone of the whole establishment. From imitation jewelry, imitation sealskin and imitation Hepplewhite, there is but a step to the stall where imitation music is for sale. And here, perhaps, we have mediocrity's finest and most humanitarian gift.

Mediocrity cannot be accused of ignoring the charm that "bright Apollo's lute" commands, as it has given us machine-made music and musicians. There are huge plants in every country, where aspiring youths are transformed into musicians, trained in all branches of their trade. By a patented process, some of these institutions contrive to obliterate any personal trait in their product, and impart to it the inestimable quality of being inoffensively commonplace. There are large and prosperous enterprises, where music is written to order and "hits" are turned out while you wait. A little cash will tap the tun of liquid notes, and the strong waters from the still of men, maligned as musical moonshiners, will freely flow for him who has the necessary price and innocence. Music has its factory patterns of modulation and cadence; it has harmonic progressions and melodic "twists" which bear the characteristics of slang, or again resemble the glib and inane prattle of fops. Now, slang forms the only intelligible medium of expression for a surprisingly large number of people, who take the hurdles of grammar with the same unconcern with which they will pass over a piano which is out of tune. "How to play pieces in ten lessons" is no longer a secret held by the few, and disclosed by them at fifty cents per revelation; most pieces devised *ad usum populi* are wisely made to resemble each other so much, that one lesson may suffice to know them all. While our unsophisticated amateurs will grant trifling differences between the melodies of one and the other of these compositions, they are content that the accompaniment should remain the same for all of them. Exaggeration?—possibly. There are always those with "classic leanings," who closely distinguish between the bass of one Beethoven sonata and that of another, and play all of them with equal accuracy and the same impassiveness.—And what of the high-flown speech affected by our musical pioneers and coxcombs? What is advance and evolution, what is empty flourish and cryptic apery? Anything that defies understanding is undefeasible. Music of the fourth dimension must naturally sound a little strange to an ear that has not reached the requisite stage of development. But all modern music that is essentially "queer" is good—for the time being. Exaggeration?—most

likely. There remain always those who bid you read metaphysics and theosophy into these works; who play them all with the same acuteness of divination and equal want of persuasiveness.

Mediocrity is in a fair measure rectifying all this. There is under way a process of levelling that will inevitably establish a "happy mean," in music as in all other things. The community is taking a hand in such matters, enthusiasts are arousing the citizens to join in public "sings," and give the inarticulate soul of the People its first opportunity for self-expression by untying the vocal cords of the crowd. What these laryngeal sports may lack in style, they more than make up for in vogue. Anyhow, style being something that is often difficult to attain, mediocrity has resolved to rank it among the undesirable extremes, and has substituted fashion in its stead. Of course, it must take some time until the wisdom of this step will be apparent to all, and it is not surprising, therefore, that Debussy the critic, with an eye on the imitators of Debussy the composer, wrote in the *S. I. M.*:

The thousand little customs to which an epoch submits, apply to all the world; and this is wholly arbitrary, since they serve, most often, only a single person. Let us illustrate this assertion by a rather homely example: A man with a large head finds, after long meditations before the mirror of his hatter, a shape of hat which seems to make the size of his head appear smaller, and naturally he adopts it; what is less natural is that you see immediately other people (nor are they all idiots) wear hats which make them look ridiculous. We'll be told that this is a matter of fashion, not of taste. This is not quite true. Fashion and taste are very closely related, at least so they should be; and if we consent to be ridiculous in the choice of a hat, there is good reason to be sure that this ridicule will extend over everything that has to do with taste, including that of music, the most delicate to define.

But taste should not be discussed, unless kept above discussion. In spite of what Debussy may have thought, or Hazlitt written in his caustic essay on "Vulgarity and Affectation," fashion, and fashion alone, is the thing. Mediocrity has clearly recognized the fact, and has accordingly set its stamp of approval on everything that is ruled by fashion. Music, in turn, has undergone this wholesome subjection and is a great deal better for it, or at least the public is. For while it may not always be easy to distinguish good art from bad, one is sure to know fashionable art, and therefore to be more "*à la hauteur du temps*." Here again, mediocrity is taken to task by the high bonzes in the temple-yard for a display of what is malevolently called "dilettantism."

Is dilettantism really so odious as the painter of "Battersea Bridge" would have us think? Was he not too severe, and did he

not mistake a blessing for a bane? It would seem so, if we believe Paul Bourget, the accomplished romancer and sympathetic portrayer of the poor victims of wealth and culture. Modern society and its peculiarities have received his special attention. Shrewd diagnostician that he is, he could not fail to see the importance of dilettantism to-day, and he pronounces himself with no uncertain voice when he claims that "dilettantism is a logical product of our contemporary society. Before acting upon it, dilettantism results from it." He tells us, furthermore, that the dilettante, instead of fighting for art, accepts it; and Bourget adds: "But this is precisely what makes of dilettantism a new sort of dialectic, thanks to which our intelligence shares in the infinite fecundity of things." The able advocate, who is cutting one coat to fit both *des Essoristes* and the *boursier parvenu* of the Avenue Malakoff, might have qualified for admission to the Tailors' Union, had he not preferred to be identified with the French Academy. There is too much fighting in the world, as it is, and it would be most welcome if it could at least be kept out of peaceful pursuits. The dilettante fulfills a pacifying mission, and he should be encouraged in not only accepting, but in taking for granted, certain things in art and life, which art is too vast and life too short to "verify" or fight for. There are charming dilettanti who read their Ruysbroeck, if mystically inclined, play Monteverdi and Stravinsky for their pastime, who discourse intelligently on Kou K'ai-tche or Hokusai, and yet have escaped reading "Les Misérables," never heard "The Messiah," and stayed eight-and-forty hours in Amsterdam without going to see "The Night Watch" at the Rijks-Museum, but sampled instead the various dramas of Messrs. Erven Bols and Wynand Focking in *loco quo*. Thus the dilettante, taking delight in what is more finely attuned to his individual pitch and personal key, soon graduates "connoisseur," a term as variedly shaded and graded as are the different shades and grades of "bric-à-brac and Brummagem" to which his heart is drawn by preference.

The connoisseur has the great advantage of speaking with authority; and since authority lends dignity to a person, another mark—once the distinguishing cloak of a few—becomes the uniform garb of all modern arbiters in matters artistic. So long as the multitude was kept from sitting in the Areopagus, the judges pronounced their verdict with blind disregard for the opinion of the masses. Now this is changed. Official panegyrists or detractors take their cue from the more dependable promptings of income-tax rumors. Public favor, as expressed in box-office offerings, has become the accepted criterion. And the influence of public favor reaches farther.

The talking machine and player-piano, among other devices, have been of inestimable assistance to mediocrity, by enabling it to assert, directly and in unmistakable manner, its own preferences in music. No matter what the snob may decree hereafter, mediocrity will no longer depend on him for guidance, but reach out and take what it likes. No royal or imperial court will set the tone, no plutocracy monopolize the highest-paid virtuosi. Sound-reproducing instruments have been improved to a point that borders on the incredible. But being mere imitation and multiplication, they avoid coming under the head of undesirable exclusiveness. In the pleasant intimacy of the home, the Victrola and Pianola offer an inexhaustible source of diversion and education. The members of the family form an audience more keenly discriminating for the variety of labels and the price set on each brand. A generation of musical connoisseurs is in the making, raised by imaginative press agents, by enterprising publishers and manufacturers, and by performing automata.

Imitation again—and of a wonderful sort—is at the root of the most remarkable flower of mediocrity's cultivation: the moving pictures. All classes, acknowledging the bankruptcy of conversation, have become their fervent devotees. An invention which might have easily degenerated into the prime recorder of truth, has been wisely turned to serve the ends of fake and fiction, to the accompaniment of similarly treated music. A "Battling Bully" whips his brat to the tune of one of Wagner's hammering heroes. Genuine blossoms are broken and strewn in the path of the public, that is not easily deceived, and knowingly winks at these paper petals, while it inhales from artificial bloom the aromatic perfumes of Cathay. Illusion celebrates its greatest triumph. The Muses on Olympus, old and weary, are welcoming a tenth and youngest sister, "Pseudo," who is preparing to take over all the work of her nine elders.

There is progress in other fields. The antiquated, stuffy "salon" with its tedious dissertations and amiable chatter, has been abolished in recognition of the fact that the body needs exercise more than the mind. *Thés dansants* and supper dances are creating a demand for ever-new and inspiring strains. What aimed to be soul-stirring, must now be body-moving. Nothing is permitted to grow stale, and mediocrity is exhibiting a baffling fertility to keep up the supply.

Much to the confusion of snobbish ethnologists and folk-lorists, a new voice of the people is making itself heard more and more clearly; a voice not marred by "indigenous" accents, but rich in

superb melodic inflections, pulsating with unparalleled rhythmic swing, and which, at its best, is matchless. The pronounced exoticism of a good deal of this music is self-evident; but is it not more Asiatic than African, and does it not perhaps hark back to Palestine rather than to the Congo? It is a fascinating mixture, this unique idiom, wherever it may come from. There are rags that are mysterious, there are others that are grand. The peculiar art of "ragging" may be a mania, but it is surely not more singular than was the 18th-century craze for *fioretti* and *gruppetti*. One is rhythmic eccentricity, the other was melodic surfeit. We may safely rely on mediocrity to take care of all excesses and to restore the equilibrium, when the proper time arrives.

What few singers and players are left, whose accomplishments might transgress the measure of mediocrity in the direction of unnecessary artistic ability, show in the making of their programs that they know how to side-step all danger. Great names have given succor to the cause, and the greatest have become the shibboleth of rural vastnesses. How far we are from the days when Fanny Burney wrote to her dear "daddy Crisp":

There is at this moment no such thing as conversation. There is only one question asked, meet whom you may, namely. 'How do you like Gabrielli?' and only two modes, contradictory, to be sure, but very steady, of reply; either: 'Of all things upon earth!' or 'Not the least bit in the whole world!'

The favored and select who, once upon a time, passed such judgment on an admired artist, have been multiplied beyond counting, divided still though they be on the merits of this or that popular "record" or "film."

Popularity is mediocrity's all-powerful lure. It is the highest test of efficiency, and the supreme reward that the populace offers any one who succeeds in pleasing it. With thrones and crowns disappearing at a dizzy pace, the "poet laureate" is no longer required to sing the legendary deeds and virtues of royal personages. His attention is claimed wholly by the Sovereign People and their needs. What they need to-day, as much as they did in ancient Rome, is "*panem et circenses*"—food and amusement! As a purveyor of the latter, mediocrity is earning more laurels, not to mention shekels, than scoffing Robert Southey did. We have done with the disdain and pride of a Gavarni, who said. "*C'est parce que je suis du peuple que je hais la populace*," and did not even see fit to mitigate his statement by a Horatian word in favor of mediocrity, golden or other. He was in London when the French revolution of 1848 broke out, and wrote to one of his friends in Paris:

Ah, you take the populace for the people! You want to establish a communism between decent kind and the rabble, and is it enough that one be sufficiently *pas grand'chose*, to have the right to a gun? Very well! You have sown shot-guns and you'll reap gun-shots. Plant, my dears, trees of liberty; partake as brothers from the banquet food, sing those revolutionary hymns to the glory of the People, and then reckon up how much money, earned by the work of workers, it will take to pay for the sloth of soap-box orators.

Such apprehensions, not infrequently voiced in our own day, seem altogether groundless. *Sansculottes* and Bolsheviki may have found it incumbent for reasons best, and perhaps only, known to themselves, to destroy a great many works of art. That does not mean that they have seriously attempted in the past, or intend in the future, to eliminate all artistic power of creation. Art, in a soberly mediocre degree and imitative way, will doubtless be tolerated and encouraged in the most democratic state, in so far as it may contribute to the pleasures of the people. Those who will recklessly insist on surpassing the official limitations of originality and excellence, will be punished as heretofore, only more relentlessly, by having their work relegated to the museum or to the shelves of the library, while not a few of the worst offenders will be made to suffer in mind and body for their arrogant crime of being "different" in the *Stendhalien* sense. The wiser ones inspired by Pseudo, the Universal Muse—will do well to heed the imperious call of vindicated Mediocrity.

ORDER OF SERVICES
AT THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF
HARVARD UNIVERSITY,

ON THE 27th OF SEPTEMBER, 1836.

PRAYER.

By the Rev. EMMA RIPLEY, D. D., of Concord.

ODE.

By the Rev. SAMUEL GILMAN, of Charleston, S. C.

Fair Harvest! thy come to thy Jubilee throng,
And with blessings attendant cheer us,
By these *seventieth*, from the Age that is past,
To the Age that is waiting before
O Rich and True of our ancestors' worth,
That has long kept these meadows warm!
First flowers of these wilderness! Star of their night,
Come, rising through change and through sorrow!

To thy towers we were led in the bloom of our youth,
From the home of our free-coming years,
When our fathers had warned, and our mothers had prayed
And our sisters had blest, through their tears,
Then thou wert our Parent, — the nurse of our souls, —
We were moulded to manhood by thee.
Till, freighted with treasure-thoughts, friendships, and hopes,
Thou didst launch us on Destiny's sea.

When, as pilgrims, we come to revisit thy halls,
To what landings the vision gives birth?
Thy shades are more soothing, thy sunlight more dear,
Than devoted on sea-purged earth
For the Good and the Great, in their beautiful prime,
Through thy precincts have bravely trod,
As they guided their spirits, or deepened the streams
That make glad the face of God.

Farewell! be thy dominion onward and bright!
To thy children the lesson still give
With freedom to think and with patience to hear,
And for Right ever bravely to fight.
Let not moss-covered years moulder thee at all side,
As the world on Truth's career glides by
Be the world of light, and the better of Love,
Till the stock of the Perishers die.

DISCOURSE.

By the PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY

PRAYER.

By the Rev. JONATHAN CLARK, D. D., of Andover.

DOXOLOGY.

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Ever and anon thy praises, Lord,
Ere our truth attends thy word
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till none shall rise and set no more.

BENEDICTION.

"FAIR HARVARD": IRISH ORIGIN OF THE TUNE

By W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD

IT is now more than eighty-three years since the Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C., wrote his song of "Fair Harvard" for the "Centennial Celebration" of Harvard University. To be strictly accurate, the Harvard song was written for the 200th anniversary of the founding of Harvard. As is well known, this famous American University was founded in 1636, and after 200 years it was felt that a school song was a desideratum. Hence, for the celebration on September the 8th, 1836, the Rev. Samuel Gilman wrote the song of "Fair Harvard," which is the recognized or official school-song, just as "Dulce Domum" belongs to Winchester College (England). This song was set to the air associated with "My lodging is on the cold ground," and it was published in a harmonised form, in music score, by T. Comer, being "entered according to Act of Congress A. D. 1857, by Oliver Ditson and Company, in the clerk's office of the District Court of Mass."

Through the extreme courtesy of my friend, Professor G. L. Kittredge, of Harvard, I am enabled to present the readers of *The Musical Quarterly* with a facsimile of the original printed copy of the song from the Programme of the celebration in 1836. Professor Kittredge's accompanying letter is so interesting that I reproduce it:—

8 Hilliard Street,
CAMBRIDGE.
January 16, 1917.

Dear Dr. Grattan Flood:—

Harvard University was founded in 1636. In 1836 it celebrated its 200th anniversary. "Fair Harvard" was written for that celebration. It is the recognised Harvard song, sung on all festal occasions. I enclose a facsimile of the printed official Programme of 1836, which I have had made for you from a copy preserved in our library. The song was written in a house in Cambridge now known as Fay House, and now belonging to Radcliffe College—the Women's College affiliated with Harvard University.

Yours faithfully,
G. L. Kittredge.

This preamble sufficiently sets forth the *raison d'être* of the song which is perfectly familiar to three generations of Harvard students. However, it may be well to give a very brief notice of the Rev. Samuel Gilman.

Samuel Gilman was born at Gloucester, Mass., on February 16, 1791, and graduated at Harvard in 1811. From 1817 to 1819 he was a tutor in his old University, but in the latter year he accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Congregation at Charleston, South Carolina, and, in the same year, married Carolina Howard, also of poetic fame. He remained as Pastor of Charleston till his death, at Kingston, Mass., on February 9, 1858. Many of his hymns have become popular in Unitarian and Nonconformist Churches, especially his "O God, accept the sacred hour," "We sing thy mercy, God of love" and "Yes, to that last command."

And now for the source of the tune to which "Fair Harvard" was set. This tune is none other than the old Irish air familiar to most concert-goers in Tom Moore's setting of his delightful lyric, "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms," published in 1810.

English writers, following the lead of Chappell, claim the air as "English," on the strength of its appearance in *Vocal Music, or the Songster's Companion*, in 1775. Chappell's authority has misled many subsequent "tune-ologists"; and I regret to add that even Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who ought to have known better, has tamely followed this English writer.

In *Vocal Music* (1775) the tune appears as set to "My lodging it is on the cold ground," a song originally written by Sir William Davenant, and sung by Moll Davies in *The Rivals*, in 1668. The air in this scarce collection is not the original air composed by Matthew Locke, in 1665, but the Irish air variously known as "As fada annso me" (Long am I here) and "The Gentle Maiden," as heard by Bunting from the old Irish harpers, and which was known to some of them as far back as 1745.

Locke's air held the field from 1665 to 1770, and it then was replaced by the Irish air to which the song of "My lodging it is on the cold ground," has ever since been sung. For the purpose of comparison, I herewith subjoin Locke's air of 1665, and the Irish air of 1770. The older air is now only to be found in antiquarian collections, while the latter air especially as adapted by Tom Moore to his lyric "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms," in 1810, and as linked to "Fair Harvard," in 1836, enjoys a considerable vogue.

1. My lodging it is on the cold ground

Composed by Matthew Locke, 1684

My lodg-ing it is on the cold ground, And oh! ver-y hard is my
fare— But that which troub-les me most is The un-kind-ness of my
dear Yet still— I cry, O turn love, And pri-then love turn to me— For
thou art the man that I long for And a-lack what re-ma-ry—

2. My lodging it is on the cold ground

Vocal Music, 1775

My lodg-ing it is on the cold— ground, etc.

It will be seen at once that Locke's air is quite different from the Irish air which has supplanted it. Therefore, the point at issue is as to the source of the air published in *Vocal Music*, in 1775. Chappell and his copyists claim the air as "English," but I back up Bunting and Tom Moore as to its Irish provenance.

To begin with, although *Vocal Music* is fairly accessible, yet it is not to be regarded as the earliest printed source of the air. Thomas Carter, of Dublin (1734-1804), the composer of "O Nanny wilt thou go with me," "The Carillons of Dunkirk," etc., published the Irish air in 1773, two years prior to the appearance of *Vocal Music*. No doubt, he had been familiar with the air in Dublin since the year 1760. Another composer, Tommaso Giordani, who heard the air in Dublin, in the years 1764-1771, published an arrangement of it in 1776. Even Tom Moore's memory

of the tune must have gone back to 1770—certainly before the year 1775.

Chappell was evidently unacquainted with Carter's setting of 1773, and he rather disingenuously endeavours to discount the Irish association of the tune with Giordani's arrangement of 1776, by observing that "Giordani went to Dublin in 1779." This statement may have been made in good faith, yet there is abundant evidence that Giordani went to Dublin in 1764, and spent seven years in the Irish capital, until 1771, but returned from London in 1779, and remained in Dublin until his death in 1806. Thus Giordani must have been familiar with the Irish air, long before its appearance in *Vocal Music*; and it so impressed him that he introduced it as the Larghetto movement of his Third Concerto for the Harpsichord (op. 14), which was published in 1776. A third version of the air was published by Aird of Glasgow—merely the melody, without any indication of its source—in 1778.

3. My lodging is on the cold ground

Aird's Selection, 1778



But it may be urged that though the air was arranged by Carter and by Giordani, there is no definite proof as to its being Irish. In fact, Chappell says that Tom Moore was the first to claim it as Irish, in 1810. Fortunately, a protracted search among dusty files of old Dublin newspapers reveals the interesting fact that in September, 1778, was advertised: "My lodging it is on the cold ground," the said publication being described as: "A favourite IRISH song as sung by Signor Rauzzini." I also discovered that Signor Rauzzini sang at the Rotunda in Dublin, from May to September, 1778, and gave lessons to young Michael Kelly, subsequently selected by Mozart for the parts of Basilio and Don Curzio at the inaugural performance of *Le Nozze di Figaro* (May 1, 1786). But, more important still, I recently secured a copy of this rare half-sheet song, issued by Anne Lee, the widow of Samuel Lee, of No. 2 Dame Street, Dublin. However, save for the imprint and the statement as to the Irish origin of the melody, the music

is the self-same as in Carter, in *Vocal Music* and in Giordani, previously described.

4. My lodging is on the cold ground

A favourite Irish Song

Anne Lee. 1778



Five years later, in 1783, the Irish air was published in a Dublin musical periodical, Walker's *Hibernian Magazine* (October 1783), and was headed "The Irish Mad Song." This setting is the same as that published by Anne Lee, and by an Irish firm in London¹—Katherine Fentum, in 1781—as a sheet song, entitled "MY LODGING, a favourite Mad Song." Walker's title adds: "As sung by Signior Rauzini [*sic*] at the Rotunda." Not long afterwards, in 1785, John Hill of No. 8 Mary Street, Dublin, issued "My lodging is on the cold ground". A favourite IRISH air as sung by Signior Rauzzini." This same version appears in Thompson's *Hibernian Muse* headed: "The Irish Mad Song." in 1788. It is of additional interest to note that it was from the *Hibernian Muse* Tom Moore took his version of the Irish air.

Thus, in addition to Carter's (1773), Giordani's (1776), and Aird's (1778) versions of the air, all of which give the melody only, we have five song settings of the air in Irish collections, and described as "Irish," between the years 1778 and 1788; that is, the song and air as published by Anne Lee (1778), Fentum (1781), Walker (1783), Hill (1785), and the *Hibernian Muse* (1788). To these may be added a version of the melody in O'Farrell's *Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union Pipes* (Vol. I. p. 74), issued in 1805.

Of late years some Scotch writers have claimed the tune for Scotland, in as much as it was adapted to a song: "I loe na a laddie but ane," which is published in the *Scots Musical Museum*.

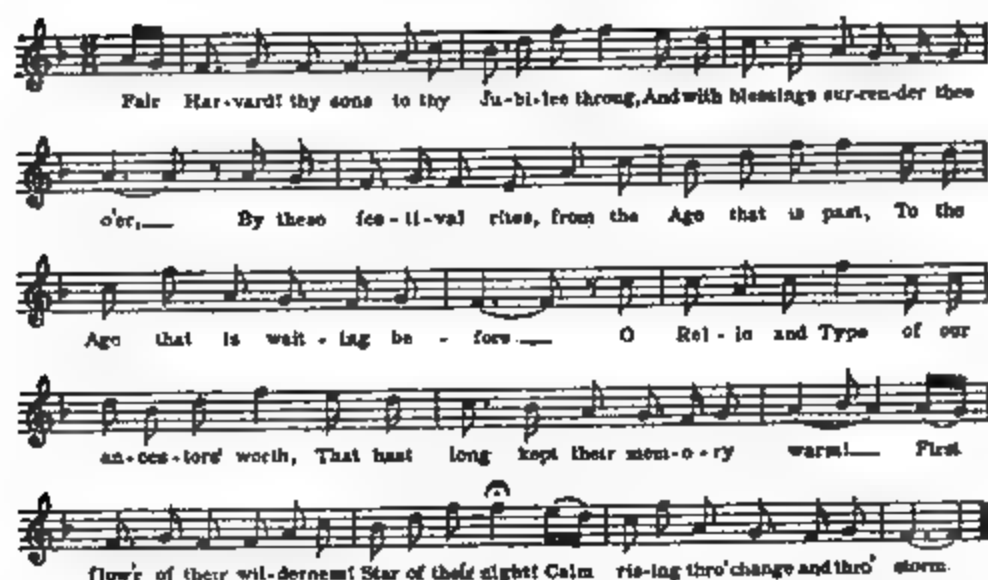
¹Mr Frank Kidson, in his *British Music Publishers* (1900), says that "probably the Fentum family came from Ireland."

(1787-1804). However, this claim may be at once dismissed, as the Scotch song (by MacNeill) was not published till 1779, and was adapted to the Irish air of "My lodging is on the cold ground," which had already appeared in Aird's Collection in 1778. Moreover, Stenhouse candidly admits the Irish origin of the air; while Robert Archibald Smith includes it as Irish in his *Irish Minstrel*, in 1825. Even George F. Graham (1789-1867), one of the most cautious of Scotch musicologists, in his historical notes (1849), says that the melody of "I loe na a laddie but ane" is a "mere modification of the *Irish* tune called 'My lodging is on the cold ground'." More recently still, Mr. Alfred Moffat, a distinguished Scotch musician, includes the air in his *Minstrelsy of Ireland* (1897).

To sum up, the evidence for the Irish origin of the tune of "Fair Harvard," (which I give as No. 5) is overwhelming, and can no longer be in question. The great weight attached to Chappell's

5. Fair Harvard

1236



Fair Har-vard! thy sons to thy Ju-bi-lee throng, And with blessings sur-ren-der thee
o'er, By these fes-ti-val rites, from the Age that is past, To the
Age that is wait-ing be-fore. O Rel-ic and Type of our
an-ces-tors' worth, That hast long kept their mem-o-ry warm! First
flow'r of their wil-derness! Star of their night! Calm ris-ing thro' change and thro' storm.

name has been a pitfall for writers during the past 50 to 60 years, and, as a matter of fact, quite a number of his so-called "English" airs are now incontestably proved to be Irish, *e. g.*, "The Girl I left behind me," "The Dandy O," "Ally Croker," etc. Let it be hoped, then, that the present investigation as to the Irish source of the tune of "Fair Harvard" will emphasise the need for verifying Chappell's statements, and will help to clear away the mists that have for so long circled around the provenance of this charming Irish melody.

ERIK SATIE AND THE MUSIC OF IRONY

By RUDHYAR D. CHENNEVIÈRE

AT a time like the present, when the most contradictory artistic tendencies are confounded in an appalling chaos, in which it is difficult to determine the great subterranean current out of which the future will gush forth, there is a certain interest in detaching a curious musical figure, that of Erik Satie; and of seeking to penetrate, from a historical as well as a purely musical standpoint, the meaning and value of the few works—mainly piano compositions—which he has written. I say "works," though the word is a lofty one to use for the strange, short pieces which Satie—I am considering only the Satie antedating the *Parade*, his recent ballet, with which I am not acquainted—offers us. And the expression "musical works" would seem to be even less applicable, since Satie, who from the historic point of view holds an eminent place in the evolution of the *language* of music, is at bottom as little a musician as it is possible to be. Some have called Satie an "ironist." And, in truth, the term may be said to apply to him. Yet has irony any musical value? Is not the phrase "the music of irony" absolutely meaningless? It is this fact which I would like to demonstrate here, and thus disengage the notably representative value, in a historical sense, of Erik Satie, who, after having served as the precursor of the Debussyian musical renovation—at least from a formal point of view—has become a "musical ironist," and as such the representative in music of an intellectualism and individualism beyond measure, which has given us the art of these recent years, complex, sterile, as opposed to the profound and essential worth of true *Art*, whose values are synthetic and mystic, "synanthropic" values, I might say, based on the communion of humanity.

Erik Satie—as we have been informed in a well-considered article by Jules Écorcheville (S.I.M., 1911), whose noble and untroubled death on the field of battle was a great misfortune for international art—was born in Honfleur, May 17, 1866. His mother was of Scotch descent. He is said to have developed a great fondness for the liturgic chant at an early age, and would listen to it with delight for hours at a time. He studied with but scant success at the Paris Conservatory. And what must have

been the spirit controlling this worthy institution at the time, if we are to judge by what it is to-day! Satie stayed there several years, but the instruction given him seems to have affected him as little as the proverbial water did the duck's back. It cannot be said of him, as has been said, not without justice, of certain others, that his works show he had made up his mind to act in direct opposition to the Conservatory rules, which is only another way of following them. As soon as Satie begins to write (*Ogives*, 1886—*Sarabandes*, 1887—*Gymnopédies*, *Gnossiennes*, 1890), he revels in full liberty, one might even say in full anarchy, in entire originality; and we shall see that all else may be denied him, save and excepted the originality aforementioned.

These initial compositions are slow and solemn successions of seventh and ninth harmonies, indefinitely linked, occasionally yielding place to a processional of majestically perfect chords. Of plan of construction there is not a trace. There seems to be no reason why these chords might not continue for hours. One senses that their originator has dallied voluptuously with these sonorities, very lovely, unknown at the time and relegated to the index of forbidden dissonances. One feels that for hours at a stretch he has caressed the ivory keys, sounding them softly, then, little by little, with greater force; gloriously, then again more gently, allowing them to die away in ecstasy or satiety (in the latter, alas, only too often, from the listener's standpoint). One feels that the composer's sense of hearing, his nerves, vibrate sensuously, lulled by these infinite undulations of sound.

The Satie of these compositions seems to be a cerebral sensualist. And it is this, rather than the direct influence of plain chant, which has led him to string long rosaries of solemn chords, it is this which has drawn him toward the vague mysticism which with him, as with nearly all those of his own period, was essentially superficial: the neurotic mysticism of a voluptuous woman, transmuting unsatisfied sensuality into cerebral reveries. It was at the time when neo-mysticism and symbolism gushed forth from the solemn fount of *Parsifal*. The influence of the English Pre-Raphaelites had penetrated the youthful artists of France. The Sar Peladan was seeing visions, deciphering the hermetic arcana of the Chaldean magi. The souls of the cathedrals were being discovered. It was the epoch of long stations in minster naves impregnated with the glow of stained-glass windows of symbolic design. And its artists were too feeble to create a new mysticism, to lend a divine meaning to life, to think and to adore Eternity in them—to do that which offers itself as the arduous and splendid

task of the generation to-day wakening to its duty. These artists, weary of the "grand gesture" of romanticism, saddened by national defeat, incapable of understanding the meaning and grandeur of a civilization of the future, heralded by the noise and tumult of machinery, took refuge in the Past, in the mysticism of the Middle Ages. They allowed themselves to be lulled to rest by the religion of their childhood, by all that it offered them in the shape of atmospheric distance and reverie, seeking to find the true well-spring of this faith shrouded in the mists of passing centuries, in order to drink forgetfulness of self, and of their incurable nostalgia, and to lose themselves voluptuously in the oblivion of its waters. Wagner, no doubt, had pointed out this road to them, one swallowed up in the ecstasy of *Parsifal*, and the sombre pessimism and despair of the *Trilogy*. Yet *Parsifal* passes beyond Christianity; it is the product, not of an unbalanced nervous system, but of creative thought whose agony is prompted by mysticism. *Parsifal* is an expression of the supreme desire for a Future which is the hope of our dreams. Wagner was born too soon to see this future, too soon to actually "think" it; yet toward it his whole work reaches out with desperate magnificence.

It was those destined to realize "beyond Wagner" whom Wagner himself would have given so much to reach. They are sure to come, and that ere long. . . .

The generation of French symbolists ranged itself under the ægis of Bayreuth. Peladan wrote his *Le Fils des Étoiles*, a Chaldean Wagneresque, for which Erik Satie composed preludes (one of them given at the great *Métachorie* performance in the Metropolitan Opera House, April 4, 1917, under the title *Hymne au Soleil*). And to this period also belong *Sonneries de la Rose-Croix* (1892); *Upsud*, Christian ballet for one character (1892); *Danaes Gothiques* (1893), *Prélude de la porte héroïque du ciel* (1894), *La Messe des Pauvres* (1895); and the *Hymne au Drapeau*, for Peladan's *Le Prince de Byzance*.

Here the monotonous alignment characteristic of the first works is somewhat broken. Satie continued to write outside the pale of tonality and rhythm: and this "atonality" is the great new thing of value which he gave music. These tonal combinations, most daring for that period, not only recall Debussy, but on occasion Stravinsky (as for instance the chords at the beginning of the second prelude to *Le Fils des Étoiles*). Side by side with them we find the greatest commonplaces and finally, to make incoherence still more confused, appear those improbable

annotations which, thenceforth, more and more frequently companion Satie's music.

It is vain to look for a trace of meaning in them. Among Peladan's mystic symbols they have an aspect of paltriness which puts speculation to flight. Whom or what is he ridiculing? Is it Peladan? Is it mysticism?

In truth it seems as though Satie has already commenced to ridicule himself, and that his pretended religiosity is no more than a farce by which he allows himself to be snared. What is his motive? Might it not be mere impotence?

It is easy, in fact, when our thoughts are confronted with the great mysteries, when they are anguished and terrorized by their tragic meaning, it is easy to turn aside and make light of them—a jest accounts for everything. It holds a suggestion for superiority, of decided elegance. Yet, in most cases, it is no more than a façade, a masque which has nothing to conceal, the fear of a vain impotence reluctant to admit defeat, and which prefers the raillery that is no more than a subterfuge to the chances of combat.

The decadents and other neo-mystics have acknowledged that life has beaten them; that they are powerless. And they have adorned their psychic adynamy with beautiful dreams, with fair vices and elegancies. Erik Satie has sought salvation in ridicule. And from the pseudo-mystic he seemed to be at the beginning of his life, he soon became a mere mystifier. The compositions he now writes are labeled with the most fantastic titles. We have *Pièces froides* (1897); *Morceaux en forme de poires* (1905); *Véritables préludes flasques, pour un chien* (1912). In 1913 he composed *Les Pantins dansent*, played in his own orchestration at the *Métachorie* festival in Paris, in December; his *Descriptions automatiques, Croquis et agaceries d'un gros bonhomme en bois, Chapitres tournés en tous sens*, followed by numerous pieces of the same kind. More and more the "literary" program—strange, to say the least—which appeared in the compositions of the earlier Satie, ostentates itself between their measures. At times it extends without interruption throughout the piece.

One might be inclined to think that the composer had meant to write a musical recitation. Not at all: in one of his last compositions Satie even specifies that his prose should not be read while it is played.

Are these annotations, then, merely intended to enlighten the intelligence of the pianist? Should this music, perhaps, be read, not heard? Is it meant to appeal to the individual alone, and not, as in the case of all music, to the many? Does it address

itself to a single mentality, and not to the sum total of intelligence? Does this music represent no more than a strictly individual pose, a clown's grimace before life's eternal verities? May this music, in short, be called music? Has ridicule any right to the name?

These numerous interrogation marks which Satie's compositions call forth lead us far beyond the mere personality of their author. The question takes on a wider scope and touches on the values of music itself. And first of all it compels us to exactly define the meaning and nature of irony.

Irony is essentially, and even in a unique manner, an intellectual fact (I use the term intelligence in its strict sense). And in a manner it stands for the bankruptcy of the intellect which, unable to pass beyond its own limitations and thrust back on nothingness, scoffs at its own and every other effort, and ridicules life, whose veritable and mystic essence it has been unable to penetrate. Irony is, in truth, the vitality of impotence. It is also, if one wishes, the triumph of pride over death, in the sense that the individual, refusing to perish, denies death as well as life, exalting himself in negation. For Irony is negation.

And since it is purely intellectual, it is, owing to this very fact, rigorously individualistic, for it is the intelligence which has shaped the idea of the individual. It is a negative and contemptuous attitude on the part of the individual toward life; a pose, be it brutal—as when it takes the form of sarcasm—be it elegant—when in the shape of delicate irony pure and simple—yet always, speaking in strictly human terms, unnatural and artificial.

For those to whom the individual is a godhead; those who regard existence as a defiance to nature, who are perpetually crying "No!" to Destiny, and who flatter themselves with the vain and arrogant illusion that they control her; for those who hold that the intellect is supreme, the enemy of instinct, disdainfully qualified as an animal trait, for those who drape themselves in their human, their purely human intellectuality, and as far as possible ignore that which lies beyond it, who renounce and mock it; for them irony is fitting, they may laugh their fill, and pride themselves in truth on the pride which is their idol, in that they are the only beings who may laugh, and glory in the very fact that they laugh at their own cosmic revolt.

Thus it is that every epoch, every agglomeration of beings where individualism dominates or exalts itself, where the individual stands for the ultimate expression of values, is also a focus of irony. There scoffers and caricaturists may be found in number. And it leads to incessant disparagement, to the jocose verbosity

which, seemingly inoffensive, saps all sustained effort, every great quest, devours and poisons all healthy vitality of striving out of which destiny is so largely evolved; from which spring those ardent cosmic forces, the torrents of energy whose synthesis hides the souls of races; where the future is born.

Paris thus came to be a centre for this sterile individualism, this mundane irony. Too many talents, too many intellects were drawn together by the irradiation of thought proceeding from this unique and monstrous city. And the many brains thus assembled, owing to the lack of a normal, cosmic development brought about by keeping in contact with the soil, in touch with the soul of their race, have denied each other in common, mutually devoured each other, in an enervating atmosphere of mockery and envy, glorifying their fanatic individualism, superexalted to the point of a mad search for originality at any price. Of this typically Parisian spirit, mocking, facetious, fond of mystification, destructive and in most cases incapable of production, beyond compare when it comes to disaggregating and dissolving all force, all power, with a smile, Erik Satie is the very incarnation.

He is a typical product of the beginning of this century, of this exhausted civilization which jeers in order not to look death in the face. And he is the buffoon, who cracks his punning jokes in increasing number, pushing them to extravagance, in order to make the neurotic beings who march past him laugh despite themselves, these luxurious adventurers who flock to shake off their thoughts in contemplation of his poverty.

But nature had gifted Satie with the musician's sense of hearing. And thus the latter carries over raillery into music, and writes "the music of irony," the name so aptly applied to it by Valentine de Saint-Point. In so doing he denatures music absolutely, and this artistic contradiction is plainly shown by the fact that he has recourse to the aid of the written word to express his raillery with precision, thus creating a hybrid ensemble which no longer deserves the title of music.

Satie, an extreme individualist, writes for a few detached individuals, not for humanity at large, to him an object of derision. Only the pianist—or the cultured musician—is able to appreciate his irony to the full, since they only are able to read and hear at the same time. And this musical impossibility is, nevertheless, quite capable of explanation; since irony, being an absolutely intellectual product, voices an appeal to the reader. Yet it cannot be termed music; since music is not intellectual in its essence.

Satie, wishing to express irony, has been unable to satisfy himself by employing purely musical means. In vain he has pushed the intellectualization of his music to its limits; it did not suffice. He found it necessary to add a textual complement, to use words, since these alone are exact, and alone able to conform to the individualistic scheme.

In this way he has called into being an inchoate form for the sole use of a few musician "readers."

The fact is a good illustration of whither Satie's music tends, even though its contiguous prose were left out of account (which would be an unpardonable wrong, seeing that both evidently form a whole). The trend of Satie's music is toward intellectualism, exactness in narration and description; it tends toward language, used in its most strictly individual form, for purposes of raillery.

A savage intellectualism; a particularism carried to the extreme, in which irony and farce are mingled; an entire absence of all that is beyond a strictly human comprehension; and, in consequence, positive artificiality—such are Erik Satie's characteristics, in particular during the past twenty years, since he matured. And all this is the exact opposite of music and of art.

For art has neither meaning nor value, unless as a synthetic expression of life as a whole! Now, our intellect, our individuality, is but one of the elements of life as a whole, and not the most important, an element which in no case may insist on a predominant place for itself. It is an element which is even less able to serve as a substitute for the whole, unless it be under penalty of becoming a monstrosity of radical unbalance, impossible to legitimate or admit; since the universe at all its points tends ever toward balance as regards scope and duration, nothing possessing value save in the degree that it approximates equilibrium.

For centuries man has been a vital monstrosity. Exalting his intellect, conceived as the supreme value of a mechanical universe—that of Descartes and Newton, a universe of cadavers and automats—glorifying his individuality, priding himself on a freedom which actually and in fact cannot exist in the individualistic domain, modern man, the man of science, represents a continual defiance of life, which his impotence, vanity and ignorance bid him deride.

Music, more than any other art, owing to its very nature, evades the individualistic scheme and the scope of its limitations. Music, an art of permanency, the direct expression of vital development in its essential continuity, has laid upon it the positive duty

of rising above intellectualism, and above the individual, and in particular above the personality of the composer, whosoever he may be.

Beyond question the intellect has its part in music, as in every other art. The introduction of the intellectual element is necessary to the completeness of music; yet this element, an element of balance, may in no wise arrogate to itself a preponderating position, especially since, as in the case of the real Satie of the last phase, the resultant offspring is a bastard, and from the standpoint of art, nonsense. Since irony is strictly an intellectual individualist factor, any such thing as the "music of irony" must, to be consistent, be considered nonsense. There can no more be such a thing as "ironic music" than there can fail to be rational, that is to say genuine music, which has an absolute and enduring value.

Erik Satie's pieces have an individual and an intellectual value; they have no really musical value. Yet one thing is beyond question, and that is Satie's extreme originality. Yet may this be said to have a vital artistic value? Evidently not. In Art as in Life itself, where results alone are valid, and effort is negligible—the work alone counts; the artist does not. And his work is not truly inspired unless it expresses the immortal soul of man. Now this soul does not change through the ages; judgments, individualities only are modified in accord with new means of expression and action. So that the work of genius is never original, since at bottom that which is new in it—its forms—is that which is least important. A work that is all originality is fatally superficial: it is the mere expression of individual peculiarity, often consciously insisted upon, on the part of impotence.

Satie's work represents originality only, like the major part of the artistic tentatives of this terminal epoch of our civilization. It is full of strange individual traits, it surpasses itself in exploiting their particularisms, formulating a doctrine and an art upon their physiological anomalies or, often the outcome of a craving for novelty at any price, continually attempting to do the opposite of that which is being done. In Erik Satie's pieces there is only—Erik Satie: the really human element is missing. Let us once more repeat that particularism is incompatible with art, and especially so with music, the most impersonal, the most soul-inspired of the arts. Hence, Erik Satie's works do not truly belong to Art in the veritable sense of the word; they do not belong to the great Art of humanity.

Yet if we leave this field, and take the historic point of view, if we study the evolution of the language of music, of form, of

expressional mediums; if from the human point of view we pass to the musicological, then we cannot but recognize the important part played by Erik Satie.

He has been, without any question, a precursor.

His *Sarabandes* anticipated those of Debussy by several years, and beyond doubt Satie helped to liberate Debussy from the old scholastic rules, and was able to act in his case as the small separating cause so often needed to set great issues acting.

Yet, service in this way is valuable only from the individualistic point of view; in reality it has but little meaning. It is time, in truth, that men begin to appreciate *works* themselves and not *what underlies them*. It is time that the shocking impudence of these posthumous biographical revelations anent great men come to an end. *There are no great men. There are only great works!* The great works are *not* the work of an individual. They represent the expression of an immense synthesis of forces materialized through the medium of an artist. Yet what matters the medium, this cosmic transformer? The artist plays the part of a phonograph. There are good phonographs and poor ones. Yet does that fact really affect the *absolute* value of the music registered? Of what importance is the protagonist, if hundreds of forces collaborate in his work? Of what importance is ever the individual? And is it not decidedly vain to investigate the paternity of a work or of an idea, when the work in itself is the only thing that counts?

Finally, as between the *Fils de l'Étoile* and *Pélleas et Mélisande*, there is the difference between the expression of a strange individuality and the tragedy of undying humanity. And what gives Debussy his value is not his harmonic processes; it is the fact that he has a great conscient soul, the synthesis of multitudes that are not conscient, a synthesis whose realization is a great work which will live.

Satie has found numerous ways and means before him unknown. Debussy has availed himself of some, Ravel of others. They are beyond question those which are least interesting. Satie, no doubt, draws from the fountainhead of many things, but it is the source of all that there is in the way of extremest originality, of singularity, of extravagance in French music of the time being; of all that there is in it which is trifling, finical, artificial. Satie is a well-spring; but one whose waters are poison.

The *Protagonist*, in truth, does not amount to much beside the *Realizer*—since all values must be measured according to the *intensity* of consciousness in eternity; and the germ is as nothing

beside the thought of humanity, that same germ which, nevertheless, contained its power. Yet—if to be the precursor of a formidable achievement is of undeniable worth, what may truly be said of the initiator of trends which are unhealthy and unfruitful?

And that is what Erik Satie has always been; and what he still is. Let us admit then that he may be of great interest to the musicologist, the historian; let us concede him the eminent place due him in the evolution of contemporary French music. Yet, if we are to consider his works from the sole point of view justified by Art, the point of view of the sum total of humanity that in them is, not even of super-humanity—since Art, like Life, should ever strive toward a more intense consciousness—we are forced to state that these works of Satie have only an infinitely limited value, musically almost null. For this will always be the case in music which, disdaining man's inmost soul, denying life, is no more than the particularist's expression of a narrow and distorted individualism, based solely on intellect.

(Translated by Frederick H. Martens)

MUSICAL DISCREPANCIES

By ORLANDO A. MANSFIELD

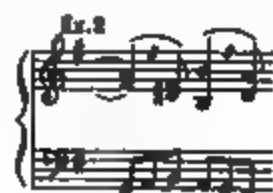
FOR the representation of sound in general, musical notation provides a medium as graphic as it is usually inclusive. But this medium has its limitations both past and present. It has failed, and even now it occasionally fails, to indicate—or to make provision for the indication of—the precise manner in which certain passages of music have been, generally are, and always should be performed. These failures which, for the present, we will call “musical discrepancies,” are due to one of three causes; either the archaic character of the notation itself, the exigencies of execution, or some conventional or traditional method of interpretation.

To every intelligent reader it will at once be perfectly obvious that such differences between musical notation and performance as are due to the first of the foregoing causes are only to be found in the compositions of the older masters,—in works produced at a time when musical notation was still in process of development and musical engraving was crude and immature. Such an age was that of the 17th century and the earlier part of the 18th,—the age of Corelli, Purcell, Bach, Handel, and other musical giants. And as the works of the two last-named celebrities are now accessible in their original notation, and that to a greater degree than are the works of the earlier musicians named, we propose to take most of our illustrations from the compositions of the giant Saxon and the Leipsic Cantor.

A comparatively elementary acquaintance with the productions of the older masters will be sufficient to reveal two glaring inconsistencies in the matter of their musical notation. These so-called inconsistencies occur in regard to two very important features of musical notation, viz:—the triplet and the double dot. The former irregularity we will exemplify by a quotation from Bach's Fugue in E minor, No. 34, of the Well-tempered Clavichord:



Here, according to modern reading, the 16th-notes in the upper parts should fall *after* the last note of the triplet in the bass. But according to the custom of Bach's age, this 16th-note was inconsistently played *with*, and not after, the last note of the triplet group. To secure this effect a modern composer would write



but such a notation as this was unknown in Bach's day. So here we have our first example of a musical inconsistency caused by an archaic or defective notation. It is scarcely necessary to remind our readers of the comparatively frequent occurrence of this discrepancy in the works of Bach, *e.g.*, the Courante in B flat, from the 1st Partita; the Allemande in G, from the 5th Partita; the Tempo di Gavotta, from the 6th Partita; and the 26th Variation of the Aria con Variazioni in G.

This being granted, it might be well for us to allude to an important employment of this archaic notation by a modern composer, *e.g.*, Schumann, in his Novellette in F, Op. 21, No. 1, where we meet with the following:



the extract being usually performed as if written:



We presume that in this age of widely diffused musical knowledge most of our readers are perfectly aware that this is quite an exceptional case, modern composers almost invariably writing out in full the exact effect they desire to be produced. Consequently,

in most compositions written during the last century and a half, a combination similar to that shown in Ex. 1 is performed precisely as written, the notation of Ex. 2 being employed only when the final notes of the two dissimilar groups are intended to fall together.

That this opinion is not personal, but is held by some of the principal modern authorities on musical theory, the following quotations will fully demonstrate. In the latest edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Mr. Franklin Taylor, the well-known pianist, pedagogue, and musical writer, says:

Handel and Bach, and other composers of the early part of the 18th century, were accustomed to use a convention which often misleads modern students. In 6-8 or 12-8 time, where groups of dotted 8ths followed by 16ths occur in combination with triplets, they are to be regarded as equivalent to quarter-notes and 8ths.

"Thus," says our authority, alluding to a passage similar to that quoted in Ex. 1, "the 16th is not sounded after the third note of the triplet, as it would be if the phrase occurred in more modern music." Professor Peterson, late Professor of Music in the University of Melbourne, opines that

perhaps Bach would have delighted in the modern rhythmic problem of 'four against three,' an effect charming though unauthentic, and it is very probable that the 'dotted' effect was not so pronounced in his generation as it is to-day, but there is no doubt as to the correct interpretation of the sign as the composer intended it.

A second instance of discrepancy between notation and performance, again due to the archaic character of the notation employed, is to be found in some of the more *marcato* passages or movements written in the 17th and earlier 18th centuries. Here, the composers were heavily handicapped owing to the lack of two signs now in common use,—the double dot and the dotted rest. Perhaps it is more correct to say that the dotted rest was really in existence at that period, but not in common use. The double dot, however, was quite unknown, being the invention of Leopold Mozart (1719-1787), and first appearing in the second edition of that noted musician's Violin School, in 1769. Leopold's gifted son, Wolfgang Amadeus, was the first to use the triple dot,—in his Symphony in D, composed in July and August, 1782, for "the wedding, at Salzburg, of a daughter of the Hafners, one of the great merchant families of Germany." Hence, not having any sign for the double dot, musicians of the period now under discussion had to content themselves with the notation of the ordinary dot, trusting to the memories of their students or auditors to

perpetuate a traditional rendering such as would convey to posterity the exact intention of the composer. The late Dr. Ebenezer Prout, perhaps the greatest theorist of the 19th century, writes thus in the preface to his special edition of Handel's *Messiah*:

It is well known to those who have studied the subject, that double dots were never, and dotted rests very seldom used in Handel's time, and that consequently the music, if played strictly according to the notation, will in many places not accurately reproduce the composer's intentions. . . . Among the more important examples of this procedure may be instanced (in the *Messiah* oratorio) the Introduction of the Overture, the Recitative, 'Thus saith the Lord,' and the choruses, 'Behold the Lamb of God,' and 'Surely He hath borne our griefs.'

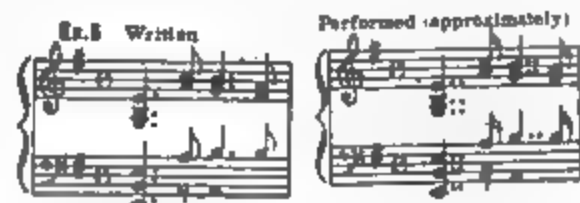
In such cases, says the gifted editor, "I have felt it my duty to give the notes . . . not as Handel wrote them, but as he meant them to be played." In these remarks the learned Professor was but following, in the year 1902, in the footsteps of that great theorist and composer, Sir George Macfarren, who, in 1884, in his *Historical and Analytical Preface to his Performing Edition of the Messiah*, says:

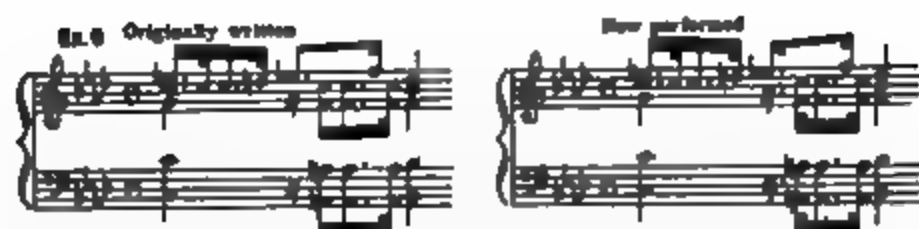
In Handel's time it was not customary to place a dot after a rest, for the want of which the composer frequently wrote a quaver (8th-note) to precede a dotted quaver and a semiquaver (16th-note), when he meant

the first note to be but a semiquaver, as γ  when γ  was

intended. Countless instances of this inaccuracy occur throughout his works, but it is fairly illustrated in the recitative 'Thus saith the Lord,' in the first movement of the chorus 'Surely He hath borne our griefs,' and again in the air, 'The trumpet shall sound.'

To quote *in extenso* all the instances of musical inconsistencies just mentioned would be impossible in our present space, so we will content ourselves with one extract referring to the double dot, and one referring to the rest, the former from the opening measures of the Overture, the latter from the symphony to the chorus "Surely He hath borne our griefs." Other examples, including those named by the authorities above mentioned as well as many other additional instances which exist in Handel's supposed masterpiece, we must reluctantly leave our readers to examine for themselves.





But before leaving this portion of our subject we should like to quote, in confirmation of the statements made by Professors Macfarren and Prout, two passages from writers of widely differing periods and schools. Of these extracts the first, from Edward G. Dannreuther's "Musical Ornamentation," reads thus:

In Bach's time double dots were not in use, and the single dot was employed to express prolongation in a somewhat less strict way than we are now accustomed to. Bach, Handel, and all their contemporaries, often take the dot to mean a prolongation *either more or less than one-half*. Many an absurdity will be avoided if this fact is borne in mind.

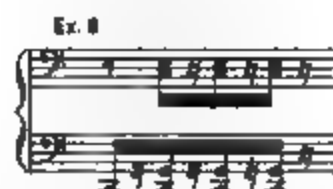
Our author then proceeds to quote Leopold Mozart's rule that "the dot ought always to be held a little longer," and he claims that this "represents the common practice" down to Mozart's time. "Therefore," says Dannreuther, "the short note following a dot should in most cases be taken at a little less than its true value." Our second quotation, as already intimated, is from a totally different author and written at an entirely different date. It is from the preface to an edition of Handel's Four Coronation Anthems, prepared by Dr. Crotch (1775-1847), sometime Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, —an edition issued by the English Handel Society in 1843. Crotch was a great Handelian scholar and enthusiast, and this is what he has to say concerning such matters as dotted rests, double dots, expression marks, &c. "It was the custom formerly for the composer to teach these particulars at the numerous rehearsals, instead of depending upon the notation." Such being the case, it is but little to be wondered at that musical discrepancies and inconsistencies arose. The only wonder is that they were not more numerous than history and research have proven them to be have been.

We will now turn from a consideration of some of the musical discrepancies arising from imperfect or archaic notation to such as are consequent upon, and even necessitated by, a correct technical execution. Amongst these we will first notice the matter of repeated notes. Our readers will at once realize that these, being written without a rest or other indication of silence between them, cannot be performed in strict accordance with the conventional

notation. This because every repetition necessitates a break in the continuity of sound; and however infinitesimal such a break may be, it is absolutely unavoidable. Hence, the opening chords of Beethoven's fine Pianoforte Sonata in C, Op. 53, commonly known as the Waldstein, appear thus:



but what we really hear in performance is, approximately:



Another discrepancy between notation and performance is caused by the correct technical execution of what is generally known as "phrasing." In keyboard music all students should be aware that when a slur connects two equal notes in rapid or moderate tempo, or two notes of which the first is greater than the second, the second note is shortened, as in the following example from Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, No. 2:



Also, when the last note of a group of notes covered by a slur happens to be an accented note, or a note immediately following an accent, this final note is likewise shortened. Here is an example from Sir William Sterndale Bennett's delightful *Rondeau à la Polonaise*, Op. 37:



Here the note at (a) is shortened because the slur ends upon an accent, while the note at (b) is shortened because it is the note immediately following the accent. A somewhat lesser shortening

of time value is observed when a shorter note is slurred to a longer, as in the following quotation from Mozart's *Fantasia in C minor*, of 1782:



Here, it should be noted, the ordinary accent of the measure is not disturbed as is often the case when the slur connects two short notes. Everyone acquainted with the mechanism of and notation for orchestral instruments is perfectly aware that unslurred notes are there subjected to a detached rendering; whereas, in music for keyboard instruments, an unslurred note is played *legato*. The shortening of an unslurred note in the case of the orchestral instruments, accomplished by a fresh movement of the bow in the case of stringed instruments, or by a different "tongueing" in the case of the wind and brass, is never indicated in the notation. In every case we have considered it is left to the taste and discretion of the performer,—an indication of the extent of his knowledge and the accuracy of his execution.

But in this second class of musical discrepancies there are several interesting cases which arise not so much from deficiencies or omissions in the notation, nor even from additions to or subtractions from the noted music, but rather from the commonly accepted manner of the execution of the written copy. Thus, in the case of the *appoggiatura* or the *acciaccatura*, while both are written to the *left* of the melody note they ornament, and *before* any accompanying chord, they are almost universally performed in the place of the melody note and, therefore, with and not before any accompanying notes or chords. Thus, the following extract from Beethoven's *Pianoforte Sonata in F*, Op. 10, No. 2, would exhibit, as below, the difference between notation and actual performance:



Similarly, ornaments of two or more notes, such as the double *appoggiatura*, the *slide*, &c., are treated in much the same manner

when ornamenting an essential or harmony note, *e.g.*, from the Overture to Boieldieu's *Caliph of Bagdad*:



Incidentally, however, we may remark that when either of these ornaments, or others of like character, occur before non-essential notes,—passing or auxiliary notes,—the ornaments are executed in the time value of the preceding harmony note, as in the following example from Schubert's *Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3*:



Here A, the second melody note, is a passing note, and the ornament is therefore executed in the time value of the harmony note immediately preceding, and not in the time value of the second melody note itself. The notation of "prepared" shakes, *i.e.*, shakes with one or more small notes prefixed, is often a source of uncertainty to the inexperienced performer. Here we have a discrepancy similar to that previously discussed,—the notation showing the small notes as if the latter were performed before the principal note of the shake, whereas they are part and parcel of the shake itself. We give an example from the first movement of Beethoven's *Op. 10, No. 2*:



Many other instances will doubtless occur to the interested reader, but the limits of time and space forbid of their discussion here. Reluctantly we are compelled to pass to the third and final division of our subject, in which we are confronted by discrepancies caused by interpretation, either optional or conventional. Taking the former case first, perhaps our meaning may be best illustrated

by a reference to what is generally known as "march rhythm,"

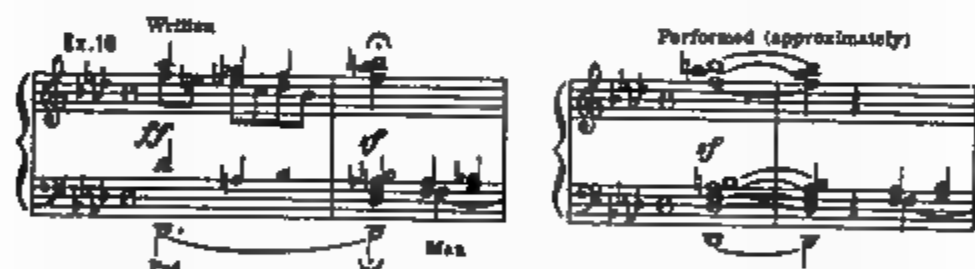
e.g., . Here the tendency—perfectly artistic and

legitimate—is to lengthen the dotted notes and shorten those of lesser value which follow the dots, the result—expressed in or-

ordinary notation—being something in this style: 

in which the first note is lengthened a quarter and the second shortened a half. Indeed, as every teacher of keyboard instruments and every conductor of an average chorus choir knows only too well, the difficulty is to get inexperienced players and singers to realize this unwritten law of rendition and to deliver a genuine march rhythm with its required and characteristic "snap."

Another interesting musical discrepancy arises from the conventional rendition of a pause, or hold, over an emphatic note or chord. Here, in addition to the fact that the notation gives no clue whatever as to the exact length to which the note or chord affected by the pause is to be prolonged, there is another unwritten rule to the effect that a more or less marked silence or break after the lengthened note or chord is generally admissible and effective. Here is a fine example from Mendelssohn's Organ Sonata in F minor, Op. 65, No. 1:



This silence is especially desirable after each of the pauses marking the closes of the various phrases of the Chorals in Mendelssohn's 5th and 6th Organ Sonatas. Concerning these pauses Dr. Eaglefield Hull, in his interesting edition of these imperishable classics, says—with particular reference to the pauses over the half-notes,—“Classical players count six quarters on the pauses.” This gives us a discrepancy crystallized into a custom.

Another discrepancy which we can allude to only *en passant* is that which arises when in keyboard execution one hand is required by the notation to keep up a continuous shake while at the same time “bringing out” a melody. An instance of this, too well known to need quotation, occurs in the Finale of Beethoven's

Sonata in C, Op. 53. A reference to any standard edition in which the ornaments are written out in full in marginal or foot notes will show that this passage is generally executed by interrupting the continuity of the shake at every occurrence of a note of the melody. "The pace at which the whole thing should be taken," says Mr. Francesco Berger, "will cover the gaps, so that the ear cannot detect them." The same solution applies to the "shake" variation in Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home" Variations and to many similar cases. "It is the notation that is at fault," says the writer last quoted. We agree. Nor must we forget, in this connection, the discrepancy between notation and interpretation which arises from the employment of the so-called *legatissima* touch in pianoforte playing. This device, a favourite and almost essential one on the thin toned Viennese piano of a century ago, consisted of the holding down, or *tenuto* treatment, of the principal harmony notes of a pianoforte passage. These holding notes were, however, seldom written out in full; but an extended example may be found in Cramer's Study in G sharp minor, No. 26, while passages of similar style but of shorter duration are to be found in several other numbers of this imperishable collection. Beethoven, in the selection of these studies which he made for the use of his nephew, has added several notes in which this discrepancy is not only suggestively insisted upon, as being essential to the proper effect of the composition.

The whole matter is treated in some detail in Moscheles' preface to his 24 Characteristic Studies, Op. 70; but prior to this, Hummel, in his Pianoforte School, had written numerous exercises for the acquirement of this touch, the sustained notes being marked with an asterisk. Perhaps the best explanation we have to-day is that given by Mr. Franklin Taylor in his "Technique and Expression in Pianoforte Playing," and to this we must refer those of our readers desirous of pursuing the matter further. Here we can only add that the employment of this touch in many of the broken chord and Alberti bass figures and accompaniments of the earlier classical works is as essential as it is effective. In the majority of these cases it was the initial note of the group which received *tenuto* treatment. As an excellent example of this we would refer our readers to the bass of the 12th to the 4th measures from the end of the first movement of Beethoven's Sonata in D, Op. 10, No. 3. Here, by sustaining the first note of each group of eighths, the initial phrase of the movement (as found in the 7th and 8th measures from the beginning of the work) will be at once prominent, clearly proving that this must have

been the composer's intention when writing the passage. In modern music and editions these sustained notes are generally indicated by double stems to an extent which, although helpful to the performer, is more or less detrimental to the clearness of the composition. Very frequently it is difficult to see the forest for the trees.

Turning back once more to the writings of the older masters we find, as might reasonably be expected, considerable difference between notation and accepted interpretation. In the domain of instrumental music these discrepancies usually appear between the notation and interpretation of ornaments, especially the shake. Our space, or the lack of it, will permit us to mention only one case,—that of a shake over a dotted note "followed," as Dr. Harding puts it in his *"Musical Ornaments,"* "by a note equal to the dot, completing the beat, or division of the beat." In this case, says our authority, "the shake should end upon the dot, which may be prolonged and the following note shortened," since, he adds, "in music composed before the 19th century the value of the dot was very variable." As an example, Dr. Harding quotes from Bach's Fugue in D minor, No. 36 of the "48," *e.g.*:



With this ruling agrees Edward Dannreuther in his *"Musical Ornamentation,"* in which, speaking of the ornaments of Bach, he says:

Shakes upon a note with a dot stop at or near the dot—a short note following the dot is usually taken somewhat shorter than it is written.

Or, as Mr. Ernest Fowles writes in his *"Studies in Musical Graces,"* when speaking of the shake in older music:

The shake stops at or immediately before the time-position of the dot. The following sound is not infrequently shortened in value in order to give greater accentual force to the accented sound which in such cases usually follows the sound after the dot.

This rule, as our readers will at once perceive is best illustrated at the cadence in which "the sound after the dot" is always a strongly accented note.

In the domain of vocal music the older masters provide us with one of the most glaring discrepancies we have as yet noticed as occurring between notation and interpretation. This is in the case of the recitative. "Here," says the late Mr. W. S. Rockstro,

"in phrases ending with two or more reiterated notes, it has long been the custom to treat the first as an appoggiatura, a note higher than the rest." This variation generally takes place when two notes of similar pitch occur at the end of a phrase or upon some important accented beat during the progress of the phrase. This deviation from strict notation is justified by the desire of the vocalist to give prominence to accented words or syllables, or to secure the rising or falling inflection which is as important in melodic as in oral diction. Here follow two examples from Handel's *Messiah* which illustrate these points. Ex. 18 is from the Recitative "Thus saith the Lord"; Ex. 19 from the Aria "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the latter exhibiting a method of execution which, in this particular passage or case, Mr. Rockstro considers to be "an obtrusive effect, foreign to the naturalness of the phrase."

Ex. 18 Written

e'en the Messenger of the cov-enant

Sung

Ex. 19 Written

He - deem - er liv - eth For now is Christ ris - en

Frequently sung

The substituted note in recitative repetitions, according to Professor Sir George Macfarren, is "generally, but not always, the one next above" the final note. Quite frequently it is a repetition of the third note from the end of the phrase, this repetition being substituted for the penultimate note, as in the concluding phrase of the recitative from the *Messiah* "He was cut off:"

Ex. 20 Written

was He strick-en

Sung

Concerning the introduction and execution of these and similar vocal discrepancies, Mr. William Shakespeare, the eminent singing teacher, says:

Certain accented notes in a melody, forming as a rule with the bass the intervals of the 11th, 9th, and 7th, . . . were found in course of time so

pleasing to the ear, that they were used by singers before composers dared to break the rules by writing them down, and hence they are, especially in recitatives, often omitted altogether from the printed score, though intended to be sung. The whole question is largely one of musicianship, good taste, and the remembrance of that which one has heard in the performance of works by the best singers of the last forty years.

This practically summarizes the whole situation, so that when we find Sir George Henschel objecting to the insertion of the appoggiatura in serious or oratorio recitative, unless the substituted note be a passing note between two different harmony notes on either side of it, we are reminded of the old Latin adage *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

Our final discrepancy—final only in the sense of being the last to be noticed here—is found in the accompaniment of the *recitativo secco*,—the recitative as instituted by Carissimi, the founder of the oratorio, at the beginning of the 17th century, in which the accompaniment was entirely chordal and not figurative, a form which exists to-day in pretty much the same condition as that in which Carissimi left it. Concerning this form Macfarren sagely remarks:

Composers of this class of music till far later than Handel's time, meant not that the harmony should be sustained as semibreves (whole notes) or minims (half-notes), although they wrote such notes for the bass, but intended that a chord should prevail for the length of the written notes, and be repeated or not, according to the punctuation of the voice part, or according to the singer's need of support.

Thus, the recitative, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive," if worked out as regards the accompaniment, from the original figured bass, would appear as on the second and third staves of Ex. 21. This, however, according to Macfarren, would be executed as shown on the last two staves of the following example:

Ex 21

Alto

Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son,

From Full Score

Macfarren Version

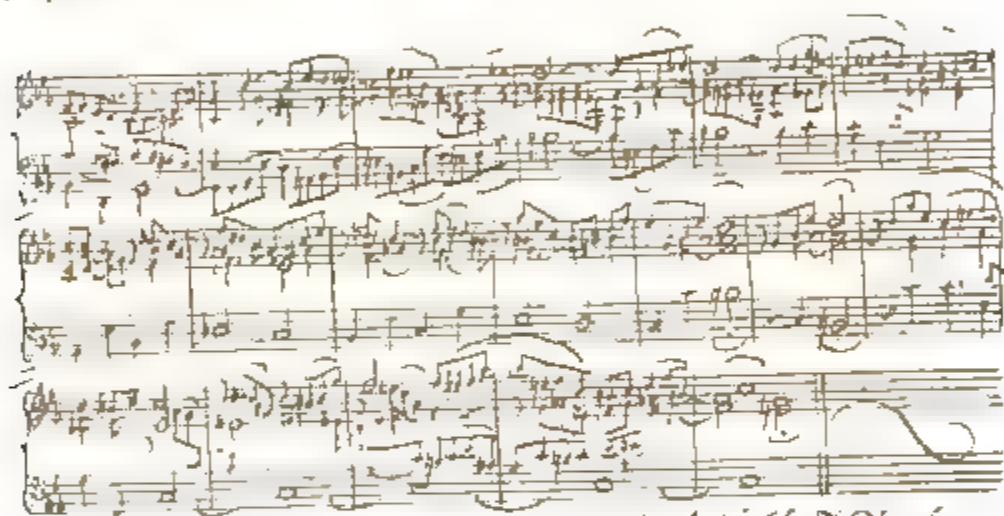
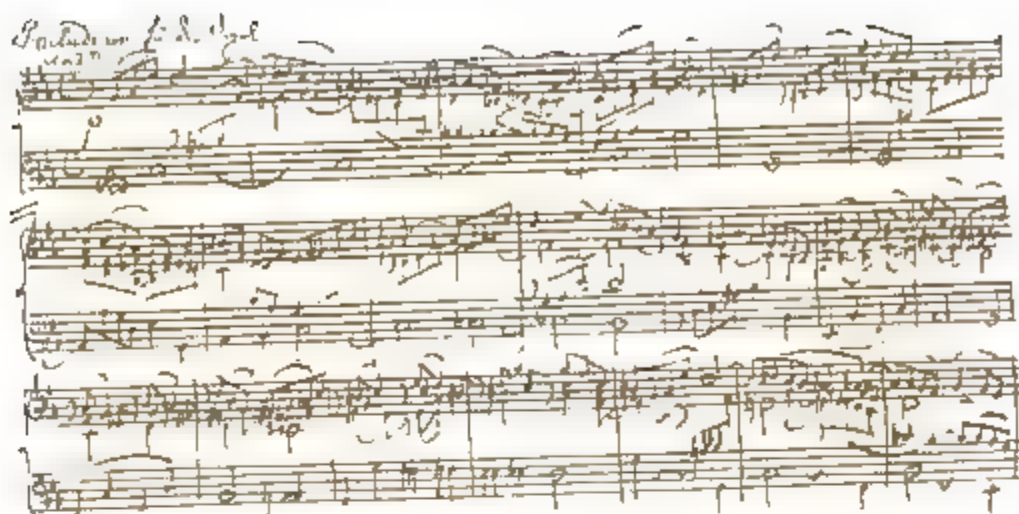
SOME LETTERS OF MENDELSSOHN

By EDWARD RIMBAULT DIBDIN

DURING Mendelssohn's first visit, in 1829, to Great Britain, he made the acquaintance at Edinburgh of John Thomson, a young musician of much promise, nearly four years his senior. Sir George Grove tells us that Thomson showed Mendelssohn much attention, which the latter requited by a warm letter of introduction to his family in Berlin, in which he wrote of Thomson "he is very fond of music; I know a pretty trio of his composition, and some local pieces, which please me very well!" During Thomson's visit to Germany, he studied at Leipzig, kept up his friendship with Mendelssohn, and made the intimate acquaintance of Schumann, Moscheles, and other musicians, and of Schnyder von Wartensee, whose pupil he became.

Thomson, like his illustrious friend, had a short life. Born in 1805, he died on 6th May, 1841. In 1839 he had been appointed first "Reid" Professor of Music at Edinburgh, and on 12th February, 1841, he gave the first "Reid" concert in commemoration of the founder, General John Reid, whose modest desire it was that, in return for some £70,000 bequeathed to the University, a concert should be given annually on his birthday, 13th February, at which some pieces of his composition should be performed "by a select band." When I attended some "Reid" Concerts in the seventies of last century, they had been developed into an Edinburgh Orchestral Festival, performed by the Hallé Orchestra, consisting of three excellent concerts, at one of which General Reid's Introduction, Pastorale, Minuet, and March were played at the beginning of the programme, while the fashionables were taking their seats. Thomson, for the first concert, added to the book of words analytical notes on the principal pieces, which entitle him to be remembered as the inventor of the analytical programme. Less than three months afterwards Thomson died.

Among his intimates was my father, Henry Edward Dibdin, born in 1813, youngest son of Charles Dibdin the younger, dramatist, the eldest son of Charles Dibdin, a prolific and versatile genius, best remembered by his naval songs. In 1832 my father made his first public appearance as a harpist at Paganini's last concert at Covent Garden Theatre, on 3rd August, on which



Copy 9th July 1841 *composed for Henry I. Dittus by Felix Mendelssohn*

occasion he played a Grand Fantasia di Concerto by his master, N. C. Bochsa. The youth's estimate of the musical wizard found expression in an acrostic:

Penurious and stingy, oh!
And greedy as a miser
Gets wealth like any Croesus,
And leaves us none the wiser.
Noodles are we to let him thus
In such a way get rich:
No doubt his famous single string,
Is some Italian witch.

The young musician, very soon after his *début*, resolved, I don't know why, to seek a career in Edinburgh. He borrowed £10 from his eldest sister, a pupil of Challoner and Bochsa, and in her day a famous harpist, climbed on the top of a coach and successfully reached and established himself in the Modern Athens, where he was soon full of activities as composer, performer, teacher of music, and painter. Either in 1837 or 1840 he and Thomson went together to Birmingham, to see and hear Mendelssohn. On the first occasion "St. Paul" and the D Minor Concerto were performed, and on the second the "Lobgesang" and the G Minor Concerto. There was a good deal of friendly intercourse, of which only one incident survives, told to me by one of my father's friends. My father had heard Mendelssohn play a Bach fugue, and in talking to him afterwards remarked on its splendid qualities. "But", he added, "what was even more splendid was the introduction to it you improvised." "Ah," replied Mendelssohn, "I wish I were capable of such a prelude—but it also was Bach's." The great Leipzig cantor was so little known in England at the time, even by professional musicians, that my father's error is not surprising.

After the death of Thomson, the musical world of Edinburgh seems to have been splendidly ambitious as to a successor, and my father, as one who knew him, was evidently deputed to write to Mendelssohn and sound him on the subject. His letter may, or may not, be extant in the Leipzig archives, but the conditions now prevailing put it out of my power to enquire about it. This, however, does not greatly matter, as the nature of the proposal is sufficiently indicated in Mendelssohn's reply.

Leipzig 3d June 1841

Sir

Accept my sincerest thanks for the contents of your kind letter dated May 25th, for the proposal which you make to me concerning the vacant professorship in the Edinburgh University, and for the confidence

been recorded, and the publication of the Prelude in "Exeter Hall" was not calculated to make it widely known. It only remains to add to this small sidelight on Mendelssohn's amiable and lovable character that the letters are remarkable both because of their beautiful calligraphy and the ease and certainty with which the accomplished writer expressed himself in a foreign language.



By courtesy of the "Clef Club."

BLACK SINGERS AND PLAYERS

By NATALIE CURTIS-BURLIN

"**W**HO trains the chorus? It is marvelous!" The question was eagerly put by a young German musician who was visiting the Hampton Institute in Virginia and for the first time heard the great chorus of nine hundred colored students sing the "Plantations," as the Negroes call the old melodies that had their birth in days of slavery,—religious songs that were the voice of the bondsman's soul. From a technical as well as purely musical standpoint, the extraordinary unity, the precision in "attack" and the faultless pitch of the Negro singers impelled the musician's query.

And my answer baffled him: "Why, no one trains these Negro boys and girls, their singing is natural."

"I don't mean," he persisted, "who trains their *voices* (of course, I understand that these are natural voices), but who teaches them their *parts*, soprano, alto, tenor, bass,—who drills them as a chorus?"

"No one."

He stared at me incredulously. But I assured him that these black singers made up the "parts" themselves extemporaneously and sang together with the same spontaneity of unity that individuals feel when, gathering with a group, they fall in line and keep step as they walk. This quick contagion of musical sympathy, this instant amalgamation of the personal musical consciousness into a strong mass-feeling,—this it is that would make "chorus-drilling" certain death to the inspirational spirit of those superbly simple old Negro songs.

But the musician would not believe that such results could be achieved by instinct alone. And so I finally referred him to Major Moton, now Booker Washington's successor as principal at Tuskegee, who was at that time commandant at Hampton and sang the solo parts—the "Lead" (leader), in Negro musical parlance.

His reply emphasized through its laughing surprise the in-born, intuitive quality of the Negro's love for music.

"Why, *nobody* ever taught us to sing!"

"Well then, how do you do it?" asked the musician in amazement.

"I don't know. We just sing—that's all!"

Surely a people who can "just sing" in extemporaneous four and six and eight part harmonies are gifted not only with rare melodic and rhythmic sense, but also with a natural talent for harmony that distinguishes the black race as among the most musically endowed of peoples.

These nine hundred boys and girls at Hampton whose chorus singing is so "marvelous" are not divided and seated according to "parts" like the usual white chorus: indeed, technically speaking, this is no "chorus" at all,—only a group of students at the Hampton Institute who sing because music is a part of their very souls. And so in chapel, where the old "plantations" are sung, the boys sit together at the sides, and the girls sit together in the middle, each singing any part that happens to lie easily within the range of his or her voice, harmonizing the slave-songs as they sing.

A first alto may be wedged between two sopranos with a second alto directly in front of her. A boy singing high tenor may have a second tenor on one side of him and a second bass on the other. But the wonderful inspirational singing of this great choir is sustained without a flaw or a single deviation in pitch through song after song, absolutely without accompaniment.

"How do they do it?" One may well ask! For the singing is not only faultless in its simple and natural beauty, but profoundly stirring in its emotional wealth of feeling. Few listeners can withhold a catch in the throat when, after the final benediction in chapel, a deep silence which seems to hover like a benediction itself over those hundreds of bowed heads, is broken by a soft-breathed note of music, almost inaudible at first, like hushed wings, like the descent of the Holy Spirit. And then, still breathed rather than sung, gathering in volume as group after group catches it up, from those bent black heads rises a chanted "Amen," of such penetrating sweetness, such prayerful intensity that,—well, every white person that I have ever seen visit Hampton for the first time leaves chapel wiping his eyes!

"Only in Russia," declared one musician, "have I heard chorus singing comparable to this." Indeed, in my opinion, at Hampton, Tuskegee and Fisk Institutes, and other southern schools, are to be found the great choruses of America.

Through the Negro this country is vocal with a folk-music intimate, complete and beautiful. Not that this is our only folklore, for the song of the American Indian is a unique contribution to the music of the world; also our Anglo-Saxon progenitors brought

with them the songs and ballads of the British Isles still held in purity in the mountain fastnesses of the Southern States, though strange versions of them crop up in the cow-boy songs of the frontier. But it is the Negro music (with its by-product of "Rag-time") that to-day most widely influences the popular song-life of America, and Negro rhythms have indeed captivated the world at large.¹ Nor may we foretell the impress that the voice of the slave will leave upon the art of this country—a poetic justice this! For the Negro, everywhere discriminated against, segregated and shunned, mobbed and murdered,—he it is whose melodies are on all our lips, and whose rhythms impel our marching feet in a "war for democracy." The irresistible music that wells up from this sunny and unresentful people is hummed and whistled, danced to and marched to, laughed over and wept over, by high and low and rich and poor throughout the land. The down-trodden black man, whose patient religious faith has kept his heart still unembittered, is fast becoming the singing voice of all America.

And how spontaneously he sings. Who can forget the first concert given by the "Clef Club," a Negro orchestra in New York, before a large and representative white audience about eight years ago in Carnegie Hall? Music-loving Manhattan felt a thrill down its spine such as only the greatest performances can inspire when, at a climax in the opening piece (a march composed by the colored leader), that entire Negro orchestra of over a hundred men burst out singing as they played!

"Can you imagine," whispered to me in the midst of the music a guarantor of one of our great orchestras, "Can you imagine our white musicians *singing* while they play?"

"And do you know," I whispered back, "that the man playing a tenor solo on the 'cello may be singing first bass ("baritone" the Negroes call it), and that the big man playing the bass drum

¹Some have denied that our popular American music of to-day owes its stimulus to the Negro. A most interesting and conclusive account of the evolution of "Rag-time" is contained in the "Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man" by James Weldon Johnson, published by Brown, Little & Co., Boston. "Rag-time" is not unjustly condemned by many for the vulgarity of its first associations, a vulgarity that cannot be too deeply deplored but which is fortunately fast slipping out of the march and dance songs of to-day. Yet this first association can not annihilate the interest of the Negro rhythmic form from which sprang "Ragtime," for this form has intrinsic character. Though now widely copied and almost mechanically manufactured by commercial white song-writers of cheap and "catchy" music, the extraordinary syncopation of "Rag-time," which makes the rhythm so compelling, is undoubtedly Negro and of real value and interest musically. Nor is this rhythmic peculiarity confined, with the Negro, to popular and secular music only. Lifted into noble breadth of accent, syncopation is found in the old Spirituals, or prayer-songs, for it is the rhythm natural to the Negro; intensely racial, its counterpart may be found in the native African songs from the Dark Continent.—See my *Forward* to "*Negro Folk-Songs*," Book II. G. Schirmer, N. Y. and Boston, 1915.

and cymbals may be caroling a high falsetto, while the first violin sings second bass?"

For I had been to rehearsals of the Clef Club and I knew that these men who sang simply because music burst out of them, thought no more of playing one part on their instrument and another on their larynx—all at the same time—than their cousins in Africa think of clapping one rhythm with their hands while with their feet they dance a different one. Indeed, the men of a European orchestra, each carefully schooled to automatic accuracy in his given rôle, would be as baffled if called upon to do the almost inhumanly difficult things that these intuitive black players did naturally, as would be the member of a white chorus if asked to improvise alto or tenor while those around them sang different parts! The average Negro, in music, seems inspired as compared to the letter-ridden, unimaginative, uncreative, and prosaic (however correct) white performer.

Buried in New York's "Black Belt"—congested streets wholly populated by thousands of colored people who are restricted to these cramped quarters—the Clef Club had played a year or two for its colored patrons before its existence was discovered by the white directors of the Music School Settlement for Colored People,¹ who then brought it to Carnegie Hall and to the knowledge of all Manhattan. Few of the players in that great band of about a hundred and twenty-five members had at that time received any musical training whatever. They were—by profession!—elevator-men, bell-boys, porters, janitors, or followers of still humbler tasks, for few trades-unions then admitted colored men, so that the vocations open to the Negro were about as restricted and overcrowded as the Negro streets themselves. These men met together and played and gave concerts in the "colored quarter" simply because music was an irresistible human outlet for them, and they loved it. Each man played any instrument that he happened to know and fancy. There were many violins, violas, cellos and double basses; but it was a motley group of plectrum instruments of all sorts and sizes—mandolins, guitars, banjos, and a few ukeleles, that gave to the immense tone of the huge band an absolutely distinctive sound, a "tang" like the flavor of pine-apple amid other fruits. Then there was an indiscriminate assortment

¹"The Music School Settlement for Colored People" is an institution to which generous aid should be given. It has become a civic and social center in the largest Negro quarter of New York and during the war it has offered recreation and help to colored soldiers and sailors, to Red Cross activities and to Negro war-workers of all kinds. It is situated at 6 West 151st Street, New York City, and is under the musical direction of the talented colored composer, W. J. Rosamond Johnson.

of reed and wind instruments including several magnificently regal trombones that strode forth with a sound of crimson pomp amid the trembling sway and glitter of the mandolins; there were drums and tambourines, big and little, whose sharp accents danced across the jagged syncopations of the music, recalling the elaborate drum-orchestras of Africa; there was an inspired timpanist whose swiftly rolling sticks evoked music like the sound of in-sweeping and breaking waves; there was a huge bass drum, humorous, dramatic, sometimes even tragic; and——

"Well, Mr. Mannes," explained one of the violinists to David Mannes when we were together interviewing the band prior to its first concert for white people—"well, Mr. Mannes, at our concerts we usually have to have about ten upright pianos in five pairs, back to back, running in a half circle 'round the edge of the orchestra."

"Ten pianos!" (in amazement).

"Yes sir," (very quietly) "ten pianos."

"Get to your pianos!" the Negro conductor would call at rehearsal. "Get to your pianos!" And then truly beautiful, rich and unusual was the color and body given to this band of plectrum, strings and brass by the adroit manipulations of those ten little uprights which were treated purely as orchestral instruments, weaving a sonorous background of tremolos, deepening with tone-values the roll of the kettle-drums, sharpening percussion effects with varieties of pitch, emphasizing rhythmic outline, coloring the accents, blending strings, brass, plectrum and drums into a vibrant unity of sound—a link between them all.

"Barbaric," one college bred Negro called the Clef Club. "Barbaric" we exclaimed in astonished admiration. That an orchestra of such power, freshness, vitality and originality could have remained so long undiscovered in novelty-hunting New York, was a silent and reproachful comment on the isolation of the "Negro quarter."

And such rehearsals—pathetic in their poverty of opportunity! A crowd of colored men stuffed suffocatingly under the low ceiling of a room that had seen better days as a private dwelling before the elevated railroad made life impossible and the street was abandoned to Negroes. No acoustics, no elbow-room even, the bass tuba threatening with annihilation the poor drummer next him who could hardly lift his sticks without hitting the cornet-player. Perhaps one or two in each group could read music—the rest simply caught by ear what their neighbors played and then joined in.

"I always put a man that can read notes in the middle where the others can pick him up," explained the conductor. There were not enough music-stands, and so here and there the notes would be spread on a chair over which a single, sophisticated player would peer and bend, while five or six eager heads hovered near him, mouths open, musical intuition alert in every eye, "picking him up."

"Oh yes," the conductor said, "they can catch *anything* if they hear it once or twice, and if it's too hard for 'em the way it's written, why, they just make up something else that'll go with it."

And this was so—once they had caught the main outline of the music, the whole band began to improvise. And how quick they were! It was mostly dance music that they played—typical Negro syncopated dance and march-rhythm. To my astonished question: "But how can they play a new piece in public next week when they've never even tried it over yet?" The leader replied:

"Don't you worry! Once those fellows hear that music and catch its swing they'll eat it right up!" They did. And then New York ate *them*. That first concert of Negro music in Carnegie Hall was an ear-opener. The dance craze was then sweeping the city, and the Negro players were feverishly demanded. The sun shone, the colored musicians became professional, the band split up into smaller groups and much hay was made. This was the lighter side. But those of us who had attended those first rehearsals and had seen the colored players in their shirt-sleeves bending over their instruments in that stifling room, weary from menial toil, yet singing their hearts out (they were there because the day's work was over, or the "boss" had let them off), we realized the unconscious spirit of creative art that stirred in that humble group and we felt, with reverence, as though we had been present at a birth. We had seen the racial soul, denied all opportunity, awake, nevertheless, and sing; and the song, ephemeral though it was, seemed a prophecy of the dignity and worth of Negro genius.

THE THREE BEETHOVENS

By JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS

"A man's biography should be written by his physician."

"In the hidden bond between the soul and the body lies the solution of opposing aspirations."—*Tolstoi*.

"Matter and mind form one another, i.e., they give to one another the form in which we see them. They are the helpmeets to one another that cross each other and undo each other, and, in the undoing, do and, in the doing, undo, and so see-saw *ad infinitum*."—*Buller*.

THE classification of Beethoven's works into three styles probably originated with Fétis in his article on the composer in the "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens." It was Lenz, the Russian, who took the matter most seriously and, in 1852, published two volumes in support of his thesis and in evidence, at least, of his own inability to appreciate the compositions of the third period. His countryman, Oulibicheff, took up the cudgel, especially as regards the quality of the third style, and issued his rejoinder: *Beethoven, ses critiques et ses glossateurs*, in 1857. Since that time hardly a writer who has more than mentioned Beethoven has failed to speak of the "three styles" and to give his own opinion in the matter. Possibly the dimensions of Lenz's thesis seemed, to every subsequent writer, to render his contention worthy consideration, or, like the Bacon-authorship-of-Shakespeare nonsense, it must be at least mentioned lest the critic seem ignorant of its existence.

The theory of the three styles by set periods probably had its origin in the division by Schindler of his biography of Beethoven into three periods. Such periods being furnished by one intimate with his life, it was natural enough and logical to find three qualities of work arising from them, though the defining of the quality of the work in the different epochs, was, of course, quite another matter. In his introduction to the *Life of Beethoven* (1840) Schindler says: "I follow a division not arising out of the history of the development of his genius, but purely from the various phases of his life, such as Beethoven himself would have adopted; that is to say, I divide his life and works into three periods; the first extending from his birth to the year 1800, the second from 1800 to October, 1813, and the third from the last mentioned date

to his death, in 1827." "It must be obvious," he adds in a note, "that in this division, I do not mean to assert that Beethoven's mental development admits of the like limitation, or is tacitly comprehended under it. To pretend to fix precise limits to that would be a bold attempt." Apparently Schindler himself had no intention of classifying Beethoven's works or his working capacity to fit the divisions of his biography, though no one would expect the productions of one period to quite resemble those of another, since these must reflect in musical thought the experience of the hour.

This assertion brings up the subject of thought and especially "musical thought" for consideration, with the relation of thought to bodily states as well as to life events of a more directly psychic appeal. If any of Beethoven's works, especially those of his later years, were obscure, by what were they made so, and is the thought obscure or the expression of it unsatisfactory?

Many attempts have been made to define thought. Webster calls it in one paragraph "the act or state of thinking; mental concentration on ideas as distinguished from sense perception or emotions." Not very illuminating and too much resembling a cat chasing its tail, and the latter part seemingly carries with it the slur, not so commonly heard as formerly, that "musicians do not think." And this from a dictionary-maker who, in his youth, was the leader of a drum corps! If we look up the word "idea" we find a column of explanations without enlightenment, until we reach—"Idea, according to *Humean Philosophy*,"—that it is "a mental structure or content which is a less vivid copy of some original sensation, emotion or volition," in other words a symbolic reflection of a genuine experience. Mental states charged with emotion (and such is musical thought) were not looked down upon by Hume. And this definition fits in with modern psychological study and helps to lift the stigma applied not so long since, that the science of mind was a miserably small candle held over a desperately dark abyss. So it was, until it took the body into account,—until it recognized the indissoluble partnership in all its transactions. There are no alterations of mental states without bodily changes, and no bodily changes again without feeling of some sort. "Even the simplest and apparently driest notions," said Lotze, "are never quite destitute of attendant feeling," and Knowlson, who attempted the difficult task of telling us how to think, comments: "It is likewise true that when we examine our feelings we find they contain much of what is otherwise called thought." "Feeling is subjective experience *par excellence*," says

Sully. And, on the bodily side, "Thinking," writes Nadal, in a recent issue of the *Journal de Médecine de Bordeaux*, "is a product of the sensations which reach the consciousness from all parts and promote or check the mysterious fermentations of the sub-conscious. Thought is actually a secretion of the body as a whole." If thought is a secretion of the body as a whole, it is modified, especially on the emotional side, by its ever-varying states. The body becomes, under varying conditions, the medium of thought which flows from no one knows whence. The man of genius recognizes (Beethoven especially acknowledged this) that he is but the instrument—the oil and wick—through which, by special permission (often abundantly paid for in suffering), the infinite mind reveals itself in larger measure. Such thought flows in and through all of us; but the special vehicle of expression—the genius, we rightly speak of as "inspired."

Continuous and elaborate thought, slightly or highly charged with emotion, is impossible without a set of symbols which make up verbal or musical language, and that another may appreciate the thought, he must be conversant with the symbols used, as well as in sympathy with the ideas, musical or other, which are expressed. If musical thought is incomprehensible to the hearer, either the thought may be outside his experience or the language is imperfect. Sometimes, also, a writer is more enamored of the means of expression than of the thought that comes to him, and with sad results, for, though by its use language "is the servant, and necessary servant of thought, by its abuse it becomes the compère or even the supplanter of thought."

Thought, and the language of thought, of one man appeals only to those of similar life experiences. Not every man responds to Bach, and some prefer the thought and expression of thought (the expression being always more or less one with the thought) of a Strauss or a Debussy or a Wagner to a Beethoven. It is only for the hearer to whom the composer appeals to judge of the progress or decay of his productions. If Beethoven, to his sympathizer, is greatest in his second period, it is because he was then, in bodily machinery taken as a whole, at his best. If his later works, the sonatas and quartettes, really are cloudy, either he did not himself see his way clearly or the means of expression were slipping from his grasp in bodily decay.

Beethoven is by no means the first man to have his "styles,"—to have his works classified by the critics as flowing from the pens of very different or very much altered personalities. It is but to be expected that the works of every man whose career has not

been suddenly terminated by death at the height of his fame, should at least fall into three groups: the immature, those of his highest development, and, those of his decline, though it might be difficult to draw dividing lines.

The man who most recently has been separated into personalities (due to a critical light lit by the flame of war) is Carlyle. G. M. Trevelyan, in "The Two Carlyles," sees a quite different seer from the author of *Sartor Resartus* and the *French Revolution* in the writer of *Frederick the Great*. Accounting for Carlyle's change of attitude toward society, he says, "Much, I am sure, was due to physical and physiological change wrought in him by advancing years. This was the chief, though possibly not the only reason, why Wordsworth wrote glorious poetry between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, and mild verses for Sunday School from thirty-five to eighty, with appalling results on the large volume known and loved by us as his Poetical Works. 'The unimaginable touch of time' affected Carlyle differently but no less strongly. His style and humor were little affected; it was his temper and doctrines that suffered. His later doctrines are the vent he found for the ill temper of his declining years, a dyspeptic old man's failure to endure the diseases his flesh was heir to with the stern but kindly courage with which he had borne them in his youth. After all, the first Carlyle was fifty years of age before he passed away."

Since all mental production proceeds from, or is coincident with, physiologic functioning, it is evident enough, as Trevelyan points out, that, if there are two Carlyles or two Wordsworths, some physiologic change has come about. If we may trust Froude, Carlyle's sufferings were the product of a too vivid and self-critical imagination, but this does not accord with the man as we know him from his earlier works; besides, the imagination is, as has been pointed out, a function of the body and as certainly reacts upon it. The notion that a rat is gnawing at our vitals, produces the same effect as would a real rat chewing away upon our haslet. A sour spirit begets, by physiologic law, a sour stomach, and a continued dyspepsia from some other cause will unfailingly react upon the mind, in kind. The imagination gets the clew from some outside source, and in Carlyle that source must have been a bodily one. Huxley, at sixty, had an illness the effect of which was "that for the first time in his life he began to shrink involuntarily from assuming responsibilities and from appearing on public occasions." "I have been in a disgusting state of blue devils lately. Can't make out what it is; for I really have nothing

the matter except a strong tendency to put the most evil construction upon everything." There was something very much the matter, and no one would attribute it in Huxley to "mere imagination." The depressing nerve impulses set up in Carlyle's "diabolical arrangement called a stomach" and constantly flooding his seat of consciousness, were enough to change his personality.

In connection with these war-born discussions of Carlyle which have filled many magazine pages, the unsympathetic damning him pro-German, his admirers defending him in whole or accounting for his autocratic sentiments as does Trevelyan, it is to be noted that Beethoven also had his political notions, most democratic ones, and that his thought on the emotional side was embodied in the Heroic symphony. His chagrin, when his hero was unmasked, did not sour him against society nor, after its dedication was erased, was it any the worse as a political document expressed in tones.

To return to Beethoven of the three styles, is there a physiological basis for the sharp division of his works? Naturally the compositions of his youth do not equal those of his maturity, for Beethoven's was a development in season, and not after the magic Mozartian fashion. Nor could his foolish parent push nature in the matter. At seventeen Beethoven was "troubled with asthma" and he went through a period (not uncommon in the lives of great men) of depression from fear of a decline into consumption, the disease by which his mother had just been taken from him. About the same time troublesome digestive disorders, destined to dog him all his days (as possibly did asthma), began to make their appearance.

Deafness began to be noticed about 1797 or possibly earlier. In 1800 (beginning of the period of "second style") he writes, "my hearing has become weaker in the last three years, and this infirmity was in the first instance caused by my bowels, which, as you know were already, in the past, in a wretched state, but here I am constantly afflicted with diarrhea, which produces great weakness." And, about the same time, "for the last two years I have avoided all society, for it is impossible for me to say to people, I am deaf." So far as the attribution of his deafness to his diarrhea is concerned, Beethoven doubtless got the idea from some of those earlier body-menders who tinkered at his troubles only to make them worse. In 1802 he wrote, "For the last six years I have been in a wretched condition." Wretched indeed, with so sensitive a nature, and it was in the same year that he wrote "the will."

Apparently here was a poor specimen of a human machine for producing the bravest of musical works, but the "Heroic" symphony was not composed until 1804 or 1805. The fact is that Beethoven was just expanding into the most robust manhood and was possessed of a constitution upon which neither asthma, organs of digestion with which he was constantly on bad terms, nor even deafness (after the first bitter onset) could make much impression even with his otherwise extremely sensitive nature. It was the Beethoven of this period that seemed "power personified," as if "in that limited space was concentrated the pluck of twenty battalions." This was the man who every day, rain or shine, hot or cold, "half walked, half ran" for five miles into the country or twice about the ramparts of Vienna. Only one bubbling over with energy finds pleasure in so much spontaneous motion under his own steam. How many of us puny mortals are so vigorous? That he took his exercise immediately after dinner showed that his meals did not disturb him greatly. From 1800 to 1813, Schindler's Second Period, there was a steady decline of his powers of hearing, and his playing in public was becoming unsatisfactory, at least for others, but we have no knowledge that his disappearance as executant was disappointing to himself.

A more significant event marking the beginning of the third epoch was the death of his brother Carl, and his assumption of the care of his unfortunate nephew. Whatever epithets we may bestow upon this youth, we are doubtless deeply indebted to him for the profound passion which welled into Beethoven's music of this period. At least the boy was a stimulus to production, for the good uncle desired to leave him as much money as possible, and many a child of genius has remained unborn for want of such a commonplace cause as insufficient funds.

There is little mention of illness in Beethoven's letters up to 1816. From this time there are numerous notes to Archduke Rudolph apologizing for failure to keep his engagements as tutor to "His Imperial Highness", and in these he invariably complains of ill health. One might suspect here excuses to escape a disagreeable task, but in 1817 (four years after the opening of the "third phase") he wrote to a friend, Countess Erdödy, "I caught a very severe cold which forced me to keep to my bed for a long time, and many months passed before I could venture out. . . *I still feel the effect from it.*" Letters to other friends in this year speak of ill health, but though "not yet quite well," in January, 1818, he must have been quite his usual self again during this and the succeeding year, for it is to these that the Ninth Symphony and Mass in D belong.

In 1821 he had a severe attack of "rheumatism" and in the next year complained of being troubled with "gout in the chest" (asthma?) and only able to work a little, still it is in this year that Julius Benedict saw him and wrote: "Who could ever forget those striking features? The lofty, vaulted forehead with thick gray and white hair encircling it in the most picturesque disorder, that square, lion's nose, that broad chin, that noble and soft mouth; . . . his thick-set Cyclopean figure told of a powerful frame." Outwardly, decay had certainly not set in, but the symptoms of his last illness were evident and from 1822 on, he struggled against fate with the help of powerful powders and medicinal baths. The tenth symphony was sketched but the task of composition (always a toilsome one for the composer) was delayed. A set of quartettes was ordered, and in 1824 and 1825 he composed or completed op. 127, 130 and 132. In 1826 still another, op. 135, was flung off. If these last works reflect more than usual "a heavenly beauty" it was not likely that the composer was aware (save in the way of all thoughtful men) of his approaching end. There is nothing of self-pity or of the morbid in these works. He still had tremendous vitality, for it was more than a year later that he was able to ride for two days in bitter weather, in that "most wretched vehicle of hell." There was a constantly darkening background, however, of mental suffering against which the flame of so heroic a spirit shone constantly brighter. He composed, without difficulty, the finale of one of the quartettes but four months before his end, and even in the last weeks, those about him, in tune from former years with the trend of his thought and its expression, observed that his mind worked as never before, "his overflow of fancy was indescribable, and his imagination showed an elasticity which his friends had noticed but seldom when he was in health." That nothing inferior (especially at this time, for Beethoven had done pot-boilers in his earlier days) would have fallen from his pen is hinted at in his brave remark to the doctors who were tapping him, "Better water from my belly than from my pen!"

Yes, there are three phases to Beethoven's life, or more, if we choose to so punctuate his progress, but commas should be used rather than larger stops. His works make one sentence, wonderfully well-wrought and periodic. Originating in the thought and expressions of his time, and developing apace with his own peculiar progress, they finally merge into a style bathed in a baffling radiance of sunset glow, "mystic, wonderful," belonging to a realm of thought where we find it difficult as delightful to follow. But if we do not comprehend his utterance, there is no

evidence that it was because of confusion of thought or stammering speech on the part of the composer. That such is the case is also indicated by the fact that the productions of Beethoven's earlier as well as his later years are becoming clearer to his hearers and that the number of "obscure" works is diminishing. "We may look upon the great posthumous quartettes of Beethoven as we would view some unexplorable ranges of distant mountain peaks, content that we may see in their beautiful outlines some suggestions of their grandeur, and knowing that, were we brought into close touch with them, our vision could not at the same time comprehend that perfection of curve and colour that enthalls us as we gaze, and gives us what seems to be a glimpse of the unattainable and the Eternal."

If Beethoven in his last works overstepped the bounds of his art, as some would say, they were the steps of a still-growing giant of the most robust sort, for whom his art was too limited, but, for that matter, expression is always a limitation of thought. Throughout, and to the last, there is a wonderful robustness in his works which reflected, or was the reflection of (owing upon which side of the shield we cast our glance), the tremendous bodily vitality of the man. The later Wordsworth and the later Carlyle may have degenerated; the later Beethoven did not. Fortunately his bodily machinery was proof against, in fact made possible, all the mental and emotional storms by which it was swept, and was steadied by that supreme faith of his in the management of the universe, a faith which he wove into all his works—more even into those of his last than of his earliest years. Music is as the light of the ideal burning against the background of the real. That background in Beethoven was dark enough, and the light correspondingly radiant. It was fortunate for humanity that his bodily machinery held so strongly that he was able to put into tones the results of his reachings into the unknown. The wonder is that we whose mental sufferings are comparatively slight, can follow him at all in the final flights of his fancy.

If "thought pure and simple is as near to God as we can get," then musical thought must be purest and simplest of all thought. But our Gods are of our own creating,—they grow out of our own experiences. Those who worship the God of Beethoven will always find in the master's last works an "incalculable depth of thought and closeness of texture . . . and the embodiment of a no less incalculable emotional power." With Sir George Grove we can only believe that "he was always in progress."

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF THE OPÉRA (1669-1919)

By J.-G. PROD'HOMME

“**A**NNO 1669” This hybrid inscription, which may be read above the curtain of the *Académie nationale de musique*, reminds the spectators that our foremost lyric stage is a creation of Louis XIV, like its elder sisters the academies of painting and sculpture, of dancing, of inscriptions and belles-lettres, of sciences, and the Academy of Architecture, its junior. In turn royal, national, imperial, following the changes of government, it has survived them all, having had within itself its revolutions, musical or otherwise, its periods of glory or decadence, its golden years or seasons of mediocrity; now in the lead of the musical movement, and again constrained to float with the currents of foreign influence; but always inviting the envy of some elements and the curiosity of others.

Celebrating its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, what other lyric stage in the world can boast an equal longevity? Unquestionably, the Paris Opéra was not the first in Europe to be opened to the public. Before it, Venice had had opera houses accessible to the bourgeois and the general public; but, while their existence is no more than a memory, the Parisian “grand opéra,” surviving all revolutions in politics or of taste, has continued—sometimes, as it were, against its will—an unbroken tradition which, despite its imperfections, is not wanting in grandeur.

The history of the Opéra presents a striking parallel to that of France itself, and at times to that of Europe. How many events have originated or found an echo within this creation of royalty, in this hall which, since its foundation, has rejoiced in the privilege of attracting the curiosity and exciting the malevolence of the public! One could not hope to follow the details of its history, even in several volumes; but, with the aid of the numerous sources at present at our disposition, it is possible to give a summary sketch of its salient outlines. This is what has been attempted in the following pages, with no ambition beyond presenting a general description of the evolution of our great lyric theatre under its various aspects from 1669 down to our own days.

I

The offspring of the Court Ballet (which was in high favor since the epoch of the Valois, at least) and the Italian opera (originated at Florence toward the end of the sixteenth century and imported into France by Mazarin), the Paris Opéra was officially founded in 1669. The Italians invited to Paris by the cardinal for the diversion of the queen-mother and the court, had brought out there, from 1645 to 1662, *La Finta Pazza* by Giulio Strozzi, *Egisto* by Cavalli, *Orfeo* by Luigi Rossi, *Le Nozze di Pelleo e Tetide* by Caproli, and finally, for the wedding festivities of Louis XIV, in 1660, the opera *Xerse*, and two years thereafter *Ercole amante*. These works, new to French ears, and played by Italian virtuosi with most luxurious costumes and decorations, attracted all the court, and even certain plain citizens, to the Palais-Royal, the Tuileries, or the Petit-Bourbon. However, reports are contradictory concerning the reception accorded Mazarin's operas by the aristocratic audience of Maria de' Medici. While the "Italianizers," then very numerous at court, took great delight in these spectacles, the French complained that they could not understand a word; and epigrams were coined on

Ce beau mais malheureux Orphée,
Ou pour mieux parler, ce Morphée,
Puisque tout le monde y dormit.

[This handsome but unhappy Orpheus,
Or I should rather say, this Morpheus,
For every one there fell asleep.]

Certain gazetteers or novelists of the time, like Lorot in his *Maze historique*, thought *Xerse* "excessively long" because it lasted "over eight hours and more" (plus de huit heures et davantage). They could make nothing out of the transalpine opera; and so the libretto of *Ercole amante* is provided with a French translation facing the original text, and versified.

The French, who for some years had been possessed of the classic tragedy, owed it to themselves not to lag behind their neighbors, and to adopt (if not to adapt) the *dramma* or *opera per musica* of the Italians. But there was, *inter alia*, a prejudice to be overcome, and one which Jean-Jacques Rousseau took upon himself to defend a century later—that only the Italian language (so it was said) or Latin was suited to music.

Already, in the Théâtre du Marais, the influence of the lyric representations at the court was making itself felt; pieces in

which stage "machines" were employed, such as Corneille's *Andromède*, Boyer's *Ulysse* (both in 1650), Quinault's *La Comédie sans comédie* (1654), Boyer's *Les Amours de Jupiter et de Sémélé* (1656), are themselves operas of a sort or, if one prefer, fairy spectacles, accompanied by music played and sung. There was lacking only the recitative, the disappearance of spoken dialogue, for the creation of the opera.

The first French stage-piece entirely in music appears to have been *Le Triomphe de l'Amour*, by Beys and Laguerre (1655), which preceded by four years the famous *Pastorale* by Perrin and Cambert. Perrin of Lyons, abbé Perrin, the starveling poet, and one of the victims of Boileau, was chief Master of Ceremonies with Gaston d'Orléans. Having observed what chances of success stage-pieces with music might have, like those of the Italians, provided that they were intelligible for French ears, he laboriously put together a dramatic poem for musical setting, and sought to create a musical speech to fit the poem. In spite of the vulgarisms and trivialities of his inspiration, one may say that he succeeded.

He associated himself with Robert Cambert, organist at the church of Saint-Honoré, and later to the queen-mother. The fruit of this collaboration was a *Pastorale*, produced in the Parisian suburb of Issy at the residence of M. de La Haye in April, 1659, and before the king, at Vincennes, some weeks subsequently. Mazarin's keen eye noted that the attempt of Perrin and Cambert did not displease his youthful sovereign; he therefore encouraged the poet to continue his endeavors. Perrin, already having a musician, now found another partner, de Rieux, Marquis of Sourdégac, for the purpose of establishing an opera-theatre. But the death of Mazarin in March, 1661, caused the indefinite postponement of the project. Pertinaciously pursuing his plan, Perrin finally (on June 28, 1669) obtained from the young king letters-patent for "academies of opera or representations in music and in the French language, on the footing of those of Italy." This was the first title of the future Royal Academy of Music. Perrin had represented to the king that operas "provide at present the most agreeable divertissements, not only in the cities of Rome, Venice, and other courts of Italy, but likewise in the cities and courts of Germany and England, where the aforesaid Comedies have similarly been established in imitation of the Italians." . . . The king gave permission to Perrin "to take from the public such sums as he should deem advisable," making "very express inhibitions and prohibitions respecting all persons of whatsoever quality

or condition, even the officers of our household, to enter without paying; and to cause to be sung such operas or representations in music with French verses, throughout our kingdom, during twelve years." . . . This privilege decreed, furthermore, that "all *gentils-hommes, damoiselles*, and other persons may sing the aforesaid operas without derogation, by so doing, of the titles of nobility or of their privileges."

Armed with these letters-patent, Perrin set to work with Robert Cambert as composer and the Marquis of Sourdéac as scenic director (this Norman nobleman having a passion for the stage with all manner of mechanical accessories, and who had mounted Corneille's *Toison d'or* in 1660 at his château of Neufbourg); with Beauchamps as ballet-director, and de Bersac de Champeron as joint commissioner.

While a musician—probably La Crille—set out to recruit singers of both sexes in Languedoc, the home of beautiful voices, a search was made for an auditorium wherein to install the future theatre. On October the 8th, 1670, Sourdéac and Champeron hired for five years, at the rate of 2400 livres per annum, the hand-tennis court known as de la Bouteille, situated between Mazarine and de Seine streets, opposite the rue Guénégaud (just at the place where a new street, the rue Jacques Callot, has been cut through). The hall was constructed in five months by Guichard, building-superintendent to the Duke of Orléans; and the theatre was ready for inauguration on March the 19th, 1671, with *Pomone*, a pastorate by Perrin and Cambert, in three acts preceded by a prologue. *Pomone*, like the *Pastorale* of Issy, was merely a suite of airs and dialogues between shepherds and shepherdesses; the representation occupied about two hours and a half. For eight months all Paris thronged to hear it, although a seat in the parterre cost half a louis d'or; the attendance was such that clashes took place between the citizens and the pages, lackeys and men in livery who sought to enter in the train of their masters, as they did at other spectacles. It was necessary to promulgate a royal ordinance to prevent them from entering gratis.

Did Perrin, as has been asserted, derive a profit of 10,000 crowns from the first season of the French Opéra? It is hardly probable, for a short time afterward we see him hounded for debts and thrown into jail on complaint of his associate, Sourdéac; while Cambert applied, for a second libretto, to Gabriel Gilbert, author of the *Peines et Plaisirs de l'Amour*; and, lastly, we find him glad to arrange with Lully for the cession of his privilege, after having previously ceded it, first to the poet Guichard and

then to the Sieur de Sablière, neither of whom was capable of exploiting it.

Saint-Evremond, in his comedy of the *Opéras*, in which he does not invariably show a tenderness for this new species of the drama, thus passed judgment on Cambert's two works: "One gazed on the machines with surprise, on the dances with pleasure (so he remarks apropos of *Pomone*); one listened to the songs with enjoyment, to the words with disgust." He found the second opera "more polished and refined. The voices and the instruments were already better trained for performing their parts. The Prologue was fine; the Tomb of *Climène* was admired." . . . He especially noticed a trio of flutes, such as had never been heard "since the Romans."

Nevertheless, Lully, the superintendent of the king's music, having arranged matters with Perrin in consideration, "no doubt, of a considerable present" (so say the brothers Parfait), the king, who honored him (Lully) with high regard, transferred Perrin's privilege to him in the month of March (probably the 13th), 1672. Hence, an inextricable series of lawsuits between Sourdéac and Champeron, on the one part, and Guichard and Sablières on the other, revolve around this privilege of Perrin's, ceded twice in abrupt succession. But the affair was brought to a swift conclusion as regards Lully. On March 24 Colbert wrote to the Attorney-General of the Assembly, de Harley, to decide the case as soon as possible. Six days later the king himself gave orders to have the hall in the rue Mazarine closed from the 1st of April onward. On June 27 a decree of the Assembly terminated the affair, ordering the registration of the letters-patent and condemning Sourdéac and Champeron to indemnify Perrin, Cambert, and the singers of the Opéra. Very soon the war broke out again between Lully and his adversaries. It lasted three years, accompanied by a flood of acrimonious controversial literature.

Thus the French Opéra was born in a welter of chicanery; and we owe to these same controversial pamphlets (which were not all destroyed, as was ordered by the decree of August the 12th, 1677), many a bit of information concerning the infancy of the Académie royale de musique.

Cambert left Paris later, and went to live in England at the court of Charles II; Lully's enemies declared that he brought about Cambert's assassination in 1677. Guichard betook himself to Madrid, to attempt to found another opera there. As for the artists of the troupe, the "demoiselles" Aubry and Brigogne, and the "sieurs" Clédières, Beaumavielle, Tholet, Miracle, and

some others, unknown to us, were taken by Lully into the troupe he was forming. He selected the hand-tennis court of Bel-air in the rue de Vaugirard, on the eastern boundary of the Luxembourg Gardens (where the rue de Médicis now runs), and there, without delay (on Nov. 13, 1672), he brought out a pastorate, *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*, with text by Molière, Benserade and Quinault. This he did, so to speak, simply in order to signalize his taking possession of the Académie royale de musique, the title under which the French Opéra was thenceforward known until the Revolution.

The following year, 1673, marks two notable events—the death of Molière on Feb. 17, and two months later (April 27?) the first representation of *Cadmus et Hermione*, the opening number of that uninterrupted series of lyric tragedies which Lully and Quinault were to produce until they died, and of which several lived for an entire century, until the advent of Gluck.

The disappearance of Molière afforded the Florentine [Lully] a more or less generous opportunity to expel the Comédiens français from the Palais-Royal, and to install himself in their stead. On the day after, the king conceded this auditorium to him, and the troupe of Molière had no other resource than to take refuge in Perrin's old hall in the rue Guénégaud; and Lully celebrated on January the 19th, 1674, his entry into the Palais-Royal with a representation of *Alceste*.

Writing solely for his own theatre, with the almost exclusive collaboration of Quinault, Lully produced, down to his death in 1686, fourteen lyric tragedies, besides several pastorales, idyls, mascarades and ballets, and, however he might be engrossed by the direction of the Opéra and the care of his personal affairs, a certain number of scores performed at court during the same period. The artistic heritage which he gave to posterity was somewhat like the empire of Alexander, despite all the minute precautions he had taken. For no one was ready to take his place in his various incarnations of director, administrator, supervisor of the ballets as well as the costumes and the scenic decorations, the singers, the choruses and the orchestra; having only one assistant, the "machinist" Vigarani, and retaining under his supervision his two "batteurs de cours" and sole occasional collaborators, Lalouette and Colasse. At the close of his singularly fortunate career—having amassed through speculation a fortune of 800,000 francs, probably equal to four millions to-day—he had veritably created French opéra, had formed a troupe of singers and instrumentalists which excited the admiration of Europe,

trained by a discipline which was relaxed when he passed away. "He had them all so well in hand that they received without protest whatever he dealt out to them," says Lecerf de le Viéville. "I can assure you that, under Lully's control, the men-singers would not have had colds six months of the year, nor would the women-singers have been drunk four days of the week."

Quelle pitié pour l'Opéra
Depuis qu'on a perdu Baptiste.

[Evil days for the Opéra since they lost Baptiste.]

So they sang, ten years after his death. Jean-Louis Lully, the younger, having survived his father by only one year, the Opéra passed into the hands of his brother-in-law Jean-Nicolas Francine, whose family, Florentine like that of Lully, furnished the king for a century with a whole line of hydraulic engineers, or *fontaniers* (fountaineers) as they were more simply styled at the time of Louis XIV.

With Francine begin, in the administration of the Opéra, the financial combinations which, so to say, pursue each other without interruption down to our day. Sometimes the royal privilege was a source of advantages which some one or other tried to snap up, or—and this was oftenest the case—a cause of worries and deficits, which the owner of the privilege sought to unload, either upon the King, or on the City of Paris. Francine associated himself with Hyacinthe de Gaureau Dumont, the King's equerry and governor of Meudon; after involving themselves in debts to the extent of some 380,000 livres, Francine and Dumont in 1704 ceded their privilege to Guyenet, paymaster of the government rentes, who died in 1712, completely ruined, and leaving considerable debts, whereof 166,000 livres were due actors and employees, who threatened to go on strike. The period of difficulties began with the opening century—a period which, it is true, included the last years of Louis XIV, a time of war and wretchedness, and was anything but favorable to the arts of peace. Francine then negotiated with the creditors of Guyenet, and obtained from them a prorogation of the privilege until 1732, in exchange, he demanded of the syndicate of Guyenet's creditors 20,000 livres, and Dumont 12,000 annually. This arrangement lasted till 1721, under the exalted supervision of the duke d'Antin (appointed in 1715 by the regent) and M. de Landivisiau. From the account submitted at this time by the creditors of Guyenet it appears that in one year 161 representations yielded about 193,000 livres in receipts, or some 1200 livres per evening. The Ball, then a recent creation,

added 54,000 livres more; with further receipts from various sources (for example, the rent from the café, ground-rents from the provincial opéras, arrearages from 1720), the sum-total of receipts amounted to 402,620 livres, whereas the expenses totaled only 285,522. Nevertheless, the syndicate, having increased their debts payable by 80,000 livres, retired. Francine once more assumed the direction of the Académie royale de musique for seven years, and died in 1736, giving over the Opéra to sieur Gruër, who obtained on June 1, 1730, a concession for thirty years.

It would appear that the directorate of the aforesaid Gruër was short and merry. In partnership with a certain Lebœuf and the count of Saint-Gilles, under the chief supervision of the prince de Carignan, Gruër was dispossessed scarcely a year subsequent to his nomination, as a sequel to an incident celebrated in the annals of the Opéra. Not far from the cour du Carrousel, in the rue Saint-Nicaise, there had been established (in 1713) the "magazine" of the Opéra, serving both as a storage house for costumes and decorations, and as a school of music, the embryo of the future Conservatoire. One day in the month of June Gruër arranged with several of his friends and his artists (Mme. Pélissier, M. Petupas, Mme. Camargo, and others) to give a little party at the magazine. The ladies, discommoded by the heat of summertime assisted by champagne, very soon made themselves so entirely comfortable as to be revealed to the neighbors in the narrow rue Saint-Nicaise in the simplest of apparel. This bacchanale, authenticated by a police report of June 15, 1731, put an end to the ephemeral reign of our too-galant director Gruër. Lecomte, his successor, held out but little longer; and in 1733 the heritage of Lully passed into the hands of an ex-captain of the Picardy regiment, Thuret, a natural son of the duke of Savoy. In this same year Rameau, already over fifty, made his début with the opéra *Hippolyte et Aricie*.

II

From Lully to Rameau—almost a half-century—there had been an insensible evolution of the opera. While the repertory of the Florentine was still in vogue, and revived with success for the most part, and his imitators, like those of Quinault, were dressing up all the mythological legends as lyric tragedies, a new genre, infinitely less stilted and more in harmony with the spirit of the time, was little by little establishing its esthetic influence. As early as 1685 the first ballet (*Les Saisons*, by Pic and Colasse), consisting of "entrées" (scenes), each of which forms a subject,

gave a foretaste of this new formula wherein song and dance share the stage, either together or alternately. It was, in a measure, a return to the earlier Ballet of the Court, but with a rigorous suppression of all declamatory parts. Two years later came *l'Europe galante*, by La Motte-Houdard and Campra; it was at once the model and the masterpiece of similar works. The epoch of this ballet marks an important interior reform in the Académie royale. Thenceforward, authors received royalties—one hundred livres for each representation up to the tenth; fifty livres from the eleventh to the twentieth (to the thirtieth, for lyric tragedies). In 1699, on the other hand, the "droit des pauvres" (a sort of poor-tax) was introduced, the prices of the seats being raised one-fifth; a seat in the parterre cost 36 sous instead of 30; the second-tier boxes 3 l. 12 s. instead of 3 l.; the dress-boxes 7 l. 4 s. instead of 6 l.

The authors of these ballets did not levy contribution solely on mythology (*Les Éléments* by Destouches; *Les Amours des Dieux*, by Mouroit; *Les Stratagèmes de l'Amour*), but made excursions into foreign lands—Italy, Spain, Turkey—furnishing pretexts for exotic dances, costumes, and decorations. In *Le Carnaval de Venise* (1699, which by the way, was never revived) Campra even introduced before the end of the third act an entire short Italian opéra, *Orphée aux Enfers*. This style became so popular, that Lully's old works were searched through and through for "fragments" which were then set end to end, not without re-instrumenting them to suit the taste of modern ears. In a word, the ballet of the eighteenth century is a species of variety show.

Another revolution: In 1726, for Rebel and Francœur's *Pyrame et Thisbé*, we find as scenic artist the successor of Bérain fils, the chevalier Servandoni, whose marvelous architectural and decorative inventions were described by Le Mercure to its readers without sparing them a single detail. Three years later we notice the ephemeral emergence of two Italian intermezzi; this had no perceptible influence at the time, but several persons began to compare French music with Italian, which latter the Concert Spirituel, established at the Tuileries for the off-days of the Opéra, was already importing successfully. At the Opéra, music-lovers still frankly preferred what was afterwards called the "plain-chant" of Lully. At Eastertide in 1732 applause was bestowed impartially on *Jephthé*, the first Biblical tragedy (by Montéclair), and the new decorations in the hall of the Palais-Royal, the home of the Académie for the preceding half-century.

It was within this restored frame that the masterpieces of Rameau were shown, the music of which was criticized, at the outset, as too learned, too difficult, but whose newness and harmonic richness soon pleased—for every other year *Hippolyte et Aricie* was succeeded by *Les Indes galantes*, *Castor et Pollux*, *Les Fêtes d'Hébé*, and *Dardanus*, besides ten other works, whose revivals purveyed to the Opéra until the coming of the chevalier Gluck.

With Rameau, ill-seconded in general by wretched literary collaborators, the genre created by Lully "attained to the supreme degree of perfection; the venture of the first half of the eighteenth century resulted in something of a definitive nature, in developing the 'spectacle,' in the display of the marvelous, in the scintillations of the fairy-play." (L. de La Laurencie). Rameau speedily won triumphs, both at court and in the town. The majority of his pieces were first given at Versailles or Fontainebleau, where extremely brilliant spectacles were produced toward the middle of the century. It even happened that the troupe of the Opéra, frequently called upon to assist at court festivals by the *Menus-plaisirs* of the King, was somewhat too neglectful of the Parisian stage; wherefore the successor of Thuret, François Berger (1744-1748), obtained an annual subvention of 80,000 livres for such service. However, in the first sixteen months of his directorate, he lost 250,000 livres. Hereupon the Royal Council dismissed the prince de Carignan and "gave" the Opéra to the city of Paris, under the control of minister d'Argenson. Rebel and Francœur (those musical Siamese twins, authors of a respectable number of scores penned in collaboration), Reyer and—once again—Thuret, then Bontemps and Levasseur, participated in the direction from 1749 to 1757.

Now it was that the first musical war broke out; the appearance of the Italian *bouffons* in 1752 provoked polemics of unusual violence for the ensuing two years. The *bouffons* finally forsook the field, carrying off their intermezzi; but for all that they had influenced both the public taste and French composers; this was very evident at the revival of *Castor et Pollux*, recast by Rameau after an interval of seventeen years. Furthermore, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who had so vehemently taken sides against French music, brought out his French comedy-opera *Le Devin du Village* (1752), and Dauvergne produced *Les Troqueurs* at the Théâtre Italien.

The ten years of the second directorate of Rebel and Francœur offer nothing especially notable from the musical viewpoint;

they merely exploited the current repertory, from Lully to Rameau. Moreover, a sudden accident absolved them from seeking after masterworks. On the 6th of April, 1762, the hall which had been the home of the Opéra for ninety years disappeared in flames, and the Académie royale took refuge in the old "salle à machines" in the Tuileries, where chevalier Servandoni came to produce his spectacles. They were succeeded (1767-1769) by two musicians, Berton and Trial. Berton, the conductor of the theatre orchestra, relinquished the bâton to his predecessor, Francœur. The city having again taken over the Opéra, he remained at its head, with Trial, Dauvergne, and Joliveau. Result—debts amounting to 500,000 livres. It is probable that the new hall of the Palais-Royal, inaugurated on January the 16th, 1770, and trenchantly criticized (like all new auditoriums of theatres), did not attract the musical public; we find *Castor et Pollux*, in 1772, showing receipts of 500 livres for an evening, and somewhat later certain "fragments" took in even less! But on another occasion this same *Castor* brought in 3000 livres. So it came, that Louis XVI entrusted the direction to the management of his Menus-plaisirs (1776-1778).

III

The second musical war had just begun. Since two years the production of Gluck's *Iphigénie* and *Orphée* had precipitated discussions which grew yet more acrimonious with the advent of the Italian Piccinni, an ex-protégé of Mme. Dubarry. This time the arguments took a still more violent turn than at the epoch of the *bouffons*, which is partly explicable by the fact that in the meantime the periodical press had been powerfully developed. Gluck himself being championed by the first daily journal to appear in France, the *Journal de Paris*, it came to pass that the former exchange of pamphlets between the two camps was superseded by an incessant volleying of retorts in the various sheets at the disposal of either side. We should also take into consideration the growing emancipation preceding the Revolution, and the deepseated mental fermentation which characterized the reign of Louis XVI.

The struggle between the partisans of Gluck, Rameau and Piccinni turned the scale definitively in favor of the "Germanic Orpheus," as the phrase ran. In 1785 Rameau disappeared from the Opéra with *Castor et Pollux*; whereas Gluck, dominating our lyric history for half a century, maintained himself until the advent of Rossini, in the neighborhood of 1830. These fifty years of our

lyric history, taking their course amidst the events of the Revolution and the Empire, were not without glory for our French School, toward which the eyes of the great foreign composers were turned. Although Piccinni left no deep mark on the repertory, his compatriots Sacchini and Salieri presented it with two masterpieces—*Edipe à Colonne* (1787), the most sweeping success of the old Opéra, with nearly six hundred representations, and *Les Danaïdes* (1784). Nevertheless, various currents, various tendencies, may be noted among the composers who wrote for the Opéra. The musicians of Pleasure, of the Loves and Graces, the gallant petits-maitres of the century of Louis XV, still retained a faithful following; but the Italians on the one hand, and Gluck on the other, have arrived, and make the scores of a Mouret, a Mondonville, or even of Rameau himself, seem a trifle insipid and jejeune.

The period of Gluck marks a return to a more antique severity,—does not Gluck, and his imitators as well, take for librettists Racine himself and Quinault, dressed to suit the prevailing taste?—to an antiquity like that in vogue under Louis XVI. But, concurrently, the opera-libretto shows modernizing tendencies; under the influence of the bourgeois tragedy and the comedy-opera it becomes melodramatic; from the mythological and heroic it turns to the historical (like those by Metastasio), chivalrous and patriotic. Sentimentality, virtue à la Rameau, to which free reign were given at the Opéra-Comique (with Grétry, for example), the civic spirit awakened in the breasts of the contemporaries of Lafayette and M. de Monthyon, inspire by turns the staging of new opéras which display to our eyes the tapestries of Greuze or David, instead of confronting us with the courtly countrysides of Pater or Watteau, or the voluptuous tableaux of Boucher.

Hence the motley susceptibilities of *Le Seigneur bienfaisant*, set to music by Floquet (1780); *l'Embarras des richesses*, by Grétry (1781); *Adèle de Ponthieu*, by Laborde and Berton (1779), and reset by Piccinni in 1781; *Ernelinde, princesse de Norvège*, by Philidor (1767), one of whose choruses, "Jurez sur vos glaives sanglants," won celebrity during the Revolution; *Pizarro, ou la Conquête du Mexique*, by Candeille; *Louis IX en Égypte*, by Lemoyne.—Here and there the dawn of romanticism and realism may be glimpsed in these libretti, if not in the scores, for which latter the composers strive to appropriate the novel procedures of the chevalier Gluck. Berton and Philidor recast their works for the revivals in 1774. Beaumarchais, with Salieri, attempts a medley of all the genres.

The Revolution gave birth to productions no less astonishing, on whose creation musicians like Grétry collaborated with no sense of shame. But at that time the great lyric stage was far from monopolizing the entire musical movement. The liberty accorded to the theatres having taken away its exclusive privileges, raised up competitors—the Opéra-Comique, which had grown despite all hindrances placed in the way of its development by the Académie royale de musique, and the Théâtre Feydeau. Not until the establishment of the Empire, which limited the number of lyric scenes to three (Opéra, Opéra-Comique and Italiens) do we see it regain its lustre of oldentime.

After the conflagration of 1781, the Opéra was transferred to the boulevard Saint-Martin, occupying a hall constructed in four months—a "provisional" hall which did not disappear till 1871, and likewise by fire. The direction was now undertaken by De Vismes de Valgay, and then by Berton and Dauvergne (from 1778 to 1790); then the City of Paris once more assumed it during two years, and handed it over to Francœur (the nephew) and Cellerier, whose successors, from 1793 to 1797, were a committee, followed by a Commission of Administration. Having become, from the Tenth of August, the Théâtre des Arts, the Revolution forced it to vacate the boulevard on the eve of the 9th Thermidor, and installed it in a large and handsome hall of which citizen Montensier had been dispossessed, opposite the National Library, rue de la Loi (erewhile rue de Richelieu). Here fantastical receipts—in paper money—were realized; on the 18th Prairial of the year IV (June 6, 1796), with *Iphigénie en Tauride*, the *Hymne à la Victoire*, and the ballet of *Psyché*, there were taken in 1,071,350 livres; but, the value of the assignat being ten centimes for one hundred livres, the actual receipts amounted to 1071 livres and seven sous!

None of these divers forms of administration having proved more fortunate than the others, a certain stability in the lyric management was not attained until the arrival of the Consulate and the Empire. From 1802 to 1807 Morel-Lemoyne was director under the control of M. de Luçay, prefect of the Palace, making room for Picard (1807-1816), under the orders of the administration of theatres. The Restoration pursued the same policy.

From the Revolution to the Restoration the hall in the rue de la Loi witnessed manifestations of the most diverse nature, in which music did not always play the leading rôle. Formerly, under Louis XIV and Louis XV, the Opéra celebrated, in its prologues, the great events of the reign—royal marriages and births,

treaties of peace. Under the Revolution a whole series of patriotic works was represented, whose subjects were borrowed either from antiquity or from contemporary events. After *Le Triomphe de la République*, by Joseph Chénier and Gossec (first produced in the hall in the boulevard Saint-Martin), came *La Patrie reconnaissante*, by Candeille (six weeks before *Le Mariage de Figaro* by Mozart, words by Notaris, played only five times!); *Le Siège de Thionville*, by Jadin; *Miltiade à Marathon* and *Toute la Grèce*, by de Lemoyne; *Horatius Coclès*, by Méhul; *Toulon soumis*, as "historic incident," by Rochefort; *La Réunion du Dix Août*, a "sans-culottide in five acts and in verses interspersed with dialogue, dances, and military evolutions," by Rouquier and Moline (the librettist of Gluck's *Orphée*). "On the stage of *Iphigénie* and *Didon* only the rolling of drums, cannon-shots, bugle-calls, were now heard. The Opéra, which for more than a century had been a pagan Olympus, was suddenly transformed into a camp. . . . The public was very eager to view these moving spectacles. This is proved by the 444,539 livres of receipts during the season of 1792-3 at the Opéra." (A. de Lassalle.) *Denys le tyran*, and *La Rosière républicaine*, both by Grétry, are the last works of the revolutionary period. And for three years thereafter, down to *Anacréon chez Polycrate*, by this same Grétry, not one novelty!

Antiquity, so much in vogue before the Revolution, again came into its own on the stage under the Directory. We still take note, however, of one more patriotic "occasional piece," *La Nouvelle au camp, ou le Cri de vengeance* (June 12, 1799), suggested by the assassination of the French plenipotentiaries at Rastatt. The following year, on Christmas Eve, an incomparably more musical novelty was presented; at the Théâtre des Arts *The Creation*, by Haydn, was produced. That same evening a tragedy was enacted on the street. It will be remembered that the carriage of the First Consul, leaving the Tuileries by the rue Saint-Nicolas on the way to attend the above production, barely escaped demolition by an infernal machine. Bonaparte was a little late in arriving in the rue de la Loi, but the audience heard of nothing until the entr'acte of the oratorio. -This style of music, which for a long time had not been current in France, where it had enjoyed a certain vogue at the Concerts Spirituels in the Tuileries, very probably inspired Guillard and Lesueur to write *La Mort d'Adam* (1809), and Hoffmann and Kreutzer in penning *La Mort d'Abel* (1810). These two Biblical essays achieved only moderate success. In spite of the ballets with which Gardel had adorned Lesueur's oratorio, *La Mort d'Adam* appeared but a very

few times; the one by Kreutzer had a revival in 1823, which provoked the enthusiastic letter of the youthful Berlioz, so frequently quoted:

O genius!
I succumb! I die! My tears choke me! The Death of Abel! ye gods!—
What an infamous public! It feels nothing! What does it need, then, to
move it?—

The youthful romanticist, at this time still a student of medicine, exclaims thus through a score of lines, winding up by deploring the insensibility of "these stupid oafs who are scarcely worthy of listening to the pantaloonerics of that buffoon of a Rossini! Ah! GENIUS!!!—"

In sober truth, the "infamous public" would not be satisfied with the ingenious score of the worthy Kreutzer, and did not relish this pseudo-oratorio except on condition that it was followed by a ballet from the repertory. It was the same with a *Saul* by citizens Morel, Deschamps and Després, the music (?) by Kalkbrenner and Lachnith, in which these five authors had pilaged poets and composers—Racine, J.-B. Rousseau, Paisiello, Cimarosa, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, etc. This *Saul* held the stage, accompanied by a ballet, from 1803 to 1818. One of the authors of this hodge-podge, Lachnith, was the same who, two years earlier, had concocted from Mozart's *Zauberflöte* the monstrous pasticcio entitled *Les Mystères d'Isis*, in collaboration with the same Morel (whilom de Chédeville); and it was in this form only that Mozart's masterpiece was known, until 1827, in France!

Before the production of *La Vestale*, by Spontini, the repertory of the Académie impériale de musique offers nothing of importance except *Ossian, ou les Bardes*, by Lesueur (1804). This opera, which inaugurated the Académie "impériale" de musique, was a romantic experiment which had but slight success in spite of Lesueur's great talent, too serious for the taste of the period. And when, for the first and only time, the decennial prize for opera founded by the Emperor was awarded, it was the Italian Spontini who won it over the French composer. The year following, Spontini triumphed again with *Fernand Cortez*, a so-called historic opéra and also a grand spectacle; the "cavalry"—sixteen horses from the stables of the Franconi circus, mounted by their grooms in sumptuous costumes all draped with gold—was not the least attraction of the show.

Insensibly the mythological opera, whose subjects, it was finally agreed, had been overworked and worn out, abandons the

field; the exalted old order passes away, to be succeeded by the historical tableau. After the tragedy, the drama; the age of Scribe is nearing.

But, the Académie impériale again becomes *royale*, after twenty-three revolutionary years.—The events of 1814 and 1815 did not fail to find an echo in the rue de Richelieu, formerly rue de la Loi. In the colorless repertory presented by Picard and his successors while awaiting Rossini's advent, there may be found several "occasional" pieces—at the end of the Empire *l'Oriflamme*, by Méhul, Paër, Berton, Kreutzer, and Gardel for the ballet (Feb. 1, 1814); and, during the Hundred Days, *Pélage, ou le Roi de la Paix* (April 23, 1814), by Spontini and Gardel. These titles and these dates sufficiently illuminate the general scope of these rhapsodies, hastily outfitted amid the crowded rush of events which the great official stage sought to comment upon and render manifest to the eyes of the public. But, while expecting the "happy return" of King Louis XVIII, the Opéra advertised, on April 10, 1814, *Le Triomphe de Trajan*, which was replaced at the last moment by *La Vestale*. The emperor of Russia and the king of Prussia, together with a multitude of foreign officers, assisted at the spectacle. The ancient French song *Vive Henri IV* was sung, corrupted by an improvisation on the same air: *Vive Guillaume et ses vaillants guerriers!* (Long live William and his valiant warriors!) However, the people did not vibrate precisely in unison with this royalistic enthusiasm, for the suburbs were yet smoking from the incendiary fires started by yesterday's fights.

IV

Rossini came at last! The epoch of Spontini, following the reign of Gluck and relegating the French composers to second place until Auber and Halévy, marks a revolution towards the modern opera, the "grand opera," of which the Meyerbeer series was to form the most complete expression.

The festivals and spectacles of the Revolution, on the one hand, and, on the other, the active competition with the Opéra of theatres formerly subordinated to it and in which musical internationalism already held sway, both contributed, if not to revolutionize the Académie impériale (now once again *royale*), at least sufficiently to hasten its progress in the direction of the romantic style so generally demanded by the public. *Le Siège de Corinthe*, by Rossini (the second version of his *Maometto II*), opened the new era which, within ten years, was to bring forth

Le Comte d'Ory, Guillaume Tell, La Muette de Portici, Robert le Diable, Les Huguenots, La Juive. And yet this score caused Vitet to write that Rossini had "carried harmonic effects to such a degree of complication, that one might be permitted to ask if he had not rendered any sort of innovation impossible." (!)

About the year 1830, music, like painting and literature, was to enter its romantic period. And this was a fortunate thing for music—fortunate in every sense of the word; because, since Lully, the reign of Louis-Philippe presents, in the person of Doctor Véron, the first director who left office without a deficit.

Replacing a Papillon de La Ferté at the head of the Menus-plaisirs (not the former head, however, for the intendant of Louis XVI had been guillotined), the Restoration had confided the Opéra to musicians: Choron and Persuis, to begin with (1816-1819); then Viotti, the renowned violinist; finally, Habeneck and Duplantys (1821-1824-1826). With Lubbert closes the *ancien régime*. The chief supervision was entrusted to the superintendent—Papillon, de Blacas, de Lauriston, the duke of Doudeauville and, lastly, viscount Sosthènes de La Rochefoucault. "The descendant of the author of the *Maxims*, viscount Louis-François Sosthènes, did not pursue with his sighs a duchess de Longueville of the Opéra (writes A. Royer); but his pious fervor seized upon the skirts of the dancers, which he caused to be made longer in order that evil thoughts might not be suggested to the spectators. . . . Under this moral administration the Opéra cost the Civil List, in the year 1827, the enormous sum of 966,000 fr., in spite of the State subvention and the 300,000 fr. obtained by a special assessment levied on secondary theatres and raree-shows."

This iniquitous assessment, deriving from the ancient privilege of the Opéra, had naturally been abolished under the Revolution. The Empire reestablished it in 1811; no ball or concert could be given unless one-fifth of the gross receipts was turned over to the Opéra. For lyric theatres the assessment was only one-twentieth (5%), the poor-tax being deducted. One could neither sing nor dance except at the Opéra or with its permission. The tax on concerts, without distinction, exercised a most untoward influence on the development of symphonic music and chamber-music in France; it made public hearings of such music well-nigh impossible.

To these taxes, estimated to yield 30,000 fr. per annum, the Restoration added two subventions—one from the Civil List, the other from the funds of the theatres.

Under the directorate of Viotti an event disastrous to the dynasty of the Bourbons caused the sudden closing of the hall in the rue de Richelieu; on Feb. 13, 1820, duke de Berry, while leaving the Opéra before the close of the performance, was assassinated by Louvel. The theatre was immediately closed, and speedily given over to the house-wreckers in obedience to the injunctions of the archbishop of Paris. During one year the Académie royale played in the Salle Favart, thereafter in the small Salle Louvois, while, on the other side of the boulevard, architect Debret, utilizing for the interior decoration a quantity of materials abstracted from the Salle de la Montensier, was constructing on the Choiseul property the theatre in the rue Le Peletier, burned down Oct. 29, 1873.

Abrogating the decree of 1811, Louis-Philippe established for the first time the modern regulations: management in partnership, and subvention (1831). Eugène Véron, physician, journalist (founder of the first *Revue de Paris*), was made Director for six years; like many others among his predecessors, he did not finish his term of office, but not for the same reasons! And now, although for one hundred and fifty years every one touching the Opéra had been ruined, Véron, thanks to his subvention, thanks also to Auber, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, retired in 1835 after amassing a fortune. His successor in office, the architect Duponchel, was less fortunate. Léon Pillet (1841-1847) continued the line of deficit-making directors. He disappeared, a victim of the cabal set on foot against the "favorite," Mme Stoltz, leaving debts to the amount of half a million. And, notwithstanding, he had mounted *Charles V*, by Halévy, *Der Freischütz* (revised by Berlioz), *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Duponchel, with Roqueplan, and then this latter by himself, again undertook the direction during the difficult period between 1847 and 1854 (Girard, Habeneck's successor at the head of the orchestra, having the musical direction), and staged only one long-lived work, *Le Prophète*.

No thought was given, or had been given for a long time, to our old French musicians, or even to Gluck and his school. Nothing would do but the historical opera, the grand spectacular opera, invented by Scribe and his imitators. A recrudescence of the antique with *Sapho*, which had only nine representations, barely made the public acquainted with the name of a musician whose glorious future Roqueplan was unable to foresee—Charles Gounod, who reappeared with no better success at the début of the next Direction with *La Nonne sanglante* (Oct. 18, 1854),

that opera by Scribe and Germain Delavigne the libretto of which had been offered successively to Meyerbeer, Halévy, Clapisson, Verdi, Grisar, Berlioz, and Félicien David.

The Civil List had then taken in hand the supreme management of the Académie de musique (*redivivus impériale*), and allowed a subvention of 900,000 francs to the Director. The least that can be said of this period, evidently a most brilliant one, is that it left nothing which might be turned to profit at the present time. The Opéra let Gounod take his *Faust* to Carvalho's Théâtre-Lyrique (1859), and then accepted his *La Reine de Saba*, which disappeared after fifteen performances (1862); and was not able to maintain *Tannhäuser*, whose failure retarded our musical evolution by thirty years. This situation was quite similar to that of the revolutionary epoch; in the artistic field the Opéra was outdistanced and, so to speak, replaced by Carvalho and his Théâtre-Lyrique, as it had been formerly by Feydeau. Under the direction of Royer and Perrin (1856, 1862-70) we can mention scarcely three or four works whose titles mean anything to us to-day: *l'Africaine*, *Hamlet*, *Faust* (imported from the Théâtre-Lyrique in 1869), and *Coppélia*, given on March 25, 1870. It would appear that on the eve of the war a revival of Gluck's *Armide* was planned; but, on a similar experiment in 1861, *Alceste* had met with little success, although it had had some few representations, thanks to Mme. Viardot, who had previously rehabilitated *Orphée* at Carvalho's theatre—and so a ballet had to be tacked on to it in order to realize presentable receipts! The same thing happened five years later; beginning with the fourth performance, the production was limited to the first two acts!

V

After the war and the Commune the Opéra (now the Académie nationale de musique) dwelt two years longer in the rue Le Peletier—until the fire. Halanzier, whose good fortune it was to inaugurate the new home of the Opéra—in process of construction since 1861 in the boulevard des Capucines—Halanzier staged *Érostrate*, by Reyer (October, 1871), and then sought refuge in the Salle des Italiens, in the place Ventadour, there to await the opening of the palace then being hastily completed by the architect, Charles Garnier.

On January the 5th, 1875, with the utmost pomp and ceremony, the Third Republic inaugurated the New Opéra, fresh from the builders' hands, in the presence of the Lord Mayor of

London. The grand stairway, the foyer with its much-admired frescos by Baudry, the auditorium all a-shimmer with gilding, sufficed to attract the crowd for some months; the Exposition of 1878 soon deluged the fortunate Halanzier with a flood of receipts hitherto unknown. After Lully, Halanzier was the third Director able to retire with a fortune; he made haste to do so when the Exposition closed. But, alas! the artistic reckoning hardly balanced a financial prosperity unheard-of in lyric annals. Instead of profiting by the influx of spectators who came to see, and staging novelties with a future or reviving classic works, the management contented itself with deploying, in the new Opéra, the repertory of the time of Louis-Philippe—Rossini, Meyerbeer, and their consorts. Still, we have to mention the appearance of Verdi with *Aida* (created, however, at the Théâtre-Italien), the début of Massenet with *Le Roi de Lahore*, the return of Gounod with *Polyeucte*, and the success of Delibes' delightful ballet *Sylvia*.

Vaucorbeil succeeded Halanzier. The directorate of this musician—for Vaucorbeil was a composer—lasted for five years and ended with a deficit of a million and a half, but at least it had augmented the repertory with *Françoise de Rimini* (Ambroise Thomas), *Henry VIII* (Saint-Saëns), *Namouna* (Lalo), and *Le Korrigane* (Widor).

Following a short interregnum, during which the administration of the Beaux-Arts merely increased the deficit, it became necessary to find a new Director; two were discovered, in the persons of Ritt and Gailhard. For the latter, who died quite recently, there now began an almost uninterrupted directorial career extending over twenty-four years, sometimes with and sometimes without associates. Though the closing septennates of Pierre (called Pedro) Gailhard were prosperous, the inception of the first was attended by no little difficulty. But the Exposition of 1889 came to repair the breaches in the budget; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, borrowed from the Opéra-Comique, which had taken it over from the older Théâtre-Lyrique, had no fewer than sixty-three performances in one year, escorted by *Faust* with twenty-four. The sole novelty was *La Tempête*, by Ambroise Thomas, the earlier repertory still providing *Guillaume Tell*, *Robert*, *La Juive*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Favorite*, *Le Prophète*, *L'Africain*, *Hamlet*, *Coppélia*, *Aida*, *Rigoletto*, interspersed with several later works by French composers—*Le Cid*, by Massenet; *Sigurd*, by Reyer (created at the Monnaie in Brussels); and *Patrie*, by Paladilhe.

In spite of all the talent of our composers—to whom the great concerts gave a warmer welcome than the theatre (and the Exposition could not last for ever!)—it was shortly recognized that something was wrong, that a lyric crisis impended that must be met at all hazards. The situation bore a certain resemblance to the one which we noted particularly before the advent of Gluck, or that of Rossini.

A name of worldwide celebrity was lacking on the programs of the Opéra; the symphonic concerts had long since possessed themselves of this name, and, from 1867 onward, a perception commenced to dawn—with Alexandre Dumas, Léo Delibes, Paladilhe, Lalo, d'Indy, *e tutti quanti* that there is no more use in quarreling with one's ears than with one's stomach, and that it was rather humiliating that Paris should be the only capital where *Lohengrin* was not a feature of the repertory, like *Le Domino noir* or *Les Huguenots*. Gailhard fell in with this opinion—more from interest than from conviction, it appears—towards the end of his first directorate. On Oct. 16, 1891, *Lohengrin*—hissed at the Eden, under the direction of Lamoureux, in 1887, for extra-musical reasons—*Lohengrin*, by Wagner, was produced at the Opéra, and furnished no fewer than thirty-five representations in two and one-half months. Then Bertrand began his septennate. With Édouard Colonne as musical director, he set out with the intention of making the theatre accessible to the multitude. Alas! this praiseworthy intention cost him, in fifteen months, more than a half-million. He was obliged to give it up and recall Gailhard, who was sole Director from 1899 to 1908. Now the rich Wagnerian vein was thoroughly worked, *Die Walküre* (which still gave occasion for some protests) followed *Lohengrin* on May 12, 1893; then came *Tannhäuser*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Siegfried*, *Tristan*, so that finally nothing further was left to be staged but *Rheingold*, *Götterdämmerung*, and *Parsifal*. And this was accomplished by Messrs. Messager and Broussan, whose stormy directorate came to a close at the declaration of war, which supervened in the nick of time, as they had already offered their resignation to the ministry on July 11, 1914.

The "Wagner question" was the one most prominently before the musical world in the nineteenth century. The multifarious personality of the poet-musician, reformer, critic, and, above all, man of the stage, known as Richard Wagner, was bound to arouse violent polemics and passionate admiration the world over. It was not only at Paris that Wagner was hissed during his lifetime, but also at Berlin and Vienna. It is not sufficiently

known, in France, what difficulties, what hostility, the art of Wagner encountered beyond our frontiers. If we add that in France, for reasons of a more commercial than patriotic nature, the press was busy in stirring up certain personal animosities in order to keep his works away from the Opéra (even while they were already playing in the provinces, at Lyons, at Rouen, at Nantes!), we need not be surprised at the delay of this theatre in adopting him. It was a great mistake, whose consequences heavily handicapped the French School. Had Wagner been known in Paris as early as in Brussels or London, our composers, who were imitating him with the best intentions in the world while awaiting his appearance, would have sought another path twenty years sooner.

What, in fact, do we observe towards 1890? At that time our lyric stage was affected by various tendencies. The "grand opera" according to Scribe still formed the foundation of the repertory; beside this, an eclectic school (Gounod, Bizet, who was accused of Wagnerism) follows very nearly the same esthetic lines, with the difference that the libretto of Scribe was succeeded by that of Barbier and Carré. These two inseparable librettists drew less upon history and passing events than their illustrious predecessor; they preferred, for the most part, to adapt Goethe or Shakespeare, which exempted them from overtaking their own imagination. Gallet, a less prolific librettist, had a fancy for history and legends. In *Blau*—the librettist of Lalo's *Roi d'Ys* (which the Opéra would not or could not acquire), of Reyer's *Sigurd*, of Massenet's *Le Cid* and *Le Mage*—we note the search after a different formula; the historical subject loses ground; following Wagner, of whom neither the works nor the theories are unknown, we find attempts to treat legendary subjects in his manner, to substitute our ancient Northern mythology for the antique classic mythology; going back to our ancient legends, our writers seek, like the poet-musician, for the "purely human," detached from the limitations of time and place; the musician, on his part, strives after continuous melody, the combination of leading motives. Thus we get *Guendolins*, by Chabrier; *La Cloche du Rhin*, by Samuel Rousseau; *La Baronde*, by Paul Vidal; *l'Étranger*, and later *Fervaal*, by Vincent d'Indy.

"Profitless labor," as Mime sings while trying to weld together the sword of Sigmund. The public prefers the original to the imitation, and from the day that *Siegfried* appears, it no longer cares to hear *Sigurd*.

As an indirect result of Wagnerism, our theatres could successfully return to Mozart and Gluck, to Weber and Beethoven,

who had been almost entirely expunged from the repertory since the disappearance of the Théâtre-Lyrique and the fire in the rue Le Peletier.

A further tendency was realism; however, being more at its ease in the Opéra-Comique, it showed itself for only a brief space at the Opéra, with *Messidor* (by Émile Zola and Alfred Bruneau). Here, too, Zola takes an excursion into the marvellous and legendary in his conception of the lyric drama.

Finally, and closer to our time, another foreign influence which, under certain aspects, is a return to our eighteenth century, brought a new springtide into our conception of the ballet and the "spectacle" in general. The Russian ballets performed for several seasons at the Châtelet, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, even at the Opéra, breathed new life into choreography, and influenced both decorator and costumer. For the oldentime traditional decorations, for the perpetual ocular deceptions, often poverty-stricken and futile, a genial imagination has substituted characteristic tableaux, in pure and striking colors which harmonize with the costumes, which are themselves realizations of new ideas or revivals from our choreographic past.

Do we owe to the Russian ballet, or to suggestions from the historians of French music, the attempted resuscitation of a score by Rameau? However this may be, after Gailhard's revival of *Armide*, by Gluck, Messrs. Messager and Broussan went back fifty years further and staged *Hippolyte et Aricie*. Moreover, they augmented the repertory with Wagner's Tetralogy and *Parsifal*, Richard Strauss's *Salomé*, and *La Damnation de Faust*, by Berlioz (which last has never had a very suitable stage-setting); and several other interesting scores—*Monna Vanna*, by Maeterlinck and Février; *Le Miracle*, by Gheusi, Mérané and Georges Hué; *La Forêt*, by Laurent Tailhade and Savart; *Solmo*, by Charles Méré and Bachelet; *La Fête chez Thérèse*, by Reynaldo Hahn; etc.

M. Jacques Rouche, who was prematurely called to take charge of the Opéra on Sept. 1, 1914, found his installation adjourned *sine die* by the war. He took the risk of reopening the theatre toward the end of 1915, publishing a program whose originality outdoes those of his predecessors; he undertook nothing less than to pass in review the entire body of French dramatic music—even to go back beyond its inception, and reconstitute the musical *divertissements* of the middle ages¹. Up to the present, circumstances have permitted the realization of only a very small part of this program; in this there have been paraded, in a series

¹See THE MUSICAL QUARTERLY for January, 1916, p. 160 et seq.

HANDEL'S CLOCK MUSIC

By WILLIAM BARCLAY SQUIRE

EARLY in the reign of George I a clockmaker named Charles Clay, who came from Stockton, in Yorkshire, petitioned Parliament for a patent in respect of a musical and repeating watch or clock. A similar watch was produced about the same time by Daniel Quare, who was supported by the Company of Clock-makers and opposed Clay's application. The matter was fought out in prolonged litigation which lasted from February 1716 until the latter part of 1717, ending in a refusal of Clay's petition for a patent. For some years after this nothing is heard of Clay, who seems to have settled in London, living in the Strand. But in the *Weekly Advertiser* for 8 May, 1736, there appeared the following paragraph:

On Monday Mr. Clay, the inventor of the machine watches in the Strand, had the honour of exhibiting to Her Majesty at Kensington his surprising musical clock, which gave uncommon satisfaction to all the Royal Family present, at which time Her Majesty, to encourage so great an Artist, was pleased to order fifty guineas to be expended for numbers in the intended raffle, by which we hear Mr. Clay intends to dispose of this said beautiful and most complete piece of Machinery

Who won the clock at the raffle and what became of it for the next hundred and odd years are unknown, but the late Mr. F. J. Britten, in his "Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers" (3rd edition, 1911, p. 359) gives a full description of it, accompanied by an illustration. According to this, it had been for many years in a manor-house in Suffolk. It stood 8 feet 6 inches high, the case being in two parts, the upper of Amboyna wood with brass mounts and the pedestal (of Spanish Mahogany and Amboyna wood) containing Clay's chiming apparatus. Mr. Britten states that the chiming machine had 21 bells, driven by a weight "though the barrel is fully 12 inches in diameter." Dampers prevented the vibration of the bells one with another and the music started directly the clock had finished striking. In the arch of the dial were shown the age of the moon, the day of the month and a list of the tunes played by the clock, viz.: "Mr. Arcangelo Corelli's Twelfth Concerto, 1st, Adagio; 2nd, Allegro. 3rd, Saraband; 4th, Jigg. The Fugue in the overture of Ariadne." Mr. Britten does not say where the clock was when he wrote, nor

who was its owner, but he was largely assisted in his work by Mr. Percy Webster, whose knowledge of old English clocks is very extensive, and that gentleman, in reply to my enquiries, kindly informs me that, to the best of his recollection, the clock was owned by the late Mr. F. A. English, of Addington Park, Surrey. Mr. Webster's description differs considerably from that given in Mr. Britten's book. He says that.

There was no listed tunes, but the musical part in the base of the clock was very elaborate, with a large pricked barrel, and (from memory) quite three octaves, with extra bells for half-notes. . . and originally a system of dampers. Another machine was contained in the upper part, playing on organ pipes: this fell into dilapidation and was removed.

The differences between Mr. Britten's and Mr. Webster's descriptions make it very desirable that the clock should be examined again. Unfortunately, Mr. English is dead, and so far I have been unable to trace the whereabouts of Clay's "surprising musical clock." That the machine created considerable interest in London at the time of its exhibition is proved by the fact that no less a person than Handel wrote and arranged at least one set of tunes for it. This fact is not mentioned in Chrysander's life of the composer, nor are the tunes to be found in the incomplete edition of his works issued by the Händel-Gesellschaft. Their existence only came to light on the disposal, in the spring of last year, of Lord Aylesford's collection of musical manuscripts. This collection was bequeathed to an ancestor of the present Earl's by Handel's friend Jennens. It consisted (*inter alia*) of a very large number of copies of Handel's music, mostly in the writing of John Christopher Smith. The copies seem to have been made in the most indiscriminate fashion and Smith filled his volumes with the first thing that came to hand, with the result that their contents are often very confusing and difficult to identify. At the sale the larger part of the collection passed into the hands of dealers, but I was fortunate enough to secure a number of miscellaneous volumes containing a quantity of unpublished compositions which seem never to have been seen by Chrysander. In two of these volumes there are two sets of tunes for a musical clock. The first set is entitled "Ten [there are really eleven] Tunes for Clay's Musical Clock." The second set begins with a "Sonata for a Musical Clock"—followed by five other pieces evidently also written for the same purpose. No. 2 of the first Set also occurs as No. 3 of the Second Set, where it has the curious title "A Voluntary on A Flight of Angels," which clearly connects the two sets with Clay's

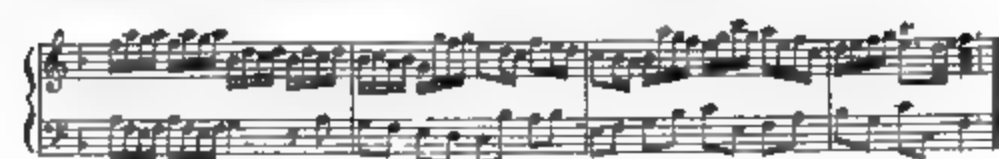
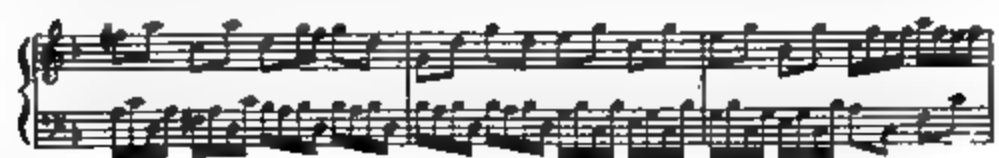
clock. Whether they were ever actually used by Clay it is impossible to say. So far the only musical clock by him which is known is that described by Mr. Britten, and this apparently only played a selection from a Concerto by Corelli and an excerpt from the overture to Handel's "Ariadne." But the existence of these Handelian tunes shows that Handel must have seen and been interested in Clay's invention, and it is characteristic of his untiring energy that he should have taken the trouble to arrange these tunes for a mechanical clock, carefully altering the opera airs so as to avoid the inevitable *Da Capo's* of the originals. The question as to the compass of the tunes is rather difficult to decide without knowing for certain how many notes were played by Clay's machine. Mr. Britten says that the clock contained only 21 bells; Mr. Webster that the compass was three octaves. If the former is correct, the tunes in Set I could not have been played as they are written. But it is probable (as shown by comparing the two versions of the "Voluntary or Flight of Angels") that the lower part in Set I was written on the bass stave only for convenience and that it would be played in the clock an octave higher, which would bring it within the compass described by Mr. Britten. The two sets are here printed. Musically they are not of much value, but they are interesting as showing that, like Mozart in later days, mechanical reproduction of music was not beneath Handel's notice. One cannot but wonder what Handel and Mozart would have written for the Pianola!

Handel's Clock Music

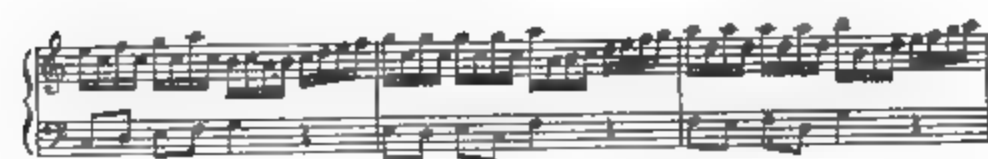
Set I

No. 1.





No. 2





No. 8.

Eight staves of musical notation, labeled "No. 8.". The notation is arranged in four systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#). The notation is highly complex, featuring many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, suggesting a fast tempo. The piece concludes with a final cadence on the eighth staff.

*"Voia l'augello" (Sosarme)*

No. 4.

A multi-system musical score for a piece titled "Voia l'augello" (Sosarme), No. 4. The score is written in G major, 3/4 time, and consists of seven systems. Each system has a treble clef staff with a highly ornate and technically demanding melody, featuring frequent sixteenth, thirty-second, and sixteenth-note runs, as well as trills and grace notes. The bass clef staff provides a steady accompaniment, primarily using eighth and quarter notes. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.

No. 5.

Allegro



"Alla fama dimmi il vero" (Ottone)

No. 6.





Deh lascia un bel desio (Arianna)

No. 7





No. 8.





"Dell' onda ai fieri moti" (Ottone)

No. 9.

A multi-system musical score for a piano piece. It consists of seven systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in 3/4 time and features a complex, flowing melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, characteristic of Handel's 'Clock Music'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

"In mille dolci modi" (Sesarme)

No. 10.



No 11





Handel's Clock Music
Set II
Sonata

No. 1.



No. 2.



A Voluntary on a Flight of Angels

No. 3.



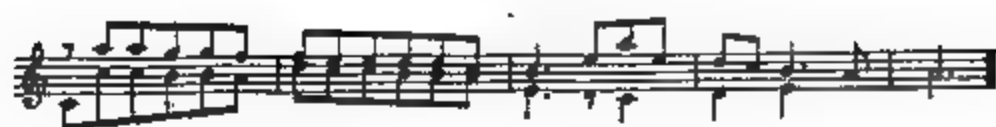


No. 4.



No. 5.





Menuet

No. 8.



Air

No. 7.



ON THE RELATIVE DIFFICULTIES OF DEPICTING HEAVEN AND HELL IN MUSIC

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

BEGINNING with the eighteenth century and extending down through our own time heaven and hell have exerted a powerful sway over the imagination of the musician. It would seem, indeed, that the most abstract of the arts could express to us more satisfactorily than poetry, painting, or sculpture the symbolism inherent in the names of these post-death kingdoms. Heaven suggests goodness, nobility, sublimity, glory, simple faith, aspiration, charity, brotherly love, and, in the minds of composers, perhaps because of the mistranslation of the names of obscure Hebrew instruments of which we have no pictorial conception, these qualities are best expressed concretely by means of harps and trumpets. Hell, on the other hand, which suggests vice, ugliness, deceit, and defeat, is generally associated with snarling bassoons and rattling drums. Curiously enough, although there can be nothing inherently wicked about music, it is often with hell rather than heaven that composers have achieved their best effects, and the noblest music is not specifically concerned with paradise. The symphony in C minor, of which it is unnecessary to name the composer, Schubert's symphony in C major, which has only been associated with heaven through Schumann's adjectival comment, *Or sai chi l'onore*, and the final scene of *Die Walküre*, were all no doubt inspired by God in the truest religious sense, but the composers were making no attempt to picture to us the streets of pearl, the mighty chryselephantine throne, or the winged supernaturals who are said to play harps in the air.

A real heaven in opera or tone-poem is quite likely to remind a musician of the key of C major, the tonic and the dominant, and the diatonic scale, whereas hell and the devil seem to insist on five or six sharps or flats, esoteric scales, and a dædal disregard for exoteric rhythms. The conclusion of the second act of *Hänsel und Gretel* furnishes us with an excellent typical example of what usually happens in music when a real heaven is turned on. Humperdinck here is satisfied, with the aid of transparencies, colored

lights, and stately-tripping angels bearing gilded palm leaves, to transfigure and glorify a tune which suggests a Protestant Sunday School and which dramatically is probably quite in keeping with the Protestant Sunday School ideas of the two babes in the forest. However, it may be said, with its unimaginative succession of tonic and dominant chords and plentiful arpeggios, to represent one of the weakest moments in the score. Arpeggios, by the way, are seemingly an essential accompaniment to anything heavenly. It is not alone Little Eva who expires to them; even Richard Strauss reverted to them for his balefully banal heaven music in his tone-poem, *Death and Transfiguration*, an episode which sends some of us away from the concert-hall fully determined never to do good in this world for fear we may be consigned to listen to such vapid music all our immortal lives.

Heaven indeed must be a very dull place to inspire such saccharine chords from the composer of the acescent and biting *Elektra*. Again in *The Legend of Joseph* an angel steps our way to a tune which suggests that Strauss is not at his best when thinking of heaven. Nor is Mascagni, who in *Iris* introduces us to a Japanese paradise, via a lotus-flower route, much more successful. For the naïve simplicities of *The Creation* and for the thundering God-fearing music of *The Messiah* I have more sympathy, and of all heavenly music I do not think better exists than the *Dance of the Angels* in Wolf-Ferrari's *Vita Nuova*. There is a test for great art, and you may apply this test equally to Paul Verlaine or Shakespeare, in that it treats of the sublime with simplicity and the simple with sublimity. This minuet, scored for harps, piano, and kettledrums, bringing up to mind a divine fresco of pre-Raphaélite angels, of daisy besprinkled green fields, of deep blue skies, of lakes of still deeper blue, circled by ilxes and cypresses, is indeed celestial in its simplicity, as poignant a simplicity as that of one of the poems of "Sagesse." It reflects the simple faith of its composer and it begets faith in its listeners. Gluck, too, knew the secret; Gluck, above all others, knew the secret, but Gluck was inspired by the pagan heaven of the Greeks, a more beautiful ideal than the heaven of the Christians. In all opera I cannot recall a more simple, a more touchingly serene page than the music of the scene of the Elysian Fields in *Orfeo*. The first and unbelievably lovely dance of the happy spirits in F major, "which," Vernon Lee assures us in "Orpheus in Rome," one of the most mood-compelling of her essays, "seems, in its even flow, to carry the soul, upon some reedy, willowy stream, into the heart of the land of the happy dead," is immediately followed

by an exquisite flute melody, to which, if we are not disturbed by the action on the stage (and it is often well to cover one's eyes), we may imagine the filmiest of sylphs floating lazily through the ether. The song of the Happy Shade enhances the mood and even the entrance of Orpheus does not break the spell which continues to hold us in its power until the descending curtain shuts from our ears the divine chorus which ends the scene. The singing of no Christian angels can ever compensate for this lovely pagan choir. The scene of the furies exhibits Gluck's talent in demoniacism. How persistently they scamper and riot! How tremendous is their marmorean and terrible No! This naïve but substantial canvas suggests Orcagna's fresco, *The Triumph of Death*, in the Campo Santo at Pisa much more definitely than Liszt's *Totentanz*, which is intended as a musical transmutation of the picture.

In the music of Gluck we are assuredly near the heart of true beauty, which, after all, may be the real God, the real heavenly kingdom. Ideas differ, however. In 1665 Fr. Arnoulx, canon of the cathedral of Riez in Provence, published at Rouen a book, now very rare, entitled, "Du Paradis et de ses merveilles, où est amplement traité de la félicité éternelle et de ses joyes." After describing what can be seen in heaven he turns to the pleasures of the ear:

If the glory of the picture is all that one can desire, also the ear is charmed by melodious music, pleasant harmony, gentle murmurings, soft and beautiful voices. There is a director, there are singers and musicians in abundance; there are thousands of millions of beautiful voices which sing in harmony, observing very perfectly all the rules of music. The director is Jesus Christ; the singers are the angels, the blessed, happy angels. There are three bands of angels and each of them is divided into three choirs: the Cherubim, the Seraphim, and the Thrones sing soprano; the Dominations and the Principalities sing alto; the Powers and the Virtues sing tenor, the archangels and the angels in the lowest choir sing bass; even the saints come to sing with these. Jesus Christ gives the key to all and intones the motet, which is new. With this celestial music and so many melodious voices of different kinds there is yet, for the entire perfection of the scale, the sound of the harp, of the flute, of viola, of the spinet, of the lute, and all other kinds of instruments which marvelously tickle the delicacy of our ears.

Music of hell is usually associated with the devil. Once even, it is related, on the authority of a composer, the devil himself wrote a tune; this is Tartini's *Devil's Trill Sonata*, which violinists often play to this day. M. Lalande, in his "Voyage d'un François en Italie," tells the story, which he says he had

directly from Tartini, and Dr. Burney repeats it. Michael Kelly informs us, in memoirs which are not entirely to be relied on in other respects, that Nardini, a pupil of Tartini, assured him that the story was correct in every detail. One night in the year 1713, it seems, Tartini dreamed that he had made a contract with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; indeed, in the dream the musician's new servant anticipated all his wishes and fully satisfied his desires. Ultimately the two became so familiar that Tartini presented the fiend with his viola in order to ascertain what kind of musician he was; when, to Tartini's astonishment, he heard him play an air, so beautiful in itself and performed with such taste and skill that it surpassed all the music he had ever heard in his life. Tartini awoke in a state of feverish excitement and delight, and seized his fiddle in the hope of repeating the music he had just heard, but the archenemy had gone and his music with him! Nevertheless Tartini took pen and music-paper and immediately composed the sonata which bears the devil's name. It is the best of Tartini's works, but so far inferior has its composer declared it to be to the music which he heard in his dream, that he said he would have smashed his instrument and abandoned music for the rest of his life could he have subsisted by any other means.

It was thoughtful of the devil to write this sonata in the style of the eighteenth century. What if it had occurred to him to dash off Leo Ornstein's sonata, opus 31? Could Tartini have remembered the notes and put them down? I doubt it. As it is, we have Tartini's word for the fact that the music as performed was infinitely more extraordinary than his transcription of it. Memory is treacherous at best and to remember a whole sonata, taking in at the same time the virtuosity of the devil and the glamor of his presence, which must have shared interest with his playing, must be adjudged a remarkable feat. Broad, sweeping, sensuous melodies and rapid, dashing cascades of notes, to be played with devilish abandon, alternate in this music. If Tolstoy had been more familiar with musical literature he would have found this composition more to his purpose than the harmless *Kreutzer Sonata*. In one section the leading notes are trilled, hence probably the title. Also the violinist is given an opportunity in the cadenza to trill to his bow's content. The work is difficult and we are forced to the conclusion that the devil must have been an exceptionally fine fiddler.

In 1858-9 Liszt composed two orchestral paraphrases of episodes from the "Faust" of Nicolaus Lenau and in the second

of these, *The Dance in the Village Tavern*, more commonly known as the *Mephisto Waltz*, the devil plays the violin, while Faust, in sensuous excitement, waltzes away with a black-eyed peasant girl. John Sullivan Dwight, once a prominent Boston critic, held that this music was "positively devilish, simply diabolical. . . it shuts out every ray of light and heaven, from whence music sprang." Perhaps the spirit of ataraxy is in the air; at any rate to-day we can listen to this piece without trembling. When the devil played the fiddle, Philip Hale assures us, his bowing was so vigorous that the dancers kept on dancing until they died. Miss Jeannette d'Abadie saw Mrs. Martibalsarena dance with four frogs at the same time at a Sabbath personally conducted by Satan, who played in an extraordinarily wild fashion. His favorite instrument was the fiddle, but he occasionally performed on the bagpipe. The good monk Abraham à Sancta-Clara, according to Mr. Hale, once meditated on the devil's taste in musical instruments:

Does he prefer the harp? Surely not, for it was by the harp that he was driven from the body of Saul. A trumpet? No, for the brilliant tones of the trumpet have many times dispersed the enemies of the Lord. A tambourine? Ah no, for Miriam the sister of Aaron, after Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea, took a tambourine in her hand and with all the women about her praised and thanked God. A fiddle? No, indeed, for with a fiddle an angel rejoiced the heart of St. Francis. I do not wish to abuse the patience of the reader, and so I say nothing is more agreeable to Satan for accompaniment to the dance than the ancient pagan lyre.

Rubinstein's orchestral poem *Faust* seems to lack reference to the devil, but in his opera, *The Demon*, which until recently, at least, has remained popular in Russia, he drew a full length portrait of the tempter. There are minor glimpses of hell in *Der Freischütz* and *Robert le Diable*; Massenet in *Griseïdis* turned his attention to a bourgeois, boisterous, gothic gargoyle kind of devil, a devil with a wife, which he limned with no little humor. The most important air of this amusing apparition is called, *Loïn de sa femme!* It is principally, however, with the *Faust* legend, which has intrigued composers for considerably over a century, that musicians have gone to hell. Many of these operas, symphonies and overtures have disappeared and only musical dictionaries and white-haired gatherers of statistics remind us that they once existed. Even much of the incidental music composed to be performed with Goethe's tragedy has fallen into oblivion. The very names of Radziwill, Lindpaintner, Béraucourt, de

bleamed light. The D minor symphony is to me the finest expression of simple sublimity to be found in all music. This haunting reticulation of tones aspires and even reaches beyond aspiration. The terrible first movement warns us of the Judgement Day and then in melting human tones forgives us our sins. The allegretto is like a graceful dance of angels, the angels of Benozzo Gozzoli, clad in robes of mulberry and lilac sewn with threads of gold and silver, their halos glistening in a blue light, itself impregnated with golden dust, while the hautboys and harps ravish our ears and the soaring violins give ample promise of the glory of the heavenly choirs. Santa Teresa would have loved this music, music mystic and beneficent at the same time, not the mysticism tinged with chypre and verveine and essence of bergamot which makes Debussy's music a powerful stimulant to jaded nerves. César Franck could have realized the simple purity of Marguerite and he would have carried her triumphantly, gloriously, magnificently through vague Gothic arches of tone which would have burst the boundaries of any singing theatre and transported us perforce to Amiens or Chartres.

But Papa Franck could never have managed the hell scenes of *Faust*. He would have made of Abaddon a truly epicene kingdom, frequented by bardashes and catamites. No, for hell we should turn to Stravinsky—and what a dashing, erratic, spontaneous, discordant devil we might expect from him! A devil in quintuple and sextuple rhythms, a devil cap-a-pie with triplets in sixteenths, and figurations after the worst manner of sheol, a delightful, insinuating, firefly, nervous marvelous fellow of a fiend with piccolos, flutes, clarinets, hautboys, bassoons, French horns, and celestas at his beck and call, a Zaniel with nerve-wracking glissandos on the violins and deep passionate long-bowed mocking viola notes at his command, Beelzebub with a shower of shuddering octaves and a flood of discordant tenths, an Apollyon who could sing bass and tenor and a little falsetto, in fact a regular bing-bang-boom hell of a devil in the best Russian Ballet manner!

Now a Stravinsky devil played against a César Franck heaven would make a *Faust* that would keep the oldest subscriber to the Opera awake, and would effectually destroy all hope for the future of Hun music even in Germany. Even old Nietzsche, could he hear it, would be delighted with this nexus of mysticism and nervous energy, this combat of the life-force with the spirit of God!



The group of people standing in the field, including the man in the dark suit and hat, the woman in the light-colored dress and hat, and the man in the light-colored suit and hat, are all looking towards the group of people in the background. The man in the dark suit and hat is standing with his back to the camera, while the woman in the light-colored dress and hat is standing with her hands clasped. The man in the light-colored suit and hat is standing with his hands clasped, and the woman in the light-colored dress and hat is standing with her hands clasped. The group of people in the background, including children, are standing in a line.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

A CRITICAL ESTIMATE

By D. C. PARKER

HOW is one to do justice to Saint-Saëns? He has accomplished so much in every sphere of musical activity that the reviewer who would weigh and analyse all his works must share something of the astounding versatility of his subject. Born in 1835, when men were still discussing the death of La Fayette, he has been a force in music for over half a century. He is the most important link between the old world of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Auber and Gounod and the new one of the present decade. At the time of his birth the first productions of "Masaniello," "William Tell" and "Robert le Diable" were matters of recent history; and Saint-Saëns had proved himself a man of no small attainments when Gounod's "Faust" caused a stir in operatic circles. Over eighty years old—or should one not rather say young?—he has witnessed the rise and fall of many artistic *régimes*, and well within the span of his creative period innumerable events of importance to French dramatic music have taken place. "Mignon" appeared in 1866, "Djamileh," the beauty of which inspired him to a sonnet, in 1872, Massenet's charming "Manon" in 1884, "Louise" in 1900. The man who talked with Rossini and knew Berlioz still holds an honoured position in these days when Debussy, Erik Satie and Ravel are famous names. Doubtless he thinks with infinite zest of the fact that he was a prodigy who played the devil with the romantic idea. Doubtless he has learnt much as a close spectator of the pageant. He knows that every year students emerge from the Conservatoire full of a reforming zeal which is to set aright the musical universe. He knows equally well that men have a strange way of repeating their errors and that passing vogues die quickly. But it is not only as a link or an onlooker that he interests us. There is that in him which acts as a magnet and sends us to his works.

HIS PLACE.

How are we to place this strange apparition in French music? With him the valuation which is arrived at by analogy almost

breaks down. Comparisons avail little. He has no real analogue. There is a kind of affinity with Liszt on which I shall enlarge later, but survey the names of his contemporaries and you will not discover one with whom, save at a few points, you can profitably compare him. Of his merits much has been said in high quarters. Berlioz, writing to H. Ferrand in January 1866, refers to him as "a great pianist, a great musician who knows his Gluck as well as I do." In another letter to the same, dated 11th June, 1867, he talks of "my young friend, Camille Saint-Saëns, one of the greatest musicians of our time." Auber, speaking of "*Les Noces de Prométhée*," which won a prize in 1867, declared that he was "a symphonist so sure of his method, so far removed from drudgery, of such an attractive manner, that I cannot name his equal amongst us." Gounod sang his praises again and again. "He is a man of weight," he stated, "he draws and paints his tone-pictures with the hand of a master." Von Bülow was impressed by the extent and accuracy of his knowledge. Bizet envied his adaptability. To Liszt's encouragement the materialisation of "*Samson and Delilah*" was due and to his influence the performance of the work at Weimar in 1877. It is recorded that once, when Liszt was asked to go to Paris, he answered significantly, "You have Saint-Saëns." The sage of the *rus de Vaugirard* did not always see eye to eye with that of the *rus de Longchamps*, but Massenet used Saint-Saëns's music in his composition class at the Conservatoire. So much for the musicians; the critics, however, put the composer under the microscope and attempt to set the scales of justice at the right angle. Romain Rolland refers to the double origin of his music and calls him one who has become "a classic during his life." M. Calvocoressi mentions the fact that his organ playing, while "remarkable for purity, perspicuity and ease," lacked "poetic intensity and fervour," and adds that "it is not only as a pianist that he reveals a certain coldness, an imperturbability greater than one is wont to meet with in musicians." De Solenière contrasts Massenet and Saint-Saëns. "The first," he tells us, "is all intuition and enthusiasm, the second all reason and learning." To him Saint-Saëns is "a scholastic" who represents the French desire to dissipate the legend of national frivolity in music.

It is obviously difficult to estimate accurately the value of a man who has been a classicist, a romanticist, an individualist with a great reverence for the past, a pedagogue of the best type, a partisan of programme music. Scanning his work as a whole we may form some idea of his historical position. To call a certain

kind of composer second rate is to court misconception. The familiar use of the term has debased it, but its legitimate employment does not imply any disparagement. Strictly speaking, to say that a man is a second rate artist is to assign him a very high place. The centuries have yielded but few writers of the first order. To declare, therefore, that Saint-Saëns is a composer belonging to the second category is, I think, to deal with him justly. To claim that he is the equal of Bach or Mozart, Gluck or Beethoven would be to give him a weighty reason for asking to be delivered from his friends. Colloquially he is a master; historically he is not.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS MUSIC.

The base on which his edifice is built is a solid one, and it is a thousand pities that more of our musical scaffolding is not set firmly upon it. Saint-Saëns's right to the title of a great musician is justified by reason of his thorough knowledge of the classics, a knowledge which constantly makes itself felt in his music. In these days, when there is so much irresponsible babbling concerning the heritage of the past, it is comforting to find a man who has often shown a human interest in it. That Saint-Saëns knows Rameau and the clavecinists generally, Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart, must be manifest to all who are familiar with his writings. His love for the classical giants and his sympathy with them form, so to speak, the foundation of his art. In addition, he is economical and has a fine sense of note-values which is almost Mozartian, so that we can rarely say of him, what is true of many others, that, while there are many notes, there is very little music. There is also in his works that which is peculiarly his own. It is difficult to catch, for he is very fond of exoticism, as witness the *Rhapsodie mauresque* of the "Suite Algérienne" with its *tambour basque* and triangle; and it is about this question that differences of opinion most commonly arise. What is it that he gives us which is peculiar to him alone? The question is not easy to answer because, while many of his best pages bear the stamp of his personality, one can guess the derivatives, and also because what he learns becomes a very real part of himself. (Gounod dwelt upon his marvellous talent for assimilation.) You can never say, "That is Saint-Saëns," as you can say, "That is Grieg," or "That is Chopin," and there is with him no pronounced characteristic such as the *mélodie massenetique*. He has not even a "manner" like Puccini, a man whose gift is of a lesser order. We must content ourselves with the remark that the physiognomy of

the composer seems most apparent to us when his music is graceful and touched with a pleasing sentiment, when the melody draws its sinuous curve over subtle harmonies, when you get the impression that he could have said the thing far more elaborately had it not been for the restraint which is native to him. A good example of this is to be found in the second subject of the first movement of the B minor Violin Concerto. Broadly speaking, he is epigrammatic. He illuminates by a flash. The *esprit gaulois* is not wanting. His method is that of Anatole France, not that of Zola or Mommsen. If you try to get at the kernel of the matter you will find that, like his own Omphale, he subdues by sweetness rather than by the strength of Hercules, though it is not untrue to say that the charm goes hand in hand with pronounced intellectual qualities.

It is a commonplace of criticism that extensiveness is purchased at the expense of intensiveness, and many who are temperamentally unsympathetic to Saint-Saëns would doubtless tell us that he employs his skill on things which are unworthy of it, that his legerdemain is squandered on poor tricks. There is a grain of truth in this contention, for the intrinsic value of his idea as an idea is not always so arresting as his treatment of it. But it would be unwise to declare that he has nothing to say. Certainly "La Jeunesse d'Hercule" contains a good deal of "made" music, but this still seems so if it be judged by the standard of his other symphonic poems, and I think that too much has been made of his facility and too little of the melodic value of his music; for, after all, a good number of themes of undoubted lyrical beauty can be found in his compositions, and this quite apart from their "workable" qualities. The view that his real contribution to his art is small is, however, tenaciously held in some quarters, and it appears far truer than it is because he has sedulously avoided joining his music to such things as freemasonry, theosophy and philosophy. A programme music writer he undoubtedly is, but he has no "message." There is no doctrine of redemption in his stage works, no hidden meaning in his orchestral ones, no interpretation of the universe in any page. All of which may conceivably put him out of court with those who look for Schopenhauer in arpeggios and grave warnings to mankind in the most innocent of motifs.

It is also urged that he is superficial, that profundity is unknown to him. It is true that you seldom feel that he has got down to the bedrock of things. We cannot apply to him the remark which Andrew Lang applied to Montaigne—"he is a

tired man's, not a fresh man's" author. We would not go to him in moments of spiritual crisis. The musical equivalent of Shakespeare's clowns is not to be found here. He is perhaps too anxious to be polite. In what he has penned the disorder fashioned by the world-genius is not to be found. The divine task of creating an imaginary universe out of chaos is reserved for the few. Nothing is more impressive than those pages which attain heights of beauty and passion from a seeming nothingness, than those passages in which a remote rumbling rises like the voices of an Athenian crowd and becomes gradually articulate and eloquent. In this matter, however, we must let him speak for himself. The charge of superficiality has often been levelled at Massenet. Saint-Saëns referred to this in an article. "Massenet," he wrote, "is not profound, and that has no importance at all Are charms and smiles to be considered useless? Oh, how many people I know who pretend to despise them and who, in their own hearts, regret that they do not possess them!" May we not fittingly apply these words to Saint-Saëns? There is, I think, something to be said for his view. The lesser function should not be entirely disregarded, and if we rule out men who are incapable of saying things of cosmic significance we shall have a very small circle of friends and shall cut ourselves off from much that adds to the richness of life. We know that great things are born with difficulty, that the consummate genius gives us the impression that his work is not only well but easily done. But to state that the natural flow of Saint-Saëns's music is not that of the man who sweats and wrestles with his idea in the direst agony is not to deny that it is extremely pleasing of itself. And few, surely, would go so far as to anathematise such things as the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," "La Fiancée du Timbalier," the "Suite Algérienne," the Variations for two pianofortes on a Theme of Beethoven (op. 35), and that dream of loveliness, the "Havanaise."

It would be foolish to say that the catholicity of Saint-Saëns and the ease with which he can change his manner do not offer a very dangerous pitfall into which he sometimes stumbles. Nature exacts the last cent for the gifts which she bestows. To the versatile musician the maintenance of a consistency of style is a very great difficulty. We cannot reproach a man for turning to the speech of Bach or Handel and prattling in the rough, human accents of these Titans. Such an exercise is often a joyful task to the creator. But we can reproach him when he goes to this and that period in the same work, when his architecture is, as it were, now Gothic, now Norman. In this matter Saint-Saëns is not

always innocent. There is a strong resemblance between Saint-Saëns the traveller and Saint-Saëns the composer. The former is deservedly famous for his many journeys. He has explored unfrequented places and nursed an affection for the South and the East. Where there is much sunshine and the vegetation is opulent he has often been found. His visits to the Canary Isles, Egypt, Algeria and Brazil are almost historical. But, like a true Frenchman, he always returns to Paris. Documentary evidence of these wanderings is present in his music, yet, on the written page, as in his itineraries, he always returns to Paris. His intellectual restlessness is the counterpart of his physical restlessness, and I think that we may claim that the power which urges him to speak to-day in an archaic manner and to unburden himself to-morrow in the romantic vocabulary is one with that which sends him to the vast emptiness of the desert, to the fragrant gardens of the tropics, for his mental refreshment. I agree with André Messager, who, as a former pupil of the doyen of French composers, knows his works better than most, when he says many things about "Samson and Delilah" which are to the credit of its creator. I agree also that Saint-Saëns is a man of taste. But it needs no special gift of discernment to perceive that the weakness of the work lies in a lack of unanimity of style. This is observable also in the G minor pianoforte concerto, which opens in the manner of Bach, but which soon launches into a more modern idiom. Perhaps the composer derives a certain pleasure from writing now and then in the contrapuntal style in keeping within self-imposed bounds. Perhaps he acts at the dictates of a whimsical caprice when, donning the cowl of the ascetic, he eschews some of the most useful modernisms. Perhaps he loves the best of all the schools so much that he cannot long neglect it and is, consequently, easily attracted by another polarity. Perhaps he has an unusual horror of boring his hearers. Whatever the causes, and those which I have mentioned may all be contributory, there is no doubt that the act of coquetting now with this, now with that manner, produces a cleavage in a work which counts as a mark against it.

The serenity of Saint-Saëns's mind is calculated to mislead the critic. I do not hesitate to say that there are pages in which the limitations imposed by it are all too apparent, for it is of a nature better calculated to assist the philosopher than the musician. Yet Saint-Saëns's fund of common sense has not prevented his indulging in those higher flights of fancy which are permitted to the artist. Indeed, the most charming thing about him is the fact that, while the possessor of a large store of learning such as

often provides ballast which prevents the spontaneous soaring of the spirit, he is invariably its master. The "glorious excess" of Keats is certainly absent—we would that there were something of it—but we cannot say that the pen which wrote Delilah's song of temptation or the climax of "*La Cloche*" was quite incapable of a real fervour. Again, such little pieces of sentiment as the prelude of "*Le Déluge*" do not seem startling in the light of modern works, chiefly, I think, because we can so easily trace its composer's footsteps. His scores are lucid and transparent and his methods clearly defined, in contradistinction to those of many of his successors who surround us with a maze of meaningless subtleties and live in a toy-shop furnished with unconventional gew-gaws. Much good music has been written in France in recent years—though this is a verdict which Saint-Saëns himself might not endorse—but I cannot help feeling that, in comparison with some of the moderns, he seems obvious and easy mainly because he is intelligible at all points. And it has still to be proved that intelligibility is a cardinal vice.

That he is a monster paradox is a fact which is impressed upon you when you study his works. Perceiving that he runs now towards Bach, now towards Gounod, now towards Liszt, now towards Franck, you can understand the difficulty which lies in the way of a fair valuation of him. Like a later Goussé, he has given a decided impetus to the production and study of symphonic music in France. And his activity in this direction probably retarded a complete understanding of him in some quarters. The home of the French musician was the theatre. French music was essentially a dramatic music. Is it not the first business of a Frenchman to be French? Thus the complainers. But it is a question if Saint-Saëns has not done his country a greater service by strengthening that in which she was admittedly weak. It is ominous that he did not make his operatic *début*, which was a timorous one, until he was well over thirty—a contrast to the rush of ambitious laureates towards the theatre; and that not a few of the pages in his stage works which have met with appreciation are those in which the instrumental, as distinct from the operatic, writer is prominent. Examples of this may be found in the Dance of the Priestesses and Bacchanal of "*Samson and Delilah*," the Valse and Pavane of "*Etienne Marcel*," the ballet airs of "*Henry VIII*," the triumphal March of "*Déjanire*," the Bourrée of "*Javotte*." Tchaikovsky's remark, in a letter of the 24th February, 1883, that he did not think that Saint-Saëns would ever write a great dramatic work, may have been prompted by the feeling that he was really an

orchestral composer most at home in the concert-hall. Certainly the most famous of his operas, such as "Étienne Marcel," "Henry VIII," "Proserpine," "Ascanio," "Déjanire," "Hélène," and "Les Barbares"—"Samson and Delilah" is an exception—have never achieved a complete success in spite of all his talent and resource. This circumstance must, I believe, be attributed to a cause to which I shall refer later. It is enough to say here that, for the public, Saint-Saëns means the "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso," popularised by Sarasate; the Variations for two pianofortes on a Theme of Beethoven, which are masterly; the Symphony in C minor, dedicated to the memory of Liszt; the "Marche héroïque"; the Trio in F (op. 18), a work full of interest; the fascinating "Suite Algérienne"; the "Africa" Fantasia; "Le Rouet d'Omphale"; the "Danse Macabre," in which his Lisztian proclivities are given full rein—note the use of the xylophone, the harp and the "tuned" violin; "Phaëton"; "La Fiancée du Timbalier"; the B minor violin Concerto; and the two pianoforte ones in C minor and G minor respectively. This is a good budget, and if we add to it some of his best songs and such things as "Le Cygne" (an extract from a Carnival of Animals which easily bears comparison with Rebikov's amusing "Danse du quadrupède" from "Parmi eux" [op. 35]), and "Une Nuit à Lisbonne," a delightful fragment, it comprises a list to which he may well point with pride.

ARTISTIC CREED.

Much has been written of Saint-Saëns's versatility, of the plasticity of his mind and the eclecticism of his nature. There is, no doubt, some truth in the saying of Gounod that he could write in the style of Rossini, Schumann, Verdi or Wagner at will. The remark hints at a want of conviction, at a lack of artistic conscience. But Saint-Saëns's *credo* is a very definite thing. He has no stomach for schools which bind themselves down to certain laws. In the end it is not a man or a period but art itself to which he gives his homage. He abhors movements which express themselves in "isms." But his love of personal freedom must not be interpreted as a vague excuse for a policy of *laissez faire*. There is, as I have indicated, something elusive about him. He is a will-o'-the-wisp who does the unexpected thing at the unexpected time. You have no sooner convinced yourself that he is French in essence than you encounter passages which are derived from Bach. One page is rich in romantic charm, another full of mediæval austerity. He is like a protean actor who plays all the rôles himself. And

so, while he appears to one a tragedian, to another he seems a child of the comic muse. He is fond of mystifying his hearers and disguising himself in strange costumes. It is this propensity together with his fondness for detachment which have given birth to the belief that Saint-Saëns has no very decided views. The variety of his works is, however, due to the wide range of his vision,¹ and it will be allowed that few men have taken more trouble to define their artistic positions. In this connection two matters deserve attention; they are his attitudes to modernism and to the Wagnerian movement. The length of Saint-Saëns's active musical life and his productiveness during it have been responsible for several whimsical facts. Thus we find that, in his youth, he was dubbed an extremist. In these days he is popularly regarded as being out of sympathy with music *à la mode*. More than once he has found himself in the strange position of being renounced alike by the reactionaries and by the impatient progressivists. We now know well enough that the only extreme thing about him is his moderation. "Avoid all exaggeration," he has written, "and strive to maintain the entirety of intellectual health." And if he does not adopt the latest methods of the younger generation, if he does not throw in his lot with those who have overdone the use of syncopations and who are too much enamoured of the augmented fifth, it is emphatically because he does not want to, not because he could not if he wished. He is not against experimentalism, as those who play his "Carillon" (*quasi campane*, $\frac{3}{4}$ in a bar) and know the first movement of the "Suite Algérienne," "In Sight of Algiers," are aware; and such excerpts as the "Air des Abeilles" ("L'Ancêtre") suggest that it was in his power to write in the style of his successors if he had so willed. The point to observe is that his attitude does not arise from a love of weak-kneed compromises. If he dwell in what now seems the house of conservatism rather than in that of the ultra-modernists it is because his equilibrium cannot be disturbed. Passing fads leave him unmoved. The fevers of the artistic world do not attack him. He is always able to steer his own course. His independence is a very real thing. In the midst of his orthodoxy he often runs wild. The guarded speech which prevails in "The Promised Land" did not prevent his giving a very pictorial rendering of the water rising from the rock at the bidding of Moses. But he keeps before him, as it were, a picture of Athens, and this image teaches him much. He has a conception of beauty

¹With Saint-Saëns one is conscious of the European tradition. By studying his artistic personality we realize the value of the heritage of Latin civilization.

to which he constantly aspires. No one knows better than he that he might have gained a world-wide notoriety by utilising methods which cause violent fluttering in the dovescots of the musical world. Let us give him credit for his restraint. Excess in art is to him unpardonable. In this he is a Hellene. It has been said that art is exaggeration and, at the first blush, the statement seems irreconcilable with the tenets of those who counsel moderation. But generalities are frequently misleading and we have to use them with discretion. If we apply the saying that art is exaggeration to the romantic and modern writers we find full justification for it; and we may even go so far as to declare that proof of the truth of it is furnished by many composers, commonly called classical, whose music owes its effect to the employment of things which would be quite out of place, if not actually offensive, in the works of lesser musicians. To the genius the unlawful thing is permitted. It is to the splendid prodigality of such men that we are indebted for many of the greatest moments in musical literature. The Gargantuan conceptions of Berlioz, the most notable experiments of Liszt, the emotional climaxes of Wagner and Richard Strauss were possible only to men who allowed themselves the larger liberty and were keenly conscious of their power to reach heights that are commonly held to be out bounds. But truth is a relative thing, and we dare not forget Max Stirner's motto. Without inconsistency the critic may give his benediction to those who hold the two views, because, in the end, the justification of theories about music lies in the practical outcome of them. In any case, you cannot force rules upon a strong creative nature. Some can best express themselves by adhering to the classical idea which urges thrift and makes for simplicity; others by adhering to the modern which countenances an indulgence in extravagance without which their speech would be cramped and artificial. So far from deploring the existence of the two creeds, we should rejoice in them. The only occasion for regret is when we meet with a man who adopts the one and who, we consider, could have best revealed himself by taking a greater latitude. It is fortunate, then, that Saint-Saëns knows that, so far as he is concerned, the maximum effect is not to be obtained by ladling out the riches indefinitely as at some Roman orgy, but by withholding them at the proper moment. In such matters he has a sure sense of the right thing. His instinct tells him when to stop. He possesses the valuable gift of being able to arrest the course of his music when it ought to be arrested. He recognises that enough is too much, that art is selection.

clear that he is not a reactionary like Brahms. If he find little to recommend it in the music of certain aspects of up-to-dateness, he harbours no vain superstitions about the past. His attitude to programme music is evidence of this. As I have said, he has some affinity with Liszt. An interest in the classics in general and in Bach in particular we find in both. Both will be remembered as ardent advocates of the right kind of modernism, and their music, craving, as it does, for light and air, is solisequious. A deep current of sympathy united the two artists. If Saint-Saëns sat at the feet of Liszt, Liszt, on his part, gave practical proof of his admiration. Without him we should never have had "Samson and Delilah." It was the independence of Liszt which appealed most strongly to the younger man, who, like his great forerunner, ploughed a lonely furrow. It may be to the impression which Liszt made upon him that we owe the two groups of six pieces (op. 52 and op. 111) which, designed to exploit some technical point—one is on major and minor thirds, one on chromatics, one on rhythm, and so on—remind us of the Abbé's transcendental studies. Be this as it may, the symphonic poems show definitely Saint-Saëns's position as regards programme music. The symphonic poems of Liszt were written between 1847 and 1859, those of Saint-Saëns between 1871 and 1877. It is interesting to note the difference. Liszt was readier to indulge in experimentalism on a large scale than his younger colleague has ever been, and both his themes and his treatment of them are more ambitious. The important matter is not this but the fact that there is no antagonism of creed. Liszt was a pioneer and the faults of his works are those of pioneer works. Saint-Saëns had the inestimable advantage of knowing the whole of Liszt's series before he wrote his first example, so it is not surprising that his four essays in this form strike us as being more concise and concentrated. We do not feel with him, as we sometimes do with Liszt, that he is improvising on the orchestra in the grand manner. In them we see that Saint-Saëns has a keen sense of form, that he knows well that a work is not necessarily formless because it is not measured out in the orthodox method of which those who hold sonata form in superstition are never tired of talking. No one, in fact, has dealt with the question of programme music more lucidly than Saint-Saëns. The article on Liszt in his volume "*Harmonie et Mélodie*" is full of such commonsense that it ought to be read aloud at least once a year in all music schools. He finds "*Les Préludes*" satisfying if judged by a purely musical standard and epitomises the whole problem in the words, "Is the music itself

good or bad? That is everything." In his pronouncements on this much discussed topic those to whom every composer of programme music is a kind of pariah will find much on which to reflect.

Turning to the Wagnerian question we see that here also Fate has played him a strange trick. In his youth labelled a Wagnerian, many now consider that he is not so bold as Wagner was, that a good deal of his music is, in fact, pre-Wagnerian. I am certain that the reproach of being old-fashioned will worry him just as little as the reproach of being a dangerous character troubled him in his youth. When Wagnerian dragons first breathed their chromatic fire at the gates of Montparnasse and coiled their interminable tails round the villas of Passy their arrival caused much stir in the musical world of Paris. I believe it to be true that Saint-Saëns has not changed, but public opinion in France has materially altered. We can imagine that a man who was scholarly—for a large number of the French musicians of the past were merely excellent amateurs—and who had a symphonic sense which is not common among the Latins, was suspect in time past. That part of his music which owes something to the Germany of the Reformation may have put the critics on the wrong scent, and it is possible that the fact that his compositions were played in the enemy's camp, if I may put it so, gave some sort of endorsement to the hasty judgment of a section of the press. When Saint-Saëns was in his prime the Parisian public had a very loose notion of what Wagnerism meant, and the composer was not alone in being victimised by loquacious ignorance. Bizet's innocuous "Djamileh" was considered to show a Wagnerian tendency, a circumstance which is amazing to anyone who takes the trouble to examine the score. Saint-Saëns made his position clear in 1885. "I admire profoundly the works of Richard Wagner in spite of their eccentricity," he wrote. More important than this was the affirmation, "I have not belonged to, I do not belong to and I shall never belong to the Wagnerian religion"—a statement which is supplemented by his comment that "Wagnerophobia" is a disease. Passing from these verbal expressions to his music I find nothing with which to reproach him on this score. Wagner opened up new possibilities and added to the current coin of musical expression, and I do not think that you can fairly charge a man with being a Wagnerian, that is if you use the word in the derogatory sense, because you discover here and there an atmosphere similar to that of "Tannhäuser," a mood which approximates to that of "Lohengrin." In one part of the finale of the B minor violin

concerto you may detect some resemblance to the "Lohengrin" style, but to throw the epithet at Saint-Saëns because of this is the height of folly. More might be said on this subject. One might enlarge upon Paderewski's apt remark that in music absolute originality does not exist, or upon the question of the "leading theme," which device appeared in its French guise, the *idée fixe*, in Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" as early as 1830 and is also present in "Le Prophète," but in these days the student should be able to put such matters right for himself. The Wagnerian feud is now long past and we can see at leisure much that was difficult to discern amid the dust of the fray. Notwithstanding his polymathic qualities it is plain that if Saint-Saëns be deeply indebted to any composers of the German school it is to Bach, Handel and Mozart.

Saint-Saëns has a definite notion of what an opera ought to be and holds that dramatic music tends to become a synthesis of song, declamation and symphony. He allows himself considerable freedom in choice of subjects. "Ascanio" and "Henry VIII," for example, are historical, and in this we see a departure from the Wagnerian system. The music of all his operas gives food for thought because, while the value of it as such is not disputed and his facility in handling large masses is recognised, the works have never, as I have said, gained a firm place in the affections of the theatre-going public, though such things as the famous quartet in "Henry VIII" and the trio at the end of the first act of "Samson and Delilah" have been praised many times. The relationship between the voices and the orchestra is Italian rather than German. He uses the *leitmotif*, but has a bias toward the past. Here, perhaps, the middle course which he has taken has told against him. The intensely dramatic and vivid style of Verdi is highly effective in the theatre, the elaborate style of Wagner equally so; and it has been by these two men that the tastes of modern operatic devotees have, in the main, been fashioned. Saint-Saëns is neither Verdian nor Wagnerian, so that a feeling of disappointment may be engendered in those who look for the quick penetration of the Italian or the subtle characterisation of the German, especially as the Frenchman, with all his concert-room prestige, has evidently not been able to provide anything which the public could fasten on as a substitute. In modern times there has not, I think, been a case of a prominent man showing equal gifts as a symphonic and as an operatic writer. The dramatic Mozart is a greater man than the symphonic one. In the canon quartet of "Fidelio" Beethoven wrote a piece which, of

itself, is beautiful, but which, operatically considered, is a crude blunder such as Verdi would never have committed. Tchaikovsky's operas have not gained him the fame that has come to him through his orchestral works. Bizet had a natural talent for the theatre, as the power of "Carmen" testifies, yet he longed for that ability, which his friend Saint-Saëns possessed, to shine in the concert-hall. It is not necessary to cite other examples, for it is obvious that both dramatic and symphonic composition have difficulties peculiar to themselves.

So perhaps those who clamored for an epoch-making work from Saint-Saëns were crying for the moon or demanding that he should play the "complete man" of the Renaissance. But I hardly think that we go far astray when we say that the reason why he has never opened up new paths as Debussy has done in "Pelléas and Mélisande"—a work about which much can be said for and against—is to be sought largely in his violent dislike of schools, in a feeling which prevents his giving a definite "throw" in any particular direction; and one sometimes questions whether, in these times, it is possible for an opera to exhibit any real vitality unless it reveal a decided bias or have a "grip" which holds the attention. Here I would say that this is not a matter on which we can dogmatise, and I merely suggest an explanation, the validity of which may be tested by examining the nature of the problems with which the dramatic composer is confronted.

THE CRITIC.

The activities of Saint-Saëns in the field of criticism cannot properly be disregarded. The valuations of many composers are misleading. The nature of their occupation does not help them to judge men calmly and deal with them according to their merits. As many know, Saint-Saëns is an exception. I do not suppose that we should subscribe to all that any critic, however good, has written, and when the French composer tells us that Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" will show future generations what a great musician he was I can only say that I violently disagree with him. This does not prevent my recognising that, in his published works, there is much good sense and a proof of that intimate knowledge of all the phases of his art to which I have referred; not that he relies upon technical jargon. There is a liberal sprinkling of Attic salt. He throws light upon his subject by a certain picturesqueness of expression and by sundry

quaint touches which arrest the reader. He presses home his argument by many a *bon mot*, some of which have become common property. There is a sting in his words and a vein of scepticism in some of his passages which may easily be misunderstood. When the unreflective are busy with their acclamations or denunciations, Saint-Saëns is engaged in the work of examination; and it is the difference between the method of the crowd and that of the master which causes some to declare him guilty of occasional cynicism. Now and again he epitomises his views in an aphorism which might have come from the lips of Voltaire himself, and the definite manner in which he records his likes and dislikes has made him many enemies, though, as in the case of Vincent d'Indy, it has not tempted the author to pay idle compliments. When it seemed necessary to him he has explained his own work, though far less copiously than Wagner did. In such moments, as when he declared, "I am passionately fond of liberty" ("Harmonie et Mélodie"), we get a sincere confession from him. But most readers will find the greatest refreshment in scanning the prose compositions in which he passes judgment on other composers. His estimates of Liszt and Wagner will be fairly clear after what I have said. He has spoken of Palestrina and Bach, and shown not only an acquaintance with their music but, what is infinitely rarer, a familiarity with the musical thought and the current opinions of their periods. He has an uncommon sense of historical perspective. Rossini and Offenbach have their share of attention, and it will surprise some to find that the former, who is remembered in many quarters simply by his famous *crescendo*, is not dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders. To the article on Massenet, which appeared in "L'Écho de Paris" in October, 1912, I have already referred. It is, in its own way, a masterpiece. He makes plain that, for him, the typical Massenet theme has no particular attraction, but it is worth while recalling that, in 1872, he recorded for "Marie Magdeleine" "the greatest success of the most audacious experiment made by a musician since Berlioz's 'L'Enfance du Christ' "—a verdict which carries weight, for Saint-Saëns does not employ the honeyed phrases of the courtier. Through the medium of "Le Courrier Musical" in 1905 a certain kind of modernism came in for a severe trouncing, and in the pages of "Le Franco-Californien" one may discover an erudite discourse on the execution of old music which is worthy of the editor of M.-A. Charpentier's "Le Malade imaginaire," Gluck's "Echo and Narcissus" and Rameau's works. The author of "Harmonie et Mélodie" and "Portraits et Souvenirs" is no aggressive solipsist. The final

test may be described in words of his own: "Is the music itself good or bad?" Notable is the confession that it is not Bach or Beethoven whom he loves, but art itself. And when he declares that the house of Apollo has many mansions we can only say that he has good reason to speak thus. For no man has lodged more comfortably in its spacious halls.

GREEK MUSIC

By PHILLIPS BARRY

THE materials for a study of ancient Greek music are of two sorts, documentary and archaeological.

We have, in turn, two kinds of documentary material. There are, first, a host of incidental references to music and musicians scattered through the literature of the classic and post-classic periods. Secondly, there is a large body of purely technical writings, which we shall here collectively designate as the *Muscography*. The oldest of these is the so-called *Pseudo-Aristotle*,—a collection of students' minutes of academic discussions relating to the theory and practice of music. Much of the matter is interesting and valuable,—not a little of it quite indispensable. Next in importance, and scarcely less useful, are the treatises of the voluminous philosopher Aristoxenus, surnamed the *Musician* (c. 300 B. C.). We have from his pen but two extant works, the *Principles of Melodics* in one book, for beginners, and the *Elements of Melodics*, in two books, written for more advanced students. Much Aristoxenean material, however, has come down to us in excerpts, preserved in Plutarch's *Essay on Music*, and in the handbooks of Aristides, Cleonides, and others. The short handbook ascribed to a certain Alypius renders indispensable aid in understanding and deciphering the Greek method of musical notation.

The archaeological material is likewise of two kinds. We have a few specimens of ancient musical instruments, and many more representations in sculpture and painting of instruments and performers. Yet these are of little more than insignificant value, as compared with the few scores of musical compositions which have come down to us. These are but four, in all,—the *Aidin Epitaph*, published by Ramsay in 1883, and first correctly interpreted musically by Munro in 1894,—the *Ashmunein Papyrus*, a fragment of the lost score of the *Orestes* of Euripides,—and two *Ritual Hymns*, discovered at Delphi by Homolle in 1893. Only the *Aidin Epitaph* is unmutilated. That so little should have survived of the music of the Greeks, beside so much of their poetry, might seem almost incomprehensible. Yet there was a very real reason for it. Not until late in the post-classic period,—certainly, not before the year 279 B. C., had the Greeks devised a convenient

and serviceable method of notation. Scores were few and far between, Greek music perished for the simple reason that it was not, so to speak, published. Yet small as our *corpus* is, we cannot be too thankful for it, —in fact, without its aid, a study of Greek music would be a fruitless task.

STRUCTURAL BASIS OF GREEK MUSIC

Reduced to its lowest terms, the structural basis of all Greek music was the consonance of the *fourth*,—hence the tetrachord was defined as the bed-rock of musical composition. In theory, of course, the possible forms of the tetrachord were infinite, yet in practice, their number was limited to certain recognised differences of *genus*, *shade* and *species*. This limitation was based on the usage of musicians. Aristoxenus, therefore, classified as *diatonic* every tetrachord containing not more than one semitone, as *enharmonic* the form admitting quarter-tones, and all others as *chromatic*. Such were the *genera*, each with its variations of *shade*. These differences may be illustrated by means of a diagram:

Diatonic:



Chromatic:



Enharmonic:



By transposition of the order of the intervals within a particular genus, the variations of *figure* or *species* were effected.



The melodic sequence of every ancient composition could be reduced to these forms, used either singly, or in a variety of combinations.

Every possible scale was analysed as made up of tetrachords, or parts of tetrachords, combined according to certain well-recognised and universally applied rules. Let us take a tetrachord of the first diatonic species:



If two of these were so combined that a common note served as the highest tone of the lower tetrachord, and the lowest of the upper, the resulting scale was *conjunct*, having the range of a minor seventh. Yet if the interval of a tone separated the two tetrachords, the scale was then defined as *disjunct*, because of the presence of the tone of disjunction. If, however, the conjunct scale were extended to the compass of an octave, by adding the interval of a tone at its base, the scale became of the *mixed* or alternating form. Or, as represented in modern notation:



The tetrachordal structure, as here briefly outlined, is even of more significance than the absence of harmony and counterpoint as a characteristic evidence of the difference between ancient Greek music, and the music of our own time. If, for example, we think of the structural basis of our music in terms of the tonic chord, we infer that this chord shall be in its fundamental position. To think of Greek music in terms of the tonic chord, however, requires of us also that we imagine the chord in its second inversion.

THE PRIMARY MODES

The Greeks recognised three primary modes of music, Dorian, Phrygian and Lydian, the tonal sequences of which were as given in the diagram:



From the Greek point of view, these diatonic scales might be analysed as composed of tetrachords, respectively, of the first,

third and second species, arranged in the disjunct order. It is also possible for us, disposed as we are to think in terms of harmonic possibilities, to define them according to the structure of their tonic and dominant chords. The Dorian has a minor third in both, the Lydian a major third in both, while the Phrygian has a major third in the tonic and a minor third in the dominant chord. Such an analysis devolves at once upon the Greek interpretation of a certain tone as the *tonic* of the scale.

In the course of a most suggestive and illuminating discussion of the tonal structure of the Dorian, the first of the primary modes, as represented by the scale of the lyre in standard tune, the Pseudo-Aristotle clearly shows that the fourth of the scale, the tone rendered by the middle finger string of the lyre, was the tonic. Every Greek boy who learned to play the lyre in school, knew that the condition of being in tune was for any note of the scale governed by its relation to the tone of this middle finger string. That is, if the middle finger string were out of tune, every other note of the scale, by reason of the fact that the very condition of its being in tune at all was lost, was felt to be out of tune. Yet if any other string were out of tune, while the middle finger string was at true pitch, that string which was out of tune was the only one felt to render a false note. One could not wish for a better exposition of the principle of tonality, which we now recognise to be the principle which requires that every note of a modal scale be felt as "something at a certain distance from, with a certain relation to another tone," that is, the fundamental or tonic.

The fourth of the scale then, was, for the primary modes, the tonic, so that the lowest tone of the octave was the inferior dominant. Another fundamental principle of composition was that on this inferior dominant, every melody cast in a primary mode should come to a close. We have illustrations of this usage in our *corpus* of Greek melody, showing the cadences in the Dorian, Phrygian and Lydian:

Dorian Mode:

Ritual Hymn A



Phrygian Mode:*Lydian Mode:*

This rule of cadence structure was inviolate, and formed a criterion for the genuine. That is to say, the violation of it in seven melodies hitherto supposed to be Greek, since they are transcribed in the Greek notation, renders final proof that these melodies are not authentic, but are forgeries by persons who were quite unacquainted with the grounds and rules of Greek music, as we know them from the unanimous testimony of the musicography and the four unimpeachable scores.

In the late post-classic period, however, when the refinements and artificialities, not only of Asiatic-Greek, but of Asiatic music had permeated the whole being of the art, certain composers, futurists of their time, did apparently break the rule of the cadence, though not in the manner in which we find it broken in the forgeries. That is, they permitted a Dorian melody to close on a tone lying a semitone below the inferior dominant. This usage is illustrated in the second part of the melody to Ritual Hymn A:



The mode is clearly Dorian chromatic, with the close indicated in the diagram. Yet the f-sharp,—an example of the futurist tendencies mentioned by Aristoxenus, permitting alteration even of the notes bounding a tetrachord,—serves as a leading-tone to the inferior dominant. This is evident from the phrase



so strangely modern in its effect. Only to Greek ears, there was equal satisfaction in having a leading-tone with a retrogressive as well as a progressive tendency. Such a leading-tone might follow, as well as precede the tone to which it tended:



In this place, it serves as the *de facto* final tone of the cadence, yet without any violation of the rule of melody, since it serves, as it were, to throw back the attention all the more forcibly to the true closing note, that is, the inferior dominant.

There was also another requirement of good melodic structure, observed by all the best composers, namely, that the melody was to revert frequently to the tonic,—even more so than to any other tone. We may observe, from the examples already cited, especially the Aidin Epitaph, how generally this rule was followed. Let us examine, also, the Ashmunen fragment of the Orestes-music:

Π P C P' Φ Π

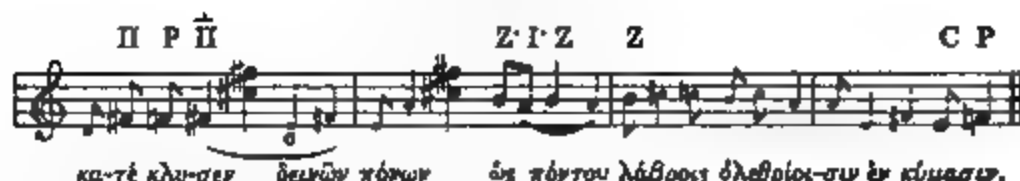
κα-το-λο φύ ρο-μαι, κα-το λο-φύ-ρο-μαι μα-τέρος αἰ-μα σῶς,

Z I' Z E Π P C

ὁ σ' ἀνα βακ-χεύ ει ὁ μέ-γας δλ-βος οὐ μό-νι-μος ἐν βρο-τοῖς

I' Z C P Π C Π Φ C

ἀν-ὰ δι λαῖ-φοι ὥς τις ἀ κά-του θε ᾧς τινά-ξας δαιμόν



In the papyrus, a sign which does not stand for a musical note, marks the close of a rhythmical phrase. The range of tones is:



wherefore we conclude that the mode is Dorian chromatic. There are two instances of the Dorian cadence, the clearest in the third phrase:



It is to be noted also that two phrases begin on the tonic. The effect, as the effect of frequent repetition of the tonic in the melody, was to impress the tonality on the consciousness of the hearer. We are content, as it were, to imagine the presence of the tonic: Greek music, lacking the harmonic development of our own, needed evidently that the tonic be thus frequently repeated.

We shall hereinafter refer to the type of cadence associated with the primary modes, as the *mesotonic* cadence, to signify that as the tonic is the *mesē*, or fourth of the scale, the tones which by their order determine the modality, lie in the lower half of the octave. It is clear, from the examples before us, that over a period extending from the year 408 B. C., when the *Orestes* was acted, down to the first century A. D., this mesotonic cadence was characteristic of the primary modes.

THE SECONDARY MODES

But the resources of the composer were not exhausted with the possibilities of the primary modes alone. In strict composition, tones lying above or below the range of the octave scales were not generally used for Dorian, Phrygian, or Lydian melodies, especially for Dorian. The Ashmunen *Orestes*, it is true, admits the inferior subdominant,—yet, on the other hand, the melody of the Aidin Epitaph is restricted to the compass of the octave. With the secondary modes, however, a larger latitude of free

composition was permitted. That is, not only the order of the intervals in the final cadence, but the actual register of tones employed in a given composition was of importance for the structure and effect of the melody. Technically, the term *tense*, originally applied to the primary modes, but later restricted to the Lydian, was made to signify a type of secondary mode, admitting to the melody, tones lying a fifth above the range of the octave scale. The other type of secondary mode, characterised by tones lying below the range of the octave, was called *relaxed*. We shall here consider the secondary modes known by the names Mixolydian, Ionian, Hypodorian, Hypophrygian, Hypolydian, and Locrian or Hyperphrygian.

The Mixolydian mode, as its name suggests, was not only Asiatic-Greek, but understood by composers to be in reality a kind of artificial structure in which were blended Dorian and Lydian characteristics. Aristoxenus ascribed its invention to Sappho: it was freely used by the Attic poets, especially Euripides, sometimes in the form we shall hereafter describe as the intermodulating Dorian-Mixolydian. We know the sequence of its intervals, from the description of the Mixolydian species of the octave scale, in the Musicography:



That its true relation to the Dorian was as indicated in the diagram, may easily be shown.

In the music of our Ritual Hymns, are several passages, the structure of which is demonstrably Mixolydian. Of these, the following, from Ritual Hymn B., has suffered least from mutilation of the stone:



The scale of this melody, as indicated in the diagram:



follows the tonal sequence of the Mixolydian species of the octave, while the final cadence is observed to lie within the range of the tones corresponding in pitch value to the Dorian subdominant, and the octave of its tonic. Clearly, then, the intrusion of the high note in the seventh measure, an octave above the Dorian tonic, is to fix, for the hearer, according to the familiar law of good melody, the position of the Mixolydian tonic at this point. The closing note, then, as we should expect it, is a fourth below the tonic, on the Mixolydian inferior dominant, an octave above the Dorian inferior dominant. Moreover, the tonal sequence of the cadence follows a certain stereotyped form, which occurs over and over again in the Mixolydian portions of Hymn B, and as a modulation also in Hymn A, so characteristic, that it may be called the Mixolydian melodic motif:



Evidently the repetition of this melodic motif was a special rule of composition for this mode, as the repetition of the tonic was for the primary modes. And since the Mixolydian tonic was the second highest note of the scale, it is proper to reserve the term *oxytonic* for the Mixolydian cadence.

The intermodulating form of the Dorian-Mixolydian is also well illustrated in the foregoing example. In the third measure, the melody drops a full octave from the Mixolydian inferior dominant to the Dorian. Such a modulation, however, is but transient, for the next step is back again to the Mixolydian. The effect is rather more apparent in the closing measures of the sixth and seventh parts of the melody of Ritual Hymn B, both of which are otherwise Mixolydian:



The relation of the two modes is shown by the accompanying diagram:

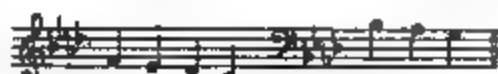


Similarly, modulation from the Dorian to the Mixolydian is produced by the upward skip of the octave, as in the following example:



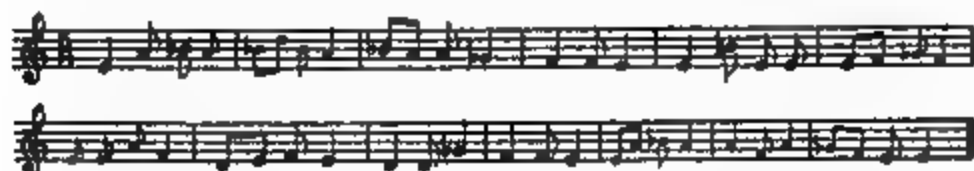
The effect of the Mixolydian, whether or not used in intermodulation with the Dorian, was in the use of the high tones, which imparted to a melody otherwise Dorian the suggestion of Asiatic threnodic music, written in the high-keyed Lydian mode. There was not the same difference of modality between Dorian and Mixolydian that obtained between Dorian and Phrygian, since there was no change in the order of the intervals bounded by tonic and dominant.

The earliest mention of the Ionian mode, a *relaxed* mode, as compared with the Dorian, is by Pratinas of Phlius (c. 510). It had long been the favorite mode of the Lydian-Greek school of erotic and convivial lyric, of which the Teian composers Pythermus and Anacreon were the most noted exponents. Structurally, the scale of the Ionian was nothing but the scale formed of two tetrachords of the form characteristic of the Dorian mode, joined by the method of conjunction:



The original relation of Ionian to Dorian, that is, as a secondary mode to its primary mode, was as given in the diagram. We may note also, that this same scale was rendered by the strings of the Lydian *barbit*, a peculiar form of bass lyre to which Pythermus and Anacreon sang their light lyrics.

We have in the music to Ritual Hymn B, several passages set in a mode, the melodic sequence of which corresponds exactly to the chromatic form of the Ionian scale. Of these, the following is the best:

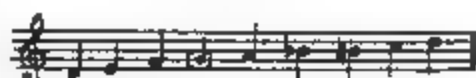


Since, however, the composers of the music to this hymn have treated the Ionian but as a form of the Dorian with a minor super-tonic, they have failed to retain its true character as a relaxed form of the Dorian. We shall, therefore, more correctly speak of it as Pseudo-Ionian.

We may here conveniently discuss also the peculiar melodic structure of the music to the Coda of Ritual Hymn B:



The range of tones in this melody is as follows:



The obtrusiveness of the skip of the major third in several measures shows the composer's intent clearly. That is, he introduced a peculiar form of intermodulating Dorian and Pseudo-Ionian:



In each, the scale is of a double gapped pentatonic type, save that to the Dorian is prefixed the inferior subdominant. As before, the true relation of Dorian and Ionian is lost sight of. The composer, too, sought to show himself an archaist, in that he borrowed the pentatonic gapped scale from the ancient traditional Ritual Arias ascribed to a mythical Asiatic composer, Olympus of Mysia.

Pratinas, likewise his contemporary Lasus of Hermione, mentions also an Æolian mode. Lasus, in fact wrote a Hymn to Demeter, set to a melody in this mode, which he describes as a bass air. This Æolian mode was identical with the Hypodorian, a relaxed form of the Dorian, extending a full tone below the Ionian:



Similarly, the Hypophrygian and Hypolydian modes were, so to speak, plagal forms of the Phrygian and Lydian:



Yet of the use of these forms of relaxed modes in melodic composition, we are not informed. Only in the case of the Hypolydian, we know that composers followed the example of the Lydian-Greek Polymnestus of Colophon, in associating the mode with the soft diatonic:



Let us now summarise our conclusions relating to the melodic interassociation of primary and secondary modes. We may illustrate by a diagram:



Herein the Dorian mode, which occupied a certain known tonal range, is the primary form. Below it and above it, respectively, lie the Hyperdorian or Mixolydian and the Hypodorian or Aeolian, also the Ionian. A similar relation existed also between the Phrygian mode and its secondary forms, the Hypophrygian and the Hyperphrygian or Locrian:



It will be observed that the order of intervals in the Locrian mode corresponds exactly to those of the Hypodorian. Hence in the musicography, the Hypodorian species of the octave is called also Locrian.

MELODIC COMPOSITION

In dealing with the ways and means of composing music, we are obliged to specify our subject as *melodic composition*. The most significant point of difference between Greek music and our own, is, as we have already intimated, that the development of Greek music followed a melodic, not a harmonic course of evolution. This was a very real difference, of course, yet it was not a difference of the sort to warrant a word of disparaging criticism. Music is a universal language only in the sense that speech is itself universal, an expression of certain parts of the thinking and feeling aspects of human consciousness. It is inevitable that the world's history should show an indefinite number of local varieties of expression,—the musical art of the Greeks was one such form, and our musical art another. Moreover, if the Greek composer had failed to develop the possibilities of harmony, he had far exceeded modern composers in his power of melodic expression, according as his resources were so much greater. A melody, for example, admitting the third part of a tone, was nothing unheard of for the Greeks, yet no composer in our time has ventured to follow Busoni's suggestion that this interval may be made melodically available.

Within the limits of the present article, it is not possible to go much into detail with regard to the historical development of the art of music during the classic period. Certain important matters, may, however, be submitted to the reader's attention.

There were two recognised and well-defined schools of composition, which we may call the Old Classic and the New Classic. The former group of composers wrote in a strict, severe style, long associated with the works of Pindar, Simonides and Æschylus. The chromatic type of melody was not used at all; modulation, involving change of mode or genus, only very sparingly. On the other hand, the New Classic school insisted on the right of the composer to be a creative artist, to express his own individuality in his work, and to establish his own, rather than to follow traditional forms. Composition was free,—any or all genera or modes were at the musician's disposal, and especially, much use was made of modulation. The leading exponents of the New Classic art, were first of all, Lasus, the pioneer, and Philoxenus, Euripides and Timothy, each supreme in his own respective genre, the Dionysiac Choral, the lyric drama, and the citharodic aria. Timothy, in fact, might be called the Greek Debussy. As between the merits of Old Classic and New Classic art, the critics

of ancient times, especially Plato and the comic poets, decided in favor of the former; as we believe, quite unjustly and mistakenly.

Our *corpus* of Greek melody, small as it is, is enough to acquaint us at first hand with the differences between the Old Classic and the New Classic styles. The melody of the Aidin Epitaph, in its charming simplicity cannot but recall the best of the Old Classic style, while the Ashmunen fragment of the *Orestes*, representing Euripides' most mature work, is equally characteristic of the New Classic manner. Moreover, in the music to our Ritual Hymns, we have not only the influence both of the Old and the New Classic schools, but some evidences of the cross-currents in taste which prevailed during the post-classic period, namely futurism, so to speak, and archaism.

Before proceeding to give an analysis of the Ritual Hymns, let us consider the important subject of modulation.

In our music, modulation is not nearly as extensive a means to the adornment of a piece as it was in Greek music, for the simple reason that our melodic resources are not so great. That is, it involves for us change of key, and to the extent of shifts from major to minor, or vice versa, change of mode also. A Greek composer, however, had a choice not only of fifteen keys for intermodulation, but had three genera and a large number of modes as well. Hence the musicography distinguishes modulation by genus, mode and key, as embracing the less complicated forms. We have already dealt with the intermodulating Dorian Mixolydian,—we may here add certain examples of the other forms.

Change of Genus:



Change of Mode:



Change of Key,—also of Genus and Mode:



Yet a fourth kind of modulation involved a change in the whole plan of composition,—that is, of genus, mode and key.

STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS OF THE MUSIC OF RITUAL HYMNS A AND B

RITUAL HYMN A

The music of this hymn, which is set in the Phrygian key, is of three parts:

1. Diatonic, measures 1-28,
2. Chromatic,—measures 29-57,
3. Diatonic,—measures 58, ff.

Each of these parts may be submitted to a detailed examination.

Part 1, measures 1-28



The first seven measures are fragmentary,—yet the Dorian mode is indicated. We have therefore restored the cadence in accordance with such tonal suggestion. The succeeding phrase, 8-13, is Lydian. In 14-28, the final cadence is Dorian, while modulations to the Pseudo-Ionian, in 24, and to the Mixolydian in 21-22, are evident.

Part 2,—measures 29-57





This part opens with a sudden and abrupt change from diatonic to chromatic. The mode is Mixolydian in 29-31, shifting with a change of key as well, to Dorian in 32-4, and back again to the Mixolydian in 35. A cadence, with change of key, and of mode to the Dorian, occurs in 37. A new phrase begins in the latter part of 37, with a cadence in 43,—the mode being Dorian, save for a transient modulation to Pseudo-Ionian in 37. This is followed by a third phrase, at first Dorian, changing in 45 to Phrygian diatonic, returning in 46 to Dorian, with cadence at 47. The final phrase, 48-57, is an unusually elaborate and beautiful example of the Dorian chromatic, with the peculiar close on the leading-tone to the inferior dominant.

Part 3,—measures 58, ff



The upward skip of the octave in 58, indicates a quick shift from the Dorian to the Mixolydian, the persistence of which is shown

by the range of the melody in the upper tetrachord. In 78, we have the melodic motif, and in 79, a transient modulation to the Dorian, with the typical Mixolydian cadence in 83. The musical appropriateness of this mode, which was intended to convey a suggestion of excitement and tense emotional strain, is particularly to be noted, as the lines tell of the conflict of Apollo and the Python.

RITUAL HYMN B

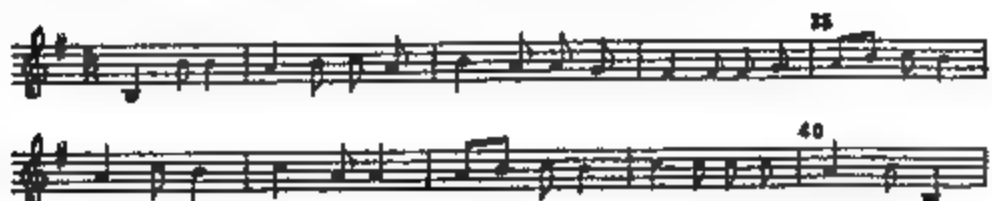
Of this hymn, there are extant ten parts,—the first seven more or less complete and amenable to analysis, the next two quite defective. The tenth part, or Coda, is also much mutilated.

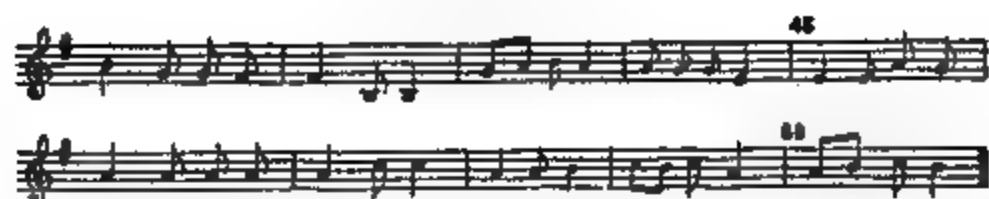
Part 1,—measures 1-30



The key is Lydian, corresponding to our *natural* key, and the mode Dorian, with transient modulation to Pseudo-Ionian in 11, 12, 25. One special feature is the frequency of *melodic tension*, the consecutive repetition of a note, as in 20-21.

Part 2,—31-50





With a downward skip of a fourth, the key changes from Lydian to Hypolydian. The mode, at first Dorian, shifts suddenly in '31 to the Mixolydian, with a transient modulation back to the Dorian in 39. By the frequent iteration of the Mixolydian melodic motif



retained in the final cadence, the modality of this part is made quite evident.

Part 3,—51-60



This part, too, is in the Mixolydian mode, and the Hypolydian key. A transient modulation to the Dorian occurs in 50. In 56, the characteristic tonic of the Mixolydian is introduced to stabilise the melody.

Part 4,—61-75



The change of key to the Lydian would indicate a rise of a fourth, if the melody of the preceding part had ended with a Dorian cadence. Yet since the cadence was Mixolydian, with the closing note on the octave of the Dorian inferior dominant, the change of key, despite the fact that the Lydian lies a fourth above the

Hypolydian, is effected by a downward step. For the first time, the chromatic genus is introduced, set to the Pseudo-Ionian.

Part 5,—76-96



In this part, the key changes back to Hypolydian, while the presence of the melodic motif in 88, or with variations in 83-4, 92-3, shows that the mode is Mixolydian. The final cadence is Mixolydian-Dorian.

Part 6,—97-105



A return to the Mixolydian is shown by the opening note, and by the melodic motif. The cadence is again Mixolydian-Dorian.

Part 7,—106-118



The key changes from Hypolydian to Lydian, with the upward step of the fourth. Again the genus is chromatic, the mode Pseudo-Ionian.

Part 8,—119 ff



Once more, key and mode change, to Hypolydian and Mixolydian, the latter with a transient Dorian note of introduction.

Part 9,—I IX



This part is so defective that little can be made out of it. Yet the modality is clearly Mixolydian, as the presence of the melodic motif indicates. The fact that the motif is set a full fourth higher than in other Mixolydian parts of the music, establishes the fact that the key is Lydian.

Part 10,—Coda : 1-14



The key is still Lydian,—the mode a peculiar form of intermodulating pentatonic Dorian and Pseudo-Ionian, as we have already shown. We may add that the rhythm, in heptuple time, illustrates

the composer's futurist tendencies, for Aristoxenus declares heptuple rhythm impossible.

ANTIPHONAL MELODY

The word *antiphony* had for the Greeks the special connotation of the interval of the octave and the degree of consonance associated with it. It was a musician's term, for which *antiphthong*, *antipsalm* and *magadism* were synonyms. The antiphonal melody was the simplest and, to the Greeks, the only possible form of part-singing, that is to say, an arrangement of parts in parallel octaves. Such was the effect of a choral song, rendered by a mixed choir of men and boys.

By means of a simple mechanical device called *magadis*, evidently a sort of detachable bridge, it was possible to render an antiphonal melody on any instrument of the lyre or harp type. The usage, as well as the name, originated among the Semitised Lydians of the Neo-Lyidian empire in the sixth century B. C., from whom, in turn, the Lydian-Greek composers Alcman of Sardis and Anacreon of Teus derived both. Anacreon sang his light lyrics of women and wine to the accompaniment of a ten-stringed Lydian psaltery, which, when provided with the *magadis*, had its compass virtually doubled. We may illustrate the effect by a diagram of the scale of the octochordal lyre:



With Anacreon, who was one of the court poets of the Pisistratid aristocracy, the *magadis* and the Lydian method of singing in parallel octaves came to Athens. Long after the use of the device had been given up, when no one knew whether the *magadis* was a musical instrument or not, the name was applied to the antiphonal chant. Thus *magadism* meant for the musicographers, the method of singing a melody written for a mixed choir.

Not only vocal, but instrumental music was rendered in parallel octaves. We know that the Semitised Lydians, when the Greeks first came in contact with them, played instrumental duets on the large triangular Phrygian harp and the Lydian psaltery. According to one tradition, the Lesbian professionals composed such duets for bass lyre and psaltery. In the post-classic period antiphonal duets of pipes and strings were sometimes performed.

INSTRUMENTAL ACCOMPANIMENT

Two forms of instrumental accompaniment were known to the Greeks, namely, the homophonic and the heterophonic.

Homophonic accompaniment, that is, when the accompanist did but play the air on his instrument, while the voices rendered it in unison, was believed to have been a very ancient usage. In the classic period, it was revived for the dramatic solo song, as this genre was developed by Euripides. For this purpose, the lyre was not used, as it was held that voice and strings did not blend with sufficient smoothness to produce the best artistic effect. Instead, the pipes were employed, on the theory that as the tones of pipes and voice were both produced by air, the blending necessary for a satisfactory accompaniment was the more readily produced.

Technically, from the point of view of the musicographers, who, beginning with Aristoxenus, wrote on instrumentation, the voice was a musical instrument,—in fact, the perfect instrument. From an early time, certain composers had used the voice for accompaniment, in place of lyre or pipes. Thus the so-called *aulodic aria* was a pipe solo with an accompaniment rendered by the choir. In this case, the choir sang the lines of a hymn. Yet Archilochus (c. 648 B. C.), and following him also Æschylus and Philoxenus, wrote melodies to be accompanied by vocal imitations of the tones of the lyre,—such imitations consisting of the repetition of onomatopoetic syllables or words, *tenella*, *phlattothrat*, *thretanelo*. Aristophanes, in the *Frogs*, makes Euripides, before Dionysus as musical critic, render a burlesque of Æschylean music:

EURIPIDES: (Sings) "Ho, for the twin-throned might of Hellas' youth,—

Sing *phlatto-thrat*, sing *phlatto-thrat*!

DIONYSUS: Sing flat o' thrat! How's that? A tune you stole
In Marathon, some rope-walk chanty, eh?"

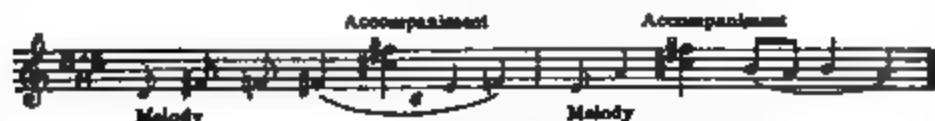
The allusion to the rope-walk chanty lets us know that the folk-songs of the ancients had their unintelligible refrains. Such accompaniments were called *teretisms*, that is, "twitterings." Sometimes such *teretisms* were made to imitate the accompaniment by pipes, more correctly known as the *niglare*. The use of the *niglare*, which must have been some sort of whistling or yodeling, was originated by Lamprus, the teacher of Sophocles, and extensively employed by Timothy of Miletus.

The expression *subordinate* was technically applied to the second, or heterophonic form of accompaniment. This accompani-

ment, except in the form of a drone-bass, was invariably pitched higher than the melody. This usage constitutes another of the important points of difference between Greek music and our own. It is briefly illustrated by Aristoxenus, whose statements may be diagrammatically rendered:



We have an example of heterophonic accompaniment in the Ashmunen papyrus of the Orestes:



The use of heterophonic accompaniment in the form of a drone-bass was but sparing. It is known that it was characteristic of music performed on the curious Phrygian double-pipe, of chanter and drone. Moreover, since the Greeks had the bagpipe, they must have felt that the drone-bass was the peculiarity which made the instrument seem always exotic. We may take the word of Aristophanes in the *Acharnians*, that the Greeks of his time had little taste for the bagpipe:

BEOTIAN: Ye Theban laddies, a' o' ye, coom heir,
 Wi' pipes o' bane, blaw yon wee doggie's hide!
 DICÆOPOLIS: *Dog-gone ye!* Hornets, buzzing round my door,
 Bumble-bee pipers, Chaeris' own, to swarm
 With me? Where did they come from, dash their
 eyes!

Chaeris was one of the worst of pipers, so that the association of his name with the music of the bagpipes voiced dislike for the instrument even more emphatically than the curses of the enraged citizen whose sleep had been murdered by the street musicians.

While we are considering instrumental accompaniment, a word or two on the subject of musical instruments will not be out of place.

The characteristic instrument of the Greeks (the only one, in fact, which Plato thought a Greek should ever play upon) was the lyre. Yet it was not an invention of the Greeks, but a relic of the pre-Hellenic Minoan civilisation. The Minoans, in turn, had derived it from Egypt, where, too, it was exotic, though imported by Semitic Bedouins as early as the year 2200 B. C.

Ultimately, the lyre came from China. In its most familiar form it had eight strings, rendering the Dorian octochord. Sometimes however, it was made with but seven,—leaving out the mediant of the scale:



We have already mentioned the heptachordal bass lyre, or *barbit* of the Lydians. Beside these forms, there was also the *cithar* of the Asiatic-Greek professional, introduced into Athens by Phrynis of Mitylene in the year 445 B. C. The cithar was a larger and more elaborate instrument than the ordinary lyre, much more difficult to play upon. Phrynis used one with ten strings, while Timothy of Miletus tells us that his cithar had eleven.

No other stringed instrument ever enjoyed good repute among the Greeks. The Lydian psaltery, introduced by Anacreon, was too much associated with Anacreontic morals, while the case of the harp was even worse. Four kinds of harps were known in the classic and post-classic periods. There was the large triangular harp popularly known as *Phrygian*. A smaller instrument of similar shape but of different construction was called the *sambuke*. The *nabla* of the Syrians was identical with the Psalmist's instrument with ten strings. Lastly, the *phanix* was nothing but the curious boat-shaped harp of the Egyptians. All these had been introduced into Greece by professionals from the East, who began to come in soon after the Persian Wars, and continued to minister to the vulgar taste of the *nouveaux riches* with their loose songs and worse dances. To decent people everywhere, the manners of these professionals were beyond endurance, so much so that no form of the harp could ever become popular except with a limited class. The same was true of the lute, introduced from Asia in the fourth century B. C.

Of wind instruments, the Greeks had many different forms, exclusive of the horn and trumpet, and generically distinguished by the names *syrix* and *aulos*. The former were of the true flute type, including the familiar Pan's pipes, and the Egyptian fipple-flute. There is no evidence that the Greeks had any instrument corresponding to our cross-flute or piccolo. All other pipes, generically called *aulos*, were provided with reeds, and generally played in pairs. The Lydian pipes, for instance, the form commonly used for accompaniment of choral odes and solo songs on the Attic stage, had two straight pipes of equal length, fitted

with a curious detachable muzzle-like mouthpiece. In the post-classic period, however, two forms of single pipe, used respectively in the rituals of Isis and Osiris, were introduced into Athens. Of these, the pipe of the Isiac mysteries was played upon in the same manner as our flute, but had its reed inserted in the lateral mouthpiece. The other form of Egyptian reed-pipe, sometimes represented as of conical bore, may have been an oboe.

Nothing better illustrates the extent to which the Greeks, in developing a musical art of their own, were indebted to older and non-Hellenic civilisation, than the names of musical instruments. The Asiatic harp, which every Greek of the classical period knew was exotic, bears the good Greek name *trigon*,—that is, "triangle." Otherwise, the name of every musical instrument, including the five names of the lyre, is a foreign word.

NOTATION

As early as the time of Aristoxenus, the Greeks had a simple system of diastematic notation. This method, however, was little used, and in time entirely supplanted by a tonic notation, in which all existing scores of Greek music are written. This tonic notation, the basis of which was the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, has been quite incorrectly assumed to be very ancient. The earliest record of its use, however, is in the scores of the Delphic Ritual Hymns, engraved on stone in 138-128 B. C. We have besides, the libretti of the Hymns of Aristonous, engraved on stone at Delphi in 279 B. C., which are not provided with a score of the music. Now this Aristonous was the most distinguished composer of his time, highly honored by the Delphians. It is inconceivable, therefore, if the tonic notation had been in use at the time, that the music of his hymns should not have been preserved as well as the lines. We must conclude, therefore, that as late as 279 B. C., the tonic notation had not been invented. This conclusion is strongly reinforced by the fact that Aristoxenus, who was a contemporary of Aristonous, knows nothing of the tonic notation.

From the testimony of the musicographers Aristides, Gaudentius and Alypius, we learn that the two forms in which the tonic notation has come down to us were distinguished by usage as *vocal* and *instrumental*. With these statements, the testimony of our scores agrees. Thus, the melodies to the *Orestes*, to the *Aidin Epitaph*, and to *Ritual Hymn A*, are notated in the vocal notation. In the *Orestes* score, certain signs of the instrumental

series are used to mark the close of a phrase, or to notate accompaniment. Since Ritual Hymn B was in reality an instrumental aria with a vocal accompaniment consisting of the lines of the hymn, it was correctly notated in the instrumental signs.

The complete roster of characters for both instrumental and vocal notation is as follows:

1. Vocal: U', A', I', Z', H', F', K', A', M', N', Z', O', L, J, e, *, A, U, A, B, F, A, E, Z, H, O, I, K, A, M, N, Z, O, H, P, C, T, T, F, X, Y, Q, V, R, T, V, F, Z, J, I, O, M, V, W, N, M, O, H, E, Z, J, Z, A, O.

[illegible]

Let us study these in detail, in order that the derivation of all the signs from the letters of the Greek alphabet

ARLVEZHQIKAMNEOPRZLTΦXΦZ

may be made clear.

Since the number of tones for which symbols were required, far exceeded the number of letters in the alphabet, it was necessary to use, not only the letters in normal form and position, but also to resort to the devices of alteration of form or position, or both, and to the use of diacritical signs. A different method was employed for each kind of notation, as we shall show. For the present, however, we are concerned only with the forms of the characters.

I. VOCAL NOTATION

In this system, the tones lying within the range of the so-called Dorian decachord, were notated by the use of the letters in normal position, as indicated in the diagram.



The reason why the Greeks employed what seems to us an unnecessarily large number of signs will be considered presently. All other tones, both above and below the range of the decachord,

were notated by signs which were nothing but altered forms of the same familiar Greek letters. We may herewith summarise the vocal characters, as distributed to their respective classes:

1. Normal position:

Α Β Γ Δ Ε Ζ Η Θ Ι Κ Λ Μ Ν Ξ Ο Π Ρ Σ Τ Τ Φ Χ Ψ Ω

2. Reversed position.

Ϛ, — that is, γ.

3. Recumbent position:

ϛ, Ϟ, ϟ, Ϡ, — that is, ι, κ, ξ, φ.

4. Recumbent reversed position:

ϡ, Ϣ, — that is, τ, υ.

5. Inverted position:

Ϝ, ϝ, Ϟ, ϟ, Ϡ, ϡ, Ϣ, ϣ, Ϥ, ϥ, Ϧ, ϧ, Ϩ, ϩ, Ϫ, ϫ, Ϭ, ϭ, Ϯ, ϯ, — that is, α, β, λ, μ, ρ, π, σ, τ, υ, ψ, ω.

6. Mutilated:

ϫ, Ϭ, ϭ, Ϯ, — that is, β, ε, ζ, θ.

7. Mutilated — recumbent:

Ϟ, ϟ, — that is, θ, φ.

8. Doubled:

Ϛ, — that is, σ.

9. With diacritical sign:

Ϛ, ϛ, — that is, α, χ.

10. With the sign of the Octave:

Ϛ', Α', Γ', Ζ', Η', Ι', Κ', Λ', Μ', Ν', Ξ', Ο'.

The characters notated with the sign of the octave (') were used to transcribe notes lying an octave above the notes represented by the corresponding signs undistinguished by the diacritical mark.

II. INSTRUMENTAL NOTATION

The instrumental notation, for which a hoary antiquity has quite without warrant been assumed, was invented somewhat later than the vocal, and derived directly from it. It makes use of nineteen characters:

Γ, Ε, Ζ, Η, Κ, Ν, Ο, Τ, Φ, Η, ϛ, Ϟ, ϟ, Ϡ, ϡ, Ϣ, ϣ, Ϥ.

These characters were chosen quite at random from the entire series of vocal signs, nine of them without change of form or position,—the rest, however, subjected to some necessary alteration. Even at a glance, the reader could not fail to identify all but one or two of them. For the sake of added clearness, however, we add the accompanying diagram:

1. Unaltered signs,—including three with the signs of the octave:

Γ, Ε, Ζ, Η, Κ, Ν, Ο, Τ, Φ, Ζ', Κ', Ν'.

2. Altered signs:

1. Recumbent: α, β, γ, δ, — that is, Δ, Π, Τ, Τ.

2. Reversed: Ε, Ε, ρ, — that is, ρ, 3, ρ.

3. Mutilated: ς, — that is, Μ.

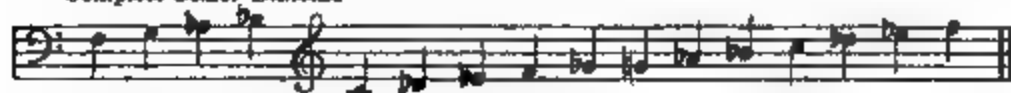
4. Mutilated — reversed: ϑ, ϑ, — that is, Δ, Ω.

The tonic notation was originally devised for the notation only of chromatic melodies, a fact which constituted further proof of its late origin, for the vogue of chromatic music was only beginning in the time of Aristoxenus. Yet it was not the invention of a musician, but of a musicologist, who set it to render fifteen transpositions of the so-called Complete Scale of Aristoxenus.



This Complete Scale, comprising the range of the average voice, and known as the Dorian or standard Key, was an expansion of the earlier scales of the Greek lyres,—the heptachord of the *Lydian barbit*, or bass lyre, the octochord of the amateur's instrument, and the scales of the *cithar* of the professionals, having nine, ten, or eleven strings.

Complete Scale: Diatonic



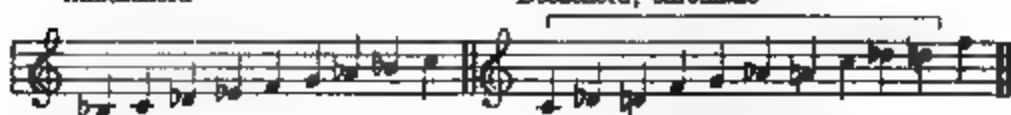
Barbit. Scale

Octochord



Enneachord

Decachord, chromatic



Complete Scale: Chromatic

Hendecachord chromatic



We have already observed that in the notation of the tones lying within the range of the decachord, the Greek musicologists used what seemed an unnecessarily large number of signs. This usage, which extended throughout the system, was due to an interpretation of the scale as formed of a series of overlapping tetrachords:



The practical effect of such an interpretation was the distribution of the signs in groups of three, as required for the notation of the so-called *pycna*, or chromatic sequences of semitones.

The distribution of characters for the notation of these chromatic sequences was not according to the same method for both kinds of notation. Thus, according to the vocal notation, sequences of tones were transcribed by complete or partial alphabetic sequences of signs. Complete alphabetic sequences were used wherever possible,—



otherwise, partial sequences, treated as if combined of groups of two complete sequences, in such a way that the resulting partial sequence included the first and third signs of the first sequence, and the first of the second:



In the instrumental notation, however, since the characters did not form an alphabetic sequence, a different method was necessary. Thus, musicians used sequences of form and position. This is evident from the notation of the tones lying within the range of the decachord:



Only the following signs were usable in the three positions,—

Γ, Ε, Κ, C, P, Ε, <, Η, Σ, Π, Ρ.

forming the groups:

Γ, Π, Ε, Ε, Κ, Κ, C, C, P, Ε, Ε, Η, Η, Η, <, >, Η, Η, Η, Σ, Σ, Σ, Π, Π, Π, Ρ, Ρ, Ρ.

In the case of Z, N, M, parts only of each sign were used to fill out the sequences, while in the case of T, changes in form and position were necessary. Lastly, H was used with a diacritical mark.

Z, λ, λ, N / \, M, λ, λ, T < \, H H H

Such sequences of form and position of the same sign, corresponded tone for tone to the complete alphabetic sequences of the vocal notation. Otherwise, in the instrumental notation, those groups of semitones, corresponding in pitch-value to those notated in vocal notation by partial alphabetic sequences, were notated by groups of signs similarly made up of pairs of contiguous sequences. The accompanying diagrams will render this statement quite clear.



Though the tonic notation was devised for transcription of chromatic melodies, it was easily adapted for the notation also of

diatonic compositions. For this purpose, it was necessary only to combine certain parts of chromatic tetrachords to form diatonic sequences. This method may be illustrated by a diagram:



Moreover, it was possible by the notation to indicate at once in what genus, whether diatonic or chromatic, a melody was written. Thus, in the diatonic parts of the music of Ritual Hymn, A, whenever the note *a* occurs (fifteen times in all), it is rendered by I. Yet in the chromatic part, it is rendered once by I, ten times by K. The reason is that when the note is part of a chromatic sequence,—



it must be rendered by K, while in the diatonic, which has no sequences of consecutive semitones, this notation is impossible. Such is clear from the diagram:



When, therefore, in a chromatic passage, we find the symbol of a diatonic note, we detect a modulation:



In this phrase, for example, the change is from Dorian chromatic to Phrygian diatonic, and back again to Dorian chromatic.

Let us now expound the method by which we have transcribed our *corpus* of Greek music into modern notation.

We have no knowledge of the pitch-value of a single note in any of the scores. This fact, however, does not preclude an exact interpretation.

In the handbook of the musicographer Alypius is a diagram of the notation of the Aristoxenean Complete Scale in its fifteen transpositions. One of these, the Dorian, or standard Key, corresponded to the range of the average voice. Since we know the intervals of the scale, as described in the musicography, and further, that Aristoxenus accepted the principle of equal intonation, we can determine exactly the interval bounded by any two notes of a vocal score. Let us take the melody of the Aidin Epitaph.

Οὐκ ἔστιν ἡμεῖς οὐδὲν φαινόμενόν τι

$\bar{\kappa} \text{ i } \dot{\zeta} \text{ i } \kappa \text{ o } \bar{\varsigma} \text{ o } \hat{\phi}$
 ΜΗΔΕΝ ΟΛΩΣ ΣΤ ΑΠΠΟΤ

C K Z I K I C O
 ΠΡΟΣ ΟΛΙΓΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΟ ΖΗΝ

Ο ΚΟΙ ΖΚ Ο Ο ΚΥ
ΤΟ ΤΕΛΟΣ Ο ΧΡΟΝΟΣ ΑΠΑΙΤΕΙ

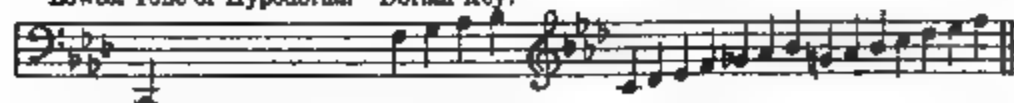
The key in which the music is written is found by inspection of the diagram of Alypius, to be the Ionian. In the accompanying diagram, the signs — and ~ are here added, to denote respectively, tone and semitone.

W-H-7-L-X-φ-C-O-K-I-Z-A-Ω-φ-O

The interval between C and Z is thus seen to be a fifth in ascending order, that between Z and K, a minor third in descending order, and so on. It is necessary only to assume a pitch-value for C, in order to transcribe the whole score.

In making this assumption, we have been guided by the statement of Aristides, that the Dorian Key comprises the tones within the range of the average voice. We assume, then, for the lowest tone of the lowest Key, the Hypodorian, a value of contra-bass C. The range of the Dorian will then be that of the average bassitone voice.

Lowest Tone of Hypodorian Dorian Key.



We may therefore assure ourselves of making but the least possible

transposition of the music out of the original key in which it was composed and sung.



FORGERIES OF GREEK MUSIC

Already in the post-classic period, attempts were made to palm off spurious antiques. Heraclides, an eccentric philosopher and bookworm, possessed of much knowledge and more conceit, wrote tragedies in the name of the dimly historical Thespis. Some lines of these tragedies are extant. As he was well informed on music and musicians of the Old Classic school, we may suppose that he was able to deceive some of his audience. Yet Spintharus, the father of Aristoxenus, finally exposed him for the liar and forger that he was.

We have seven forgeries of Greek music, written in the tonic notation, and composed at some time between the fourth and the twelfth centuries of our era, by persons quite unacquainted with the grounds and rules of Greek melodies and melodic composition. Of these, one is a melody to the opening lines of Pindar's First Pythian Ode, published by Father Athanasius Kircher in 1649. Another, set to the opening lines of the Homeric Hymn to Demeter, was printed in 1724-6 by a noted Italian composer of church music, Benedetto Marcello. More famous, however, than either of these, are the four Hymns published in 1581 by Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the astronomer Galileo. These Hymns, addressed respectively to the Muse, to Calliope, to the Sun-God, and to Nemesis, were ascribed by Burette, in 1729, to Mesomedes, the court poet of Hadrian. Since, however, Burette's evidence is most unacceptably inconclusive, we cannot admit the authorship of Mesomedes, and have therefore designated the author as Pseudo-Mesomedes, in recognition of the fact that the Hymns have been so long associated with the name of Mesomedes. Lastly, in a late manuscript of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes two lines of the

play are arranged with music notes, the interpretation of which renders the following absurd result:



The one characteristic feature of these spurious melodies which conclusively stamps them as forgeries, is their pentachordal structure.

We have observed that in the construction of all melody, the Greek composer was directed by the interval of the fourth,—or, in other words, the tetrachord was the bed-rock of melodic composition. The unanimous testimony of scores and of musicography is to this effect, and establishes, as an inviolable rule, the close on the inferior dominant. There is not the slightest suggestion anywhere in the musicography, nor the least intimation in our scores of the Aidin Epitaph, the Ashmunen *Orestes*, and the two Ritual Hymns, that a close on the tonic was permissible under any circumstances. Yet in all of the forgeries under consideration,—excepting only the Pseudo-Aristophanes, which is not a melody at all,—the structure is distinctly pentachordal, with the close on the tonic. We may illustrate this fact with the melody to Pseudo-Mesomedes' Hymn to the Muse:



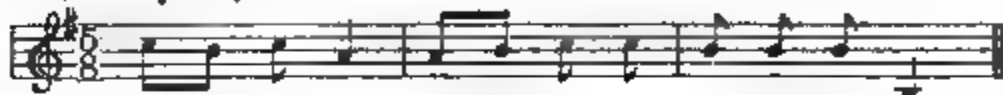
If now we place side by side, the closing phrases of the melody to the Aidin Epitaph, and one of the Dorian-Mixolydian passages of Ritual Hymn B, with those of the first three airs of Pseudo-Meso-

modes, the fundamental difference between genuine and spurious Greek music will be clear:

Aldin Epitaph

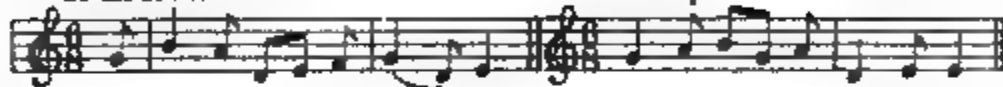


Ritual Hymn B, 94-6.



To the Muse.

To Calliope.



To the Sun.



There is also important evidence against these spurious melodies to be derived from examination of the notation. That is to say, the melodies of the Kircher-Pindar, the Marcello-Homer, and the Hymn to Nemesis, as well as the Pseudo-Aristophanes, are notated in a mixed notation, the characters of which are taken from both vocal and instrumental diagrams. In the case of the Marcello-Homer, we have two scores of the melody, the one notated in vocal, the other in instrumental signs. The melody of the Kircher-Pindar is transcribed in part by the vocal, in part by the instrumental signs. Yet the music to Pseudo-Mesomedes' Hymn to Nemesis, as we have it in the score, shows beyond a doubt that the composer was a mere forger of antiques, who knew the Greek notation only through the diagram of Alypius. In the eighteenth line of the Hymn, he once uses, instead of the vocal sign, the instrumental character. This was a natural error, since vocal and instrumental signs were written in the diagram in parallel columns. Our score truthfully records the *false note*, convicting the Pseudo-Mesomedes of forgery.

In the Kircher-Pindar, the case is even worse. Not only has the forger failed to observe the distinction between the two kinds of notation, but he has shown that he knew no more of the Greek language than he did of Greek melodies. That is, he has made his melody to end, not only before he reached the close of a stanza, but in the *middle of an unfinished sentence*. This is shown by the score:

Ϯ Ϯ Γ Θ Ι Ϯ Γ Θ Ι Ϯ Γ Θ Ι Μ Ι Θ Ι
 Μ Ι Θ Γ Θ Γ Ϯ Γ Θ Ι Γ Θ Ι Θ Γ Μ Ι Μ
 V V < V N Z N V < Z N V V < Γ Γ Θ Γ
 Γ < Γ V N Z V < < V V < Γ <
 Θ V Γ N Z N V < Γ < Γ
 Tonic Dominant Ecclesiastical Dorian Dominant Tonic

The pentachordal structure of this melody, with its close on the tonic, may be compared with the tetrachordal structure of one of the Dorian melodies in Ritual Hymn A.

KIRCHER-PINDAR

Dominant
Tonic

RITUAL HYMN A

Tonic
Dominant

As the latter is in the Greek Dorian, with the required close on the inferior dominant, the melody of the Kircher-Pindar is in the ecclesiastical Dorian, having a tonic close.

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